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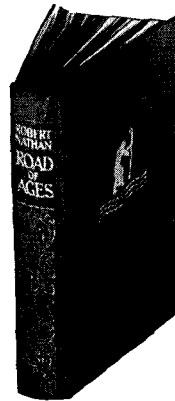
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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE OPEN DOOR AT HOME. *A Trial Philosophy Of National Interest.*

By Charles A. Beard. With the collaboration of G. H. E. Smith. The Macmillan Company
\$3 5¾ x 8¾; 321 pp. New York

Dr. Beard explains the title of his book as meaning "the most efficient use of the natural resources and industrial arts of the nation at home in a quest for security and a high standard of living." He attempts to arrive at a conception of how these ends may be attained and to formulate "a guide to future policy." He first discusses the present crises, considering such questions as "Industrial Statecraft," "Agrarian Statecraft," "Historic Internationalism" and "American Nationality." It is when he comes to his conclusions and plan for America that he is not very convincing. As for the internal situation, he says that "an efficiently operated commonwealth offers the best escape from the crisis in economy and thought in which the American nation now flounders," and, coming to our international relationships, he speaks of the United States "enthroned between two oceans, with no historic enemies on the north or south . . . By withdrawing from the war of trade and huckstering, by avoiding the hateful conflicts of passionate acquisition in Europe and the Orient, by offering to exchange honest goods for honest goods . . . without coercion, by using its own endowment wisely and efficiently, it could really make its diplomacy the diplomacy of 'the good neighbor,' as distinguished from the diplomacy of the dollar, the navy and the marines." In short, Dr. Beard's "guide to future policy" is no guide at all, but a plea for good-will. There is an index.

WITHOUT GLOVES.

By Frank R. Kent. William Morrow & Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¾; 306 pp. New York

Few political commentators have declined so pathetically during the past few years as has Frank R. Kent, who, until the coming of Hoover, was undoubtedly one of the most penetrating observers of national affairs in the country. Today, as this volume only emphasizes, he is a tired has-been, a once-able and liberal journalist who has become a blind conservative. The book is made up of Mr. Kent's radio talks, newspaper and magazine articles on New Deal figures and events from April, 1933, to

July, 1934. Only in what he says of the ridiculous figures of Moley and Tugwell is there a reminder of his old vigor. President Roosevelt, he says, has done all he could for the farmers, and, coming to the bankers, he says, "The ethics of the House of Morgan are fairly high; that their transactions . . . have been free from just criticism; that the members of the firm, from Mr. Morgan down, are men of character, incapable of dubious practices and proud of the rectitude and essential decency of their firm." His other remarks throughout the book are largely ridiculous complaints about the dangerous radical tendencies of the New Deal. There is no index.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

By Harold L. Ickes. The W. W. Norton Company
\$1.50 5½ x 8¾; 156 pp. New York

Secretary Ickes sings here his unstinted praises of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. The President represents "strength" and "he has modernized statecraft." He said "the Government would not permit its citizens to starve. And he has kept the faith." As for the N.R.A., Secretary Ickes believes unreservedly that it is bringing about "the greatest good of the greatest number." It is planning for everybody, industrialists, farmers, "the so-called working classes," and financiers, "but for none to the exclusion of others." We have problems, but they are peculiarly our own. "Neither Karl Marx, nor Adam Smith, nor Lenin, nor Hitler, nor Mussolini, can be accepted as our guide." The groups and "schools of thought which would superimpose upon us the various doctrines and dogmas of class warfare and economic dictatorship . . . cannot see the true American facts. . . . We have no leisure class to speak of, and no sharp lines of economic demarcation between the various groups." The volume reads as if it were very hastily written. There is no index.

BIOGRAPHY

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press
\$3 5¾ x 8½; 247 pp. New York

This is not strictly a biography, but rather a highly dramatic piece of pamphleteering throughout which the author makes a plea for the things which he believes the Sixteenth-Century Erasmus

Continued on page vi

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Continued from page iv

quietly advocated and worked for: peace, a united European commonwealth, and freedom of thought for all peoples. There is too much emotion in Zweig's words, he often repeats himself, and at times he gives us only showy and empty rhetoric. Nevertheless, he makes very vivid the all but forgotten figure of Erasmus, who was the greatest intellectual figure of the century which saw the beginning of the Reformation in Germany. Erasmus, a priest, working and writing almost constantly behind books, sowed the liberal ideas which ultimately led to a revolt against the Papacy; but when both Rome and Luther asked for his support he withdrew "into his shell like a snail." He denounced Luther finally, but he also refused a Cardinal's hat. His middle-of-the-road tactics were despised by both sides in the violent Reformation struggle, and he died a miserable old man, with hardly a friend in either camp. Today, Zweig concludes, Erasmus's ideas are even farther from fruition, but his "idea of a future when all mankind shall work harmoniously together towards a common destiny has never, even during the darkest hours of European history, been utterly lost sight of." There are several illustrations. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul.

JOAN OF ARC AND HER COMPANIONS.

By Jehanne D'Orliac. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$3 6¼ x 9; 304 pp. New York

So far, most biographers of Joan of Arc have approached their subject from one point of view only: they have exalted her above her age, and isolated her contemporaries. In this book, however, the author presents the Maid in the midst of her companions in order "that many, like ourselves, may find in her a comfort and an inspiration." She is shown in her relations with the soldiers and courtiers who surrounded her, and whom she dominated by her amazing genius. And while it is at times difficult to decide whether the book is really a biography or an historical romance, at least it may be said in defence of the author that at the end Joan of Arc emerges as a woman as well as a saint. There are thirteen illustrations, three maps, and an index.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

By David D. Henry. Bruce Humphries
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 276 pp. Boston

A definitive study of one of America's neglected dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. Written with the co-operation of the late Mrs. Moody, it contains a number of hitherto unpublished letters together with a mass of interesting facts about the author,

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which were disclosed just prior to the widow's death. Mr. Moody was born in Spencer, Indiana, in the year 1869, and was educated at Harvard College. He was known to the public as an editor and a critic long before his popular success, "The Great Divide," established him as a favorite on Broadway. His true reputation, however, rests on the quality of his poetry which, according to Dr. Henry, will never be widely acclaimed. There are appendices, a bibliography, and an index.

POETRY

POEMS AND SONNETS.

By Ernest Walsh. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2 5 x 8; 168 pp. *New York*

Most of these poems are the natural expressions of actual tortures of mind and body. Walsh suffered the last five years of his life from consumption, and it was during this period, often while glued to the back of his hospital bed, that he wrote his poetry, which Ethel Moorhead, once co-editor with him of *This Quarter* and his literary executor, has collected and edited for this posthumous volume of his work. It is difficult to over-estimate the value of these verses, the nervous pressure of them, their intensity like a sharp cry, the cleanness of their phrase and meaning. Though Walsh belongs to no definite school, at times he is strangely reminiscent of Whitman and Sandburg in the strength of his conceptions, the vigorous audacity of his style, his stalwart predilection for belly and buttocks, and the sound of his free verse.

TALL ONEIDA MOUNTAIN *And Other Poems.*

By Violetta Lansdale Berry. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$2 5 x 8; 86 pp. *New York*

This collection of fifty short poems offers a variety of rhythms and subjects, about nature and death and phantom thoughts mostly, composed in the objective, descriptive vein. And Miss Berry's descriptions testify to an ability at realistic selection. In any picture she confines herself to the salient, and thus achieves for her scenes a vigor of outline. Yet many of her verses are trivial and forced. In efforts to be simple, she succeeds only in being unimportant. Indeed, "A Chiffon Square" is mere jargon and reads like a poor valentine. "Strange Happenings" is interesting as an example of what would have happened had Poe collaborated with Wordsworth to write "The Raven." All in all, Miss Berry lacks the poetic frenzy, and her serious flights of fancy are few.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xii*

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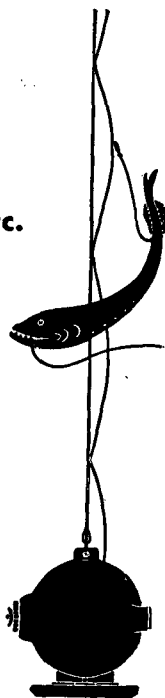
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BY OLIVER CARLSON

A SIMPLE mechanical device, the cotton gin, brought about the establishment of the "Cotton Kingdom" in the South, and made a simple plant of the genus *gossypium* the ruler of the lives and destinies of the people living on one-sixth of the land area of the United States.

Truly, "Cotton is the master of them all, in spring as well as autumn, in winter as in summer. Yellow or white or black, all men in the South are slaves to cotton, subject to its power, prospering as those white fields flourish, and failing as they fail."

Another simple device, the mechanical cotton picker, recently perfected, now threatens to effect as great changes among the millions of inhabitants of the Southern States, as did the cotton gin of Eli Whitney 140 years ago. In fact, the resulting upheaval to such a large region, whose social and economic structures have remained virtually "frozen" for more than a century, is startling to contemplate. In every other field of agriculture, technological change has moved forward at a steady and accelerated pace. Not so with cotton. Its first major invention, which was made at the very dawn of the Industrial Revo-

lution, and which stands as a contemporary with the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, and the power-loom, remained alone in the field until now.

The key to the complete mechanization of cotton lay in the development of a successful picker. Without one, as I shall presently explain, little could be done in the cotton belt to make use of tractors, gang-plows and other modern implements of agriculture. The net result was a lop-sided one: cotton gins have been steadily improved; cotton plants have been improved; soil treatment and cultivation have been improved; but the system of land tenure and of planting, growing and harvesting the crop remains essentially the same today as it was in the days of Thomas Jefferson. Cotton means agriculture—and Southern agriculture continues to revolve around the same axis that it did a hundred years ago—*hand labor*. The whole social, political and economic structure of the old South still rests upon a tripod, whose three legs are, "the nigger," the mule and the plough.

The cotton gin, with its ingenious method of separating the cotton seed from the cotton fibre, made possible the develop-

ment of America's greatest money-crop. It resuscitated chattel slavery which had been dying out. It strangled Southern industrial development for more than a century. It wiped out the small independent farmer and gave us instead his descendants, the poor whites with their appalling poverty and illiteracy. On the other hand, it created huge plantations, a Southern aristocracy, and a sectional political and cultural outlook smacking of the Middle Ages.

The abolition of chattel slavery in 1865 did not change the fundamental economic base of Southern life. Cotton continued to dominate the scene. The newly liberated slave was illiterate, penniless and knew no occupation but that of being a drudge in the cotton fields. He was, perforce, compelled to remain on the land of his former masters. The planter, who needed the large supply of labor, agreed to give shelter, food, materials and implements to the Negro, until the crop had been gathered and sold. In turn, the Negro received a certain share of the cotton. In this fashion there developed that vicious concoction known as the Southern tenant or share-cropper system.

As the years have rolled by, a greater and ever greater percentage of black and white farmers in the South has been driven into tenantry. In 1900 about 45% of all farms in the cotton States were operated by tenants; by 1910 the amount had grown to 50%; by 1920 it amounted to 55%; and at the present writing it is estimated at more than 60%. According to the United States census in 1930 there were 115,582 full owners of cotton farms and 102,528 part owners; 3,548 farms were operated by managers. But *the number of tenants and share-croppers amounted to 1,192,195*, and of this number, 698,839 were colored. The distribution maps on white and Negro rural population indicate that

the Negro follows the contour of the cotton production areas to a remarkable extent. Nearly 4 out of every 5 colored farmers are tenants—77.5%. In the heart of the great Mississippi-Yazoo River Delta region, where are to be found the great plantations, the black man outnumbers the white seven or eight to one. For example, Coahoma County, Mississippi, lists 9,319 farms with 629 white and 8,302 colored tenants, and LeFlore County lists 9,724 farms with 780 white and 8,645 colored tenants.

II

A thousand and one new labor-saving devices and agricultural implements have been made available to Northern and Southern farmers alike. The tractor, the gang-plough, and the combine have become standard equipment in the grain-growing areas of the country. The net result is that each man is able to cultivate a much greater section of land than was the case a few years ago. The net yield, per farm or per man, has also increased. But except for Texas and Oklahoma, such has not been the case of the cotton farmer. True, some of them bought tractors and other modern equipment, but the peculiarities of cotton-cultivation and their system of land tenure served as an effective brake on any real mechanization program.

The peak-load of work on the cotton farm takes place during the three fall months when the cotton must be picked. The season begins in July, August or September, depending upon how far south the plantation is located. Due to the fact that the cotton bolls ripen unevenly, the field must be picked over an average of three times a year.

From late July till late December the whole of Dixie is a land of cotton pickers.

More than three millions of people—most of them colored women and children—are in the fields from early morning till late at night picking the fluffy white bolls and stuffing them into huge bags which they drag behind them. The billion dollar crop is handpicked almost in its entirety. The small size of the individual farm (twelve to twenty acres), operated by tenant, cropper, or individual farmer and supplemented by the full use of his numerous progeny during the picking season does not suffice to gather the crop. Literally hundreds of thousands of colored folk and Mexicans pour out of their shacks and tenements and descend upon the cotton fields. The dark-skinned exodus from urban centers such as Memphis, Little Rock, Birmingham, Atlanta and New Orleans is particularly noticeable.

It is a colorful sight to see the broken-down flivvers chug-chugging along the highways of Dixie at cotton picking time. Pappy drives, while mammy and the children and the family's worldly goods and assets are piled high in the car. During the past few years the cars have been noticeably fewer in number and more dilapidated in looks. During the fall of 1932 "Hoover-wagons" appeared in great numbers and have since become the established mode of travel for untold thousands. (A Hoover-wagon is any auto-chassis, minus engine, transformed into a wagon and drawn by a mule.)

Few people realize what a slow and laborious method hand-picking is. The average amount picked per day per person throughout the country has remained about the same for the past fifty years, namely one hundred pounds of seed cotton.

Approximately 1,500 pounds of seed cotton are needed to make a 500-pound bale. Professor Harry Bates Brown, head

of the department of Cotton Breeding at Louisiana State University, declares:

A good average picker will not average more than 100 pounds per day. Since the women do not pick cotton on Saturdays or Sundays, that leaves only twenty-two or twenty-three days in the month for picking. An allowance of seven or eight days a month for bad weather, sickness of picker or some member of the family, attendance at funerals in the neighborhood, etc. leaves only fifteen days for work. This means a bale a month. And as the season lasts about three months, it means three bales per person for the steady picker.

Many surveys have been made which show that the one-crop system prevailing in the cotton belt does not call for an even spread of the working time of man or beast. Thus, a report from Ellis County, Texas, showed that on small farms, mules worked but 60.3 days per year. On the larger farms they worked 79.1 days. Another report from the same State declares: "This all-cotton farmer was employed only 1,651 hours during the year, or an average of a little more than 5 hours a day for 313 working days. Five months of the year he worked only *2 hours per day*; four months he worked *overtime*." That was not the fault of the farmer; it was the fault of the all-cotton system.

Tenancy is stubbornly clung to by the planters so long as an ample supply of cheap labor is at hand, and a minimum outlay is needed for tools, equipment, and modern machinery. Many, who did get tractors and other implements, discovered to their sorrow that they had to keep as many tenants as before so that there would be an adequate labor supply at picking time. The cropper and the tenant, without a home, without tools, often even without a mule, are at the mercy of the planters all the time. Throughout the year both the landlord and the cropper have each tried

to give the least and get the most out of an impossible situation.

But the landlord has the upper hand. He owns the stock, the implements, the land, and sometimes by an unwritten law, the cropper himself. He it is who enters the accounts, and woe to the foolhardy cropper who dares question what has been entered on the planter's books. Not only must the tenant usually buy his supplies from the plantation store at retail prices or better; he is also charged high rates of interest for the accumulated indebtedness. A recent study made by the Federal Council of Churches on Cotton Growing Communities in Alabama indicates that the prevailing rate of interest ranged from 15% to 40%. I have found that the same holds true in Mississippi and Arkansas. Last January I was on a large plantation as the boss was settling the yearly accounts with his tenants. One by one they were called in and told their financial status.

"George, you've worked hard this year, and even though prices have been low you made out very well. All you owe me is \$12."

George grinned broadly and went out to tell the rest of the boys how lucky he had been to come through the year owing the boss a mere \$12. Time after time I heard the same thing repeated, with but a slight variation as to the amount owing the planter. In the same survey referred to above, we are told that of 112 Negro tenants studied during 1931, 50 ended the year in debt to the planter; 20 had a yearly cash income ranging from \$1 to \$50; 40 had an income ranging from \$50 to \$100, and only 2 had an income ranging from \$100 to \$150.

"Whenever and wherever," declared a prominent and enlightened planter, "I travel through the cotton belt east of the Mississippi the things that haunt me most

are the ragged tenants, wrinkled wives, half-fed anemic children, and the wretched hovels in which they live, whether white or Negro. . . . For the past fifty years cotton has been produced out of the very life blood of the South."

III

The last great field of hand-labor is now being forced to give way to the machine. The key to the complete mechanization of cotton has been found. The long and arduous path to its solution is strewn with the lives of a thousand unsuccessful inventors. Patent Office records show that attempts to develop a mechanical picker or harvester were tried as early as 1857. From that day to this more than 800 patents have been granted in this one field of endeavor alone. Millions of dollars have been spent to develop a successful machine. It is claimed that the International Harvester Company alone has spent \$3,000,000 in the forty years that it has been experimenting with this one device. Several other large organizations are known to have expended hundreds of thousands of dollars. Year after year, for many decades, the inventors have brought their machines to the great plantations or agricultural experimental stations for tests, and each year produced nothing but failure, until many of the planters had become thoroughly convinced that no mechanical picker could ever be developed that would replace an efficient hand laborer.

About two years ago one of the most successful and progressive planters in the Delta took me out into a great shed and showed me a number of so-called mechanical pickers. Every one had been a flop. He doubted whether a machine could ever be made to replace his "niggers." But less than two months thereafter, he was one of

many planters who saw the Rust Brothers Mechanical Cotton Picker in demonstration at the Delta Experiment Station, Mississippi, where it *picked more cotton in seven and a half hours than is picked by a good hand picker in an entire season of three and one-half months.*

I shall attempt to give a brief description of the newly developed cotton-picker. In the first place, it is made as an attachment which can be put on any row-type tractor. Thus the farmer is free to use the tractor for other purposes during the greater part of the year. The machine itself is a simple and inexpensive device consisting primarily of an endless belt carrying several hundred smooth wire spindles. As the machine passes over the row of cotton, the rotating spindles penetrate the plants and the open cotton is wrapped around them and pulled from the burr, after which it is stripped from the spindles and delivered by a suction fan to the container. The fact that the cotton opens unevenly is of no hindrance to the operation of the cotton-picker, for it may be passed over the row as often as desired without injury to the stalk or green bolls.

Once the machine has been seen in operation, one is tempted to say that it is so simple that it should have been invented long ago. It is undoubtedly true that the machine is very simple—and it is precisely because inventors looked for a much more complicated device that they overlooked the obvious and simple.

The inventors of this new device, John D. Rust and Mack D. Rust, were born and raised on a Texas cotton plantation. From earliest childhood they were compelled to engage in the back-breaking task of picking cotton. John Rust claims that early in life he swore he would some day develop a mechanical picker. He spent many years working as a designer of agri-

cultural implements before he was able to devote himself exclusively to the problem which he had sworn to solve. Nearly ten years were spent in experimental work after he had solved the main “bug” of a mechanical picker. Tests were first made in the dwarf cotton of Texas. After satisfaction had been obtained there, the inventors moved to Louisiana, where they spent several seasons testing their machine in the tall rank cotton growth of the Mississippi-Yazoo Delta. They arranged to do test-picking on large and small plantations in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee. They asked the most competent agricultural engineers to test the machine in action. In this way, by field tests throughout the fall and early winter, and by laboratory tests during the remainder of the year, they succeeded in creating a machine that was both simple, inexpensive, and very durable.

The problem of keeping bankers and speculators away from the machine was always at hand. This was no easy task for the inventors, who had very little money on which to operate. A corporation—the Southern Harvester Company—was established about four years ago to manufacture and market the machines as soon as they had been perfected. The stock is held primarily by men who themselves are actively engaged in growing or marketing cotton. An assembly plant has been established at Memphis, Tennessee. During the season of 1934 only a few machines were manufactured, though the demand for them was great. The machines put in the field were not sold but were operated directly by the Southern Harvester Company. In this way the company was able carefully to check the pickers in action, and the planter didn't have to invest any money in the machine, which obviously costs much more now than will be the case when real

quantity production begins. The inventors have seen too many business enterprises go through a period of dizzy expansion only to wind up in the hands of receivers, and are therefore proceeding with the same caution on the business front that served them so well while they were developing the cotton-picker.

A second assembly plant is to be established in Southern California at an early date. Today some of the finest long staple cotton in the world comes from the irrigated lands of California, Arizona, and New Mexico. The yield per acre is also higher there than anywhere else in the entire country. But the population is sparse, and picking costs are from 60% to 125% higher than is the case in the Old South. The plantations are not operated by sharecroppers and tenants. Wage labor is employed. It must, at times, be brought in from cities several hundred miles away. The wage-earners differ from the illiterate, docile creatures of the Mississippi Delta. When dissatisfied, they strike at the height of the picking season. In the fall of 1933 such a conflict raged in the cotton belt of California. Several people were killed. The cotton growers claim their losses amounted to several millions of dollars.

Giant corporations like the Goodyear Rubber Company have plantations in the irrigated lands of the Far West, which cover tens of thousands of acres. These organizations are vitally interested in a mechanical cotton-picker. More than one Western cotton grower has told me that a successful picker would mean the immediate expansion of the Southwestern cotton belt. There is land in abundance, the climate is very nearly perfect, and there are no antiquated systems of land tenure which have to be destroyed in order to reap the full benefits of mechanized cotton culture.

IV

Concretely, what does all of this mean to the Old South? In the first place, it means that tenant-farming, as the dominant mode of agricultural production in cotton, is at the end of its rope. As a consequence, it also means that the great plantations can dispense with their hundreds or thousands of hands. The old mule and the primitive plow will have to take their place in the agricultural museum of the has-beens. That tumble-down shack, which our tinpan-alley boys sing so much about, and in which over 4,000,000 black and white tenants live today, can be torn down or burned up. Wage labor will replace tenantry, and from 75% to 85% of all labor now used in growing and gathering the cotton can be eliminated.

It means that great masses of hand-pickers who flock into the cotton fields every fall from the cities, towns and villages of Dixie, will be unnecessary. Their chief source of income will have been wiped out. It means that the greatest single source of child and woman labor in America will be abolished because it will be economically too expensive to continue using it, no matter how cheap it can be obtained, in comparison with a tractor-operated mechanical picker. (Some of my wealthy Northern acquaintances look upon this as a solution to their domestic-help problem, and foresee a plethora of Southern cooks and maids.)

It means to the tenant farmer and sharecropper an end to his usefulness. He will not know where to turn nor what to do. The cotton planter will not retain him out of the goodness of his heart, for he knows all too well that charity and successful cotton-growing do not mix. He will want to plan his crops in accordance with mechanized farming and so will tear

down the shacks and fences, fill in the unnecessary ditches and gullies, and lay out his fields in long straight rows. The sharecropper and tenant will perhaps be told that he now has a chance to "make good on his own." The trek of the dispossessed into the nearby urban centers on a scale heretofore unparalleled in American life will undoubtedly follow. Professor W. F. Ogburn in his article on "The Influence of Invention and Discovery" in "Recent Social Trends," published about three years ago says:

The development and adoption of a cotton picker in the South might be a serious blow to the small marginal farmer, who has been back of some interesting, political and social movements, and would encourage large-scale farming. *The migration of Negroes to the cities would also be stimulated and this would affect race relations and the future of the Negro race.*

Another sober economist, O. E. Baker, of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, has this to say:

In the cotton belt mechanization may be more rapid, particularly where the plantation system of ownership and operation is extensively developed, and provided a successful cotton picker is placed on the market. . . . The large units of land are already in existence, and relief from the responsibility of furnishing a livelihood to tens and sometimes hundreds of tenants and croppers will be a powerful motive with many land owners. . . . Should the use of the cotton picker become common, the reaction upon the cotton producers in the steeply rolling or hilly districts will undoubtedly be severe. The cotton picker may compel a migration of a magnitude unparalleled in our history from the hill lands as well as from the level lands of the cotton belt to the cities.

To the wide-awake planter, a mechanical cotton-picker means a chance to pull

himself out of the red and to break the strangle-hold of the banker and cotton-factor upon himself. He realizes full well that crop limitations, plough-under schemes, and artificial high-prices for his product do not solve his problems. He can comprehend the revolutionary nature of the cotton-picker in so far as it directly affects him. He knows from the experiments already conducted in the cotton belt that the difference between production costs of cotton using the one-mule method as against the four-row tractor is the difference between \$13.09 and \$5.24 per acre. He knows, too, that today it costs him 25% of what he gets for each bale of cotton to have it picked. He sees that the mechanical picker, operated by one man, does the work of a hundred hand-pickers, and he can easily estimate the extent of his savings on this single operation.

More than one shrewd planter told me last year that he could grow and sell his cotton at 5 cents per pound and still make a handsome profit, once he was able to get the mechanical pickers. (The price for cotton today ranges from 10.5 cents to 15 cents a pound.) He knows, too, that this means he will be able to get his cotton picked early in the season, and early picking means not only getting his money at an earlier date; it also means he can command a better price. The longer the cotton bolls are allowed to stand before picking, the poorer is the grade and this means a decided cut in the price paid for it.

The planter isn't worried about the social implications of mechanized cotton production—that is to say, he isn't worried about it yet. The same may be said about the tenant, and the small independent cotton farmer. To them the problem has not yet presented itself. Their narrow little world of corn and cotton and sow-belly seems to be as eternal as the heavens above.

They do not realize that this little world is already tottering. Within two years they will know it all too well—for large scale manufacture of the pickers is a simple matter.

One of the outstanding authorities on cotton, W. E. Ayres, the head of the governmental experimental station at Stoneville, Mississippi, wrote to the inventors of the cotton-picker last year urging them to speed the manufacture of their remarkable machine. He stated:

Notwithstanding the objections that some have raised to such a machine because of present unemployment, I have maintained for ten years that it isn't up to agriculture or to cotton producers, as a class of agricultural people, to absorb at starvation

wages machine-replaced industrial labor. Printers, ginners, textile manufacturers and other industrialists are just as much obligated to throw their labor-saving devices into the back alley in behalf of unemployment as is the cotton producer. . . .

We sincerely hope that you can arrange to build and market your machine shortly. Lincoln emancipated the Southern Negro. It remains for cotton-harvesting machinery to emancipate the Southern cotton planter. The sooner this be done, the better for the entire South.

True, indeed! The planter is about to be emancipated. So is the cropper and tenant—from the land he hates and loves. A simple mechanical device has entered the scene, and a new era opens for King Cotton and his subjects.

HOW A NAVY KILLS PEOPLE

BY BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT

Now that all the signs point to another naval race, what is a navy really for? Granted that one of the purposes of a navy is to kill people, what about the methods? Things like the 16-inch rifles of a battleship, which hurl a one-ton shell of steel and high-explosive more than twenty miles, suggest that the killing is mostly direct and specific. In reality, it is mainly indirect and general. During the World War, the British and German navies killed only about 100,000 men at sea, a disappointing showing compared with the nearly three millions of Britishers and Germans directly slaughtered in land warfare. Yet there was a catch: a catch which caught and killed twice as many human beings as the thirteen millions, all told, immediately done to death by guns and bombs and poison. And warships had enough to do with this catch. The point may be grasped by considering a matter which at first appears unrelated.

It seems that in 1927 the British Prime Minister virtually admitted that his country was preparing to fight with bacteria in the next war, and pleaded that nothing could be done to prevent it without assurance that other nations would prohibit the practice. Apparently some people have been shocked by the idea. But the repugnance, although healthy enough in itself, is misplaced. Two main facts will show why this is true. First, the deliberate planting of germs is not likely to make any

great difference. Second, such planting is unnecessary, because the purpose in question can be accomplished much more effectively in another way. The nature of the alternative method and what a navy has to do with it constitute the central theme of the present discussion.

The planned dissemination of germs is not likely to be very important. Of course, it must be admitted that there is little difficulty in producing cultures in which deadly bacteria multiply prodigiously within a few days. But thenceforward the difficulties appear. First, a number of otherwise promising viruses must be eliminated from consideration because they are either not deadly enough or else too difficult to control. Among these are mumps, scarlet fever, measles, and smallpox; and typhus and influenza probably must be included also. Further, all bacteria which depend for their transmission upon rats, mosquitoes, lice, and the like, must be discarded because their transmitters cannot be trusted to bite only the right people. This fact seems to exclude, for example, bubonic plague and yellow fever. Bearing in mind that only germs capable of spreading epidemics can be effective on the scale required, the disease-sowing patriot seems to be pretty much limited to cholera, typhoid, and dysentery at the very outset. These can be cultivated, but spreading them is another matter. The theory of contaminating enemy food or drinking water is much simpler than the practice.

For instance, water can be boiled. Dropping vials full of germs from airplanes may do for the novelist, but not for the military bacteriologist. Again, all attacking troops of the side releasing germs must be appropriately inoculated, lest they become infected by contact with the enemy and enemy positions.

Finally, the efficacy of the vaccines which would be employed by the enemy must be taken into account. Some hope may lie in spreading glanders and anthrax among the livestock of the enemy, although even if the difficulties of transmission were surmounted there would still be the problem of preventing the diseases from coming back home to roost. On the whole, probably the experts of the League of Nations were right when they reached the conclusion, in 1924, that existing knowledge of hygiene and bacteriology would prevent the direct spreading of epidemics from having any decisive effect.

But despair not too early. The trick which cannot be turned by a direct frontal assault can be accomplished by a flanking movement. It is not necessary to sow the germs. They are already there. That is to say, always and everywhere there are sufficient germs to wipe out millions of mankind if only a few essential conditions are met. First, there should be a movement of infected persons from the customary haunts of epidemics to new regions, and in the places where the epidemics are to be introduced there should be great concentrations of people, preferably with deficient sanitary and medical service. Second, germs in a passive or quiescent state should be given breeding grounds favorable to attaining activity or virulence. Third, the general vitality of the prospective victims should be greatly lowered.

Now war meets these conditions very well. Hence the ravages of cholera in the

Crimean War and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866; of smallpox in the Franco-Prussian War; of influenza in the World War. As for transmission, influenza was carried into Europe by warships and transports, and was spread from ships to military camps and from camps to civilian populations. It seems to have wiped out some fifteen million persons, all told, including a million and a half in America and over eight millions in India alone.

War affords also excellent breeding grounds for germs. Passing over the terrific pressure put on the sanitary services, there is the matter of wounds. Less than half the World War wounds were caused by bullets, and only 15% before the use of the machine gun began to grow up. Of course, bullets can hit vital organs or blood vessels, and they can generate a serious explosive effect when, at close range, they strike bones or the liquids or semi-solids of the liver, the abdomen, and the brain. As a rule, however, bullet wounds do not become infected. But shell wounds, which comprised over half the total, are nearly always infected. The general substitution of high-explosive for shrapnel has not changed this greatly. High-explosive hurls men into hard objects and drives into their bodies fragments of steel, beams, rocks, trees, clothing and dirt, which almost always carry deadly germs along with them, especially when the dirt is liberally fertilized with excretions of men and beasts. At the same time, muscular tissues at the points of contact are turned into a pulp which is exceptionally favorable for increasing the number and activity of bacteria.

Finally, war lowers disastrously the general vital resistance of mankind. It does so by curtailing greatly the essentials of life. This, in turn, it accomplishes in two main ways. First, by spending energies prof-

ligately on killing, it leaves correspondingly little for living. Second, part of its deliberate strategy is to cut off essentials from "the enemy." And just here the killing technique of a navy comes into full view.

II

The purpose of a navy is not so much to kill people specifically as to kill them in a general way. It is not directly to kill sailors, but indirectly to kill civilians. It is to weaken as many people as possible as much as practicable by undernourishment and exposure, and then let germinous nature kill the weak until the survivors give up. And so it would be hasty to judge naval efficiency only by direct killings, and therefore to condemn the allocation of a quarter of a billion dollars of N.R.A. funds, or the appropriation of yet greater sums to follow, for the extension of our fleet. The question as to what the equipment is for may be answered reasonably by considering the probable character of a not improbable war with Japan.

This war would not take mainly the form of a combined naval and air attack by Japan on our border cities. Sensational journalists nevertheless to the contrary, Japanese bombs and poison gas would not destroy our Western cities or wipe out millions of our civilians. If Japan ever succeeded in getting a substantial number of bombers to our shores, several tremendous obstacles would still remain. The tonnage of high-explosive carried would be strictly limited, and an even greater weight of gas bombs would be required. It is true that a small weight of poison gas is theoretically capable of killing great numbers of persons. Perfectly distributed, a ton of mustard gas should be able to exterminate forty-five millions; and there are gases

more deadly than mustard. But the actual average of mustard gas during the World War was only thirty killings per ton. Passive defenses, in the form of gas masks, shelters, etc., must be overcome.

Again, bombs cannot be effective if they are dropped just anywhere. To aim with any accuracy, though, bombers must move through prescribed places, and at prescribed speeds and altitudes. But to do this against defending planes and anti-aircraft guns is no bargain. Notice that a four-gun anti-aircraft battery of recent type keeps the range of a plane automatically, fires a hundred 26-pound 3-inch shells a minute, and at five miles scores two or three hits out of a hundred shots. However, Japan could never get a formidable number of planes here in the first place. She does not have the necessary bases, and cannot establish them during peace without showing her hand, and would find building conditions very unfavorable during war. Her naval airplane-carriers, if she tried this method, probably would be cut off and destroyed before they got within striking distance.

Neither would the war consist chiefly in a direct attack by our navy on Japan. Our enemy would have the advantage of being able to concentrate most of his fleet, now actually about the size of ours, in the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea, and the China Sea, while much of our navy would need to be employed for other purposes. *What purposes?*

Remembering that the fight would be about the "open door" in China, and that we could not keep the door open by staying on our own side of the Pacific, it seems clear that our navy would assume much the same rôle played by the British and American fleets in the World War. It would protect the home shores. It would support the movement of troops and sup-

plies to Asia. Finally, while defending its own, it would attack the Japanese "lines of communication." Precisely here it would find opportunity for its best killing. Its purpose would be to do to Japan what the Allied fleet did to the Central Powers during the World War.

Great Britain, with some help from France and, later, a great deal from the United States, instituted an "economic blockade" of Germany. Her cruisers patrolled the English Channel, the North Sea, and the Straits of Otranto. As German submarines made things hot for close-up work, she withdrew her more expensive ships to a respectful distance where they could still back up boarding squadrons of small vessels in the Straits of Dover. Suspicious neutral ships were sent into harbors for search; and the fear of delay occasioned by this policy greatly increased the timidity of neutral shippers. British optimists at first boasted that Germany would be starved out in six months. When its difficulty had become apparent, the starving job was coördinated in the Ministry of Blockade. All ships of enemy origin, ownership or destination were stopped. The Ministry made agreements with neutral traders and shipping firms; and it "rationed" in such a way as to prevent any substantial reexportable surpluses from entering Germany through neutral countries. British coal was withheld from owners reluctant to agree to the blockade requirements. American traders submitted to the British embassy at Washington complete lists of the goods they wished to ship; and the embassy, when it saw fit, gave permission to pass the goods through the patrols. Thus there were kept out of Germany large amounts of essentials formerly imported. With what effect?

At the outset, the Germans were just as optimistic as the British. They "proved"

that they could hold out indefinitely. To be sure, they imported over a fourth of their protein and a fifth of their calories; but they already produced more calories than they absolutely had to have, and they could produce enough protein. The only trouble with the proof was that nature and human nature would not behave so rationally as the food experts figured. In 1916, nature reneged by yielding poor crops. Human nature misbehaved earlier still. A protein shortage was caused by the inability to trade protein-free sugar for foreign fodder with which to produce meat. The rational policy for the Germans, then, was to reduce their stocks of hogs and cattle, and eat their fodder themselves. Hogs, for example, return less than a quarter of the protein and much less than half the calories supplied them in vegetable form. But the Germans never killed off enough of the cattle; and, in destroying over a third of their hogs, they acted on no careful estimate of the reduction required, but responded largely to rumor, impulse, and price-fixing. They further failed to spread their incomes with theoretically perfect economy among the different food elements. On the whole, they acted disappointingly like human beings. For this misconduct they paid the price. The poor, in particular, paid dearly.

III

"Save the food" placards appeared in restaurants shortly after the outbreak of the war. Nobody took them seriously. In fact, many people continued to use hot wheat bread for cleaning wall-paper. "Eating as usual" was the doctrine: that was the way to support morale! To heighten the impression of plenty, shops made great food displays in their windows. But, as manpower was drained from the farms, and

as men who knew how to preserve foods became soldiers, and as the British blockade stopped exports, and as neutrals declared at least partial embargoes on food, a lengthening shadow crept across the philosophy of plenty.

Among the first to see this shadow were the profiteers. Before the war was three months old, they were already at work buying up stocks. With raucous voices and uneasy raiment, they infested the expensive hotels and night-clubs, where they were addressed by the waiters as "baron" or "count," and where they spent lavishly on the *demi-monde*. As prices rose, shortage was more widely sensed. Radicals argued that essentials should be rationed, and rationed to rich and poor alike. Conservatives reasoned that there was little use in having a war if it were going to affect the profit system as the radicals suggested.

At first, the government compromised—in favor of the rich. Especially did the government of Austria-Hungary do this. In appearance, it confined trade to the regular channels of distribution, fixed maximum prices at the head of the line, and limited profits at each step thereafter. Actually, it winked at profiteers who dodged the regular steps, so that there would be no check-up on their returns; and it did not prevent the evasion of the maximum prices. One dodge was to sell to dummies, and thus get the figures on bills of sale required by the government. Another was to connive with public officials. After getting ample supplies, the food sharks sold illicitly to food speak-easies, which sold illicitly to hotels, etc., which sold illicitly to the well-to-do; and at each step there was a handsome rake-off. In Austria, the sharks even acted as middlemen for the government itself in the sale of surplus army supplies. All this was agreeable to the government: it was supposed to be a

good way of mobilizing wealth for profits taxation or the sale of war bonds.

Presently there appeared before the shops the long lines of people waiting to buy bread and other essentials. They were composed mostly of women, their faces drawn from overwork and hunger, their shoulders draped in frayed shawls or threadbare coats. If the hour were nine or ten in the morning, probably the women then being served had fallen in line before daylight; and those who had arrived as late as eight still had hours of waiting before them. They had locked their children in at home. The fathers and older sons were "in the service." The mothers would have barricaded the kitchen stove with tables, dressers, etc., and would be hoping that the children had not managed to get at it. Frequently, just as a woman who had waited hours drew near the head of the line, it was announced that stocks were exhausted and that the shop was closed for the day. Why? As often as not, because the dealer had held out part of the supplies, to sell them that night at fancy prices to wealthy customers, to a speak-easy, to a hotel. Sometimes the infuriated women attacked the shopkeeper. Sometimes they called in an officer. But if they did, the dealer only made it the harder for them to get food in the future. The dealer also felt justified, by his position of profit and power, in addressing the women with billingsgate like that of a traffic cop. And so they waited, while many of them desperately needed to spend the time supplementing their incomes with employment outside their homes.

It was quite possible to get rid of the waiting-line. This could be done by a "zoning" system. All families in a given zone could be attached to a specific dealer for specified goods; the dealer could be held strictly accountable for given amounts

of commodities secured only from government-controlled centrals; the dealer's commodities could be rationed definitely among the families; and the families could get their rations by calling at prescribed times. Eventually, this was done. But the authorities took their time in doing it, because they believed that the queue reduced consumption, conserved food. The idea was that if a woman had only to call at a definite time to secure her ration, she would take it all whether she had to have it or not, but that she would not stand in line for anything which was not simply indispensable.

When they finally got away from the store, here is a sample of what the people in the queue had to show for their pains. They had "cake": a compound of ground clover seed, flour of horse chestnuts, rice, glucose, sugar and honey, and chopped-up prunes. They had "bread": once it was 55% rye, 25% wheat, and 20% potato meal, together with some sugar and fat; but this mixture was later diluted with oats, corn, barley, peas, beans, etc. They had "coffee": at the outset, it was diluted increasingly with chicory; then the chicory gave way to roasted barley and oats, and these to roasted acorns and beechnuts, and these to carrots and turnips. They had "tea" made of linden blooms mixed with beech buds, and "cocoa" composed of roasted peas and oats. There was even counterfeiting of lamb chops and beefsteak. In such cases, the "lamb chops" were boiled rice which was moulded into the form of lamb chops and was fried in mutton tallow; and the "beefsteak" was a pale green affair involving spinach, potatoes, cornmeal, and ground nuts. As for clothing, cloth became mostly shoddy, several times re-worked, or even paper-cloth; and it was difficult to get enough leather even to mend old shoes.

When the "aristocracy of want" had reduced all classes to something like a common level, a typical diet ran roughly as follows. Breakfast: one or two cups of "coffee" or "tea" without milk, and two and one-half ounces of "bread." Dinner: a plate of soup, a slice of "bread," two ounces of meat, two ounces of vegetable, a little "cake," and a cup or so of "coffee." Afternoon tea, if any: a cup of "coffee" and half an ounce of "cake." Supper: a glass of diluted beer, and whatever was left of the "bread" ration; the rest of the meal being like dinner, except that perhaps a bit of cheese took the place of soup and "cake." For children three or four years old there was less than a pint of milk a day, and any wheat flour which happened to be available was normally given to the children to make up for the milk deficiency. There was about one egg per person per week. The amount of meat just indicated is probably an exaggeration, since by government decree there were meatless days. Such was the diet when untrained and exhausted women distributed their incomes scientifically among the different food elements. But sometimes they yielded to the temptation to buy a delicacy, or even a toy.

The adults became somewhat depressed. They lost weight, probably over 15% on the average. Brains and spinal cords retained most of their weight; but all fatty tissue disappeared, and muscles and other high-protein tissues wasted away. Manual laborers, few of whom could afford meat, floundered through their work in fatigue and semi-stupor. Memory and initiative deserted brain workers. People over fifty, and persons not of rugged physique, as a rule suffered more severely. They would grow pale; the withering of their muscles would impair their powers of movement; they would be afflicted with dropsical swellings.

Pulmonary tuberculosis increased greatly; and influenza raged here as elsewhere. People complained, too, of a peculiar and offensive odor in public places. The reason was not the almost complete disappearance of soap among the poor. The smell was mildly suggestive of a corpse. The cause of it is alleged to have been a wasting of tissues similar to the dissolution which sets in at death.

The general life about cities and in the hotels became more or less sombre. Street traction stopped early in the night. Coal was short: some of it had been sent out in exchange for food, and there was a lack of men to work the mines. In the hotels there were almost no lights, and warm water could be had only during a small part of each day. The hospitals were poorly heated. "Warming rooms," where people could come from unheated homes, were maintained in some cities. Lectures and entertainments were given for the purpose of drawing people from homes, and thus conserving fuel. Theatres and cinemas performed a like function.

Homes became rather cheerless. Soldiers on leave often preferred to return to the front before their furloughs were up. Toward the end of the war, the conditions among poor families were substantially these: Usually there were several children. During most of the day, they were locked in, while their mothers were away at work or in bread-lines. They were in a three-room apartment, with little ventilation or light. There were one or two small bedrooms. The only heat came from the kitchen stove; the only light, from one small oil lamp. There was no running water; and one toilet in the hallway served all the families on one floor of the apartment house. There had been no new shoes or clothes since the beginning of the war. There had long been little or no soap. The

mother, when she returned to prepare meals, might not feel like straightening up the house.

The children proved something of a trial. The strong contraction of the muscles encircling the lower third of their stomachs, and the similar behavior of their small intestines, gave them an aching sensation which is sometimes called "hunger." Few of them had been taught how to cheat the pain, temporarily, by tightening their belts or smoking strong tobacco. Their diets were seldom scientific. An excess of the quickly digestible foods, such as the war "cake" and "bread," only gave their hunger a longer time in which to assert itself. A surplus of foods bulky in relation to heat value unduly stuffed their intestines. Sometimes the mother practiced prostitution to secure food for them. But there was much sickness, a great deal of rickets, scrofula, and other complaints attending poor nourishment. There were abnormally prolonged whining and crying. And, finally, in uncounted thousands of cases, the women would be found praying to hear again the crying, even the whining, which before they had thought unbearable.

IV

That is what a navy is for. That is how Germany was driven, eventually, to the desperate expedient of unrestricted submarine warfare. What might the American navy do to Japan?

Japan exports native products, including tea, raw silk, etc., and such finished and semi-finished goods as cotton yarn, cotton cloth, flour, and iron and steel articles. Something over 40% of her exports go normally to her Far Eastern neighbors, and not far from 40% to the United States. In exchange, she takes foodstuffs, espe-

cially wheat and sugar, and raw materials, including cotton and iron. She is more dependent upon foreign commerce than the Central Powers were. Herein lies our golden opportunity, especially if we can hold her to a decidedly inferior naval ratio, and prevent her from emphasizing the construction of submarines. To be sure, our fleet cannot make a blockade absolute, or even close to absolute. But it does not need to. The Japanese standard of consumption is already very low. The general wastes of war would make it much lower. At this point, throw our fleet into the balance. It can at least greatly aggravate diet deficiencies in Japan.

Beriberi might be further encouraged by any shortage accentuating the consumption of polished rice, and decreasing correspondingly the consumption of whole grains, legumes, vegetables or fruits. It causes tingling, numbness, paralysis of the limbs, dropsical swelling, and weakening of the muscles, including the heart. By cutting down Japan's supplies of cod-liver oil, butter, cream, whole milk, and eggs, our fleet could give more Japanese children ophthalmia. This would arrest the normal secretions of their eyes, which would then be invaded by bacteria; and the youngsters would suffer from swollen lids, sensitiveness to light, pus-like discharges from their eyes, ulcers of the cornea, and blindness. Rickets could be encouraged among Japanese children by increasing the difficulty of getting cod-liver oil, calcium and phosphorus. This would cause soft bones, misshapen legs and spines, narrowed and distorted chests. Our navy could aggravate pellagra by shutting off dairy products and fresh meats.

This would produce vicious rashes, sore mouths and tongues, indigestion and diarrhea, irritability, delirium, acute mania, and death.

But doubtless this sort of thing is excessively specific. After all, the main point is general. By simply cutting down Japanese imports in general, and thus dealing another blow to a standard of living already strained to the breaking point, our navy should be able to kill indirectly several civilians for every soldier or sailor falling victim to explosives or poison.

That is what a navy is for. It is to cut the enemy's lines of communication. It is to create shortage, to encourage profiteering, to shut off heat and light, to make elders wait for bread, and children for their elders. It is not mainly to kill sailors directly. It is to kill civilians in a general way. It is to give germs and food deficiencies the maximum opportunity to cause scrofula, rickets, scurvy, beriberi, pellagra, and the like; to spread tuberculosis, influenza, typhus, typhoid, scarlet fever, cholera, the plague, yellow fever, everything which can become rampant among a weakened population.

True, a navy does not have to do this all alone. War in general plays its part, by squandering so much on killing that the business of living has to accept the remnants, by creating such chaos that even the remnants are madly distributed. So much the better for killing: the navy, then, has only to lean its weight against the tottering structure, and human beings fall as if by magic. And so our warships, whether they are built with N.R.A. funds or not, are entitled to the Blue Eagle: "We Do Our Part."

AL SMITH—LATEST PHASE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ON DECEMBER 13, 1932, a decidedly hostile fate dealt one of its severest blows to Al Smith. Belle Moskowitz, on leaving her front door, slipped and fell down the stoop to the pavement. Her death, less than a month later, occurred on January 3, 1933. Al Smith was thus deprived of his most devoted and loyal friend. She was his mentor, his adviser, his secretary, his publicity agent, and generally his chief aide—at times his conscience; often a gadfly to make him work. A woman of marked ability and unusual personality, she had devoted herself to Al Smith's fortunes for more than fourteen years. The extent of her influence over Al is not easy to measure. She was far too clever to seek to impose her will upon him at all times, but there is no doubt that his debt to her is inestimable. She had a genuine flair for politics, an unusual sense of the trend of political currents. But beyond that she knew people, all sorts and kinds of people—all the figures whom Al Smith ought to know, and she shaped his conduct towards them, just as she briefed many of his letters and speeches. Above all else she brought to him a fidelity and devotion beyond all price. Close as their relations were, there was never a whisper of gossip about them.

Nobody has been found to take her place. His mail is not always being well taken care of; invitations go unacknowledged, and his secretary is helpless. What is far more important, the two years since

her death have witnessed a tremendous drop in Al Smith's stock; compared to where it once stood, it is as deflated as that of some of our public utilities. He has signed his name to articles that Belle Moskowitz would surely never have allowed him to print—at least not without the most violent protest. He has made speeches which were sorely in need of editing, and the public has steadily gained the impression that he is a baffled sore-head, badly mauled by fate, and unable to take it in a sporting spirit—and the public is not far wrong. From this Belle Moskowitz could not wholly have saved him, any more than she was able to induce him to go upon the platform at the Democratic Convention in 1932 after the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt and do the generous and manly act of then and there giving the nominee his warm support and his congratulations—which were postponed for weeks and never sent until tremendous pressure was focussed upon him.

But Al Smith could not then, and never will be able to, forgive what he, Mrs. Moskowitz and her husband, and Robert Moses, and others of his closest entourage considered the base treachery of Franklin Roosevelt. Never have I seen such anger and bitterness as animated this group at Chicago. They had all misread the situation, even Belle Moskowitz, for they came to Chicago hopeful that their man had a good chance to win the nomina-

tion, and they were of course absolutely convinced that he was in every way entitled to it. They were aware that it was a Democratic year; they felt that, if nominated, Al would win; that the whispering campaign against him in 1928 would not be repeated in 1932; that even the objection to his religion could not make headway in the face of the country's overwhelming desire to return Herbert Hoover to the campus of Leland Stanford University as thoroughly damaged goods. They were unaware that, however sympathetic some newspaper men might be, none of them felt that Al Smith had a chance. As the Convention developed and Franklin Roosevelt came more and more to the front, their anger was without bounds. It was a betrayal by one man of another to whom he was under every obligation.

Al Smith had created Franklin Roosevelt by picking him for the nomination as Governor of New York and had backed him throughout his two terms. For him to reach out deliberately and deprive Al Smith of the Presidency of the United States could not be characterized in printable language. It was understandable for a man to be defeated for the Presidency by religious prejudice, by social snobbishness, by prohibition bigots, by narrow clerics of the type of Joseph Cannon. But to be robbed of it by the man who was under such a debt of obligation to him was hardly to be borne.

II

Here we have the key to much of what has happened to Al Smith since then. It must be remembered that Al Smith is still a product of East Side ward politics and those of Tammany Hall. If you have grown up in those circles, you are imbued

from the beginning with a certain code of political conduct and human relationships. If you have become the bond brother of a man and he has stood by you, backed you and put you forward, given you favors, you have to be pretty yellow indeed to turn upon him or even to fail to stand by him at all times, no matter what the cost.

It was this spirit, this training which kept Al Smith from ever coming out strongly against Jimmy Walker. He did make known his disapproval at times, but he never applied the right names, he never denounced him so that everybody who ran could read. He could never forget that Jimmy and he had been pals in Albany and in the Hall, and he never quite booted him as he should have, at least not until Jimmy had expatriated himself. Probably it would have been difficult for Franklin Roosevelt to do anything else which could possibly have pained Al Smith as much as being guilty of this species of personal disloyalty and treason. The loss of the Presidency probably hurts little more than this.

So, it will be remembered, the campaign was well along its way before Franklin and Al met, and Al summoned the best that was in him and greeted his successful rival with that famous, "Hello, you old potato." While the reconciliation was public, actually Al did not help much until the last weeks of the campaign when he did appeal to the voters of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York to elect the Democratic ticket. But it cannot be said that the speeches overflowed with praise of his old friend and political comrade. What is worse, he did not hesitate to knock Franklin Roosevelt in the October *New Outlook* during the campaign. Thus he wrote: "We should stop talking about the Forgotten Man. . . . The Forgotten

Man is a myth and the sooner he disappears from the campaign the better it will be for the country." And he solemnly declared: "I believe that the best interests of the country will be served by the success of the Democratic Party and the election of its ticket." But the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt never appeared in that issue or the following one.

There are many like myself who think it would have been wise had Franklin Roosevelt made the gesture of offering a Cabinet job to Al. He would not have accepted it. First, because his finances would not have permitted him to do so; and, secondly, because he was too deeply hurt. But the gesture would have been widely acclaimed, would surely have been some balm in Gilead, and would have mitigated the charge that the President-elect was ungrateful. Since the election the relations between the two men have not improved. Al Smith has not been made the head of any of the numerous unpaid boards or commissions or committees appointed by the White House to consider this or that problem, and the series of articles which he wrote until his sudden retirement from the *New Outlook*—apparently because of differences of opinion right along this line with its proprietor—were unconcealedly opposed to the New Deal.

Because of this attitude, the tide of political life has swept by Al Smith and left him high and dry. One cannot visualize today any way in which he could return to public life, even if his personal circumstances were such as to enable him to take office. The President's unprecedented success in the fall election of 1934 brought even the United States Chamber of Commerce and the big business men of the country to his heels, and politicians go more quickly with the winner than any-

body else. He among them who doesn't go along is just a poor boob and nothing else. Al Smith nurses his grievances, and the political world moves on rapidly.

Whatever else Al Smith was intended to be, he was never especially fitted to become an editor, particularly without the aid of Belle Moskowitz. His editorials in the *New Outlook* are pretty sad reading, although there are some excellent ones. Whoever Englished his articles and helped him to form them could not always prevent him from turning somersaults. Thus in May, 1933, he came out with an emphatic demand for immediate legislation to abolish child labor—"This is the time for . . . statutes to prevent the labor of children. . . ." That *was* the time to legislate when everything was being legislated upon and the Congress had granted seventy-seven new powers and authorities to the President in the first one hundred days of his Administration. Not six months later there was a complete change. Al Smith reversed his position and declared in October:

After careful, and I may say almost prayerful, consideration of these arguments for and against the child labor amendment, I wish to be recorded in the negative. No one can accuse me of being callous or indifferent to the needs of children. I won my service stripes in the war against exploitation of children many years ago when there were few enthusiasts, and many powerful opponents. I find it difficult and distressing to oppose now my loyal comrades of these early battles. I have, however, learned in recent years the bitter lessons of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In January, 1933, he joined all the big business forces and Andy Mellon in their opposition to a high income-tax, saying that:

The income tax returns show a steady falling off in yield, indicating that nothing

has been accomplished by increasing income taxes, excepting to scare off capital and divert it into tax-exempt securities. In soaking capital the government has actually soaked labor.

Later he went hell-bent for the general sales-tax, insisting that "the general manufacturers' sales tax, with the exemption of certain staples, is not class legislation. It meets the present need, and should be adopted." His increasing conservatism is also well illustrated by this *fling* at the N.R.A. in the July, 1933, issue of the *New Outlook*:

It may be that we have reached a new era in which the government must run everything, but I hope not, because I do not want to see this land of opportunity sink to a dead level in which we shall all be civil servants working under political control. If that should happen, we shall have sold our American birthright for a mess of Communistic pottage.

Al's hostility to Roosevelt and the New Deal is again shown in an open letter to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York in December, 1933:

If I must choose between the leaders of the past, with all the errors they have made and with all the selfishness they have been guilty of, and the inexperienced young college professors who hold no public office but are perfectly ready to turn 130,000,000 Americans into guinea pigs for experimentation, I am going to be for the people who have made the country what it is.

His repugnance to the whole theory of the Tennessee Valley Authority and regional planning, he has phrased as follows:

I have grave doubts about regional planning schemes as a solution of the national unemployment problem. The idea of damming great rivers, developing power at the sites, building up industries, at or near, the power plants, preventing floods, and moving numbers of people from crowded

to uninhabited places to begin a new life under more favorable auspices, undoubtedly fires the imagination, but it takes more than magic and millions to make the desert bloom like a rose. On cold, sober second thought it is questionable whether in these days it is desirable to uproot people from their native soil and transfer them to strange places. The age of the pioneer is over. It is doubtful whether the nation will gain today by drying up old communities in order to irrigate new ones.

It is significant that his statement that "the age of the pioneer is over" is in direct contradiction to Franklin Roosevelt's assertion at Harrodsburg that:

I have called us who are here today "Pioneers of 1934." I mean everything that the word "pioneer" implies. . . . mere survival calls for new pioneering on our part.

Al Smith even opposed the C.C.C. and similar reforestation undertakings, declaring that:

They require moving men a long distance to do healthy outdoor work, but work which will produce little of permanent value. The people who are employed are not heads of families who must find work near home. They are young men out of work, and the habitually unemployed. Measured by any reasonable rule, these are not the "Class A" cases of unemployed as classified by relief workers.

But the worst blunder into which Al's bitter anti-Roosevelt feeling has led him is his joining the American Liberty League, headed by Jouett Shouse, the ex-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who did his best to prevent Roosevelt's nomination and promptly resigned in favor of Jim Farley when that took place. Associated with them are John W. Davis, Irenée du Pont, Nathan L. Miller, the conservative Republican ex-Governor of New York, Jimmy Wadsworth, and many other Republican and Democratic conservatives and reactionaries. It is not only

the company which Al Smith thus joined that makes his friends weep. The Liberty League is already a laughing stock; at least all the New Dealers in Washington have regarded it with an unholy joy ever since the President gave it a left-handed blessing which nearly knocked it off its pins at the very outset. He was never cleverer than when he welcomed it in the presence of the assembled Washington correspondents on the ground of the necessity of an opposition and criticism and the need of an organization to protect the liberty of the individual. But that is precisely what the Liberty League does not want to seem to be, especially since that overwhelming election in November which has made Chambers of Commerce and captains of industry insist that they are more than ready to coöperate with the New Deal and aid it to a successful fruition.

The Liberty League has even gone so far as to employ Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, one of the outstanding women leaders in the fight against prohibition. But what was the first thing that Mrs. Sabin did when she took over her job? It was to send for the correspondents and to tell them that the Liberty League was not opposed to President Roosevelt. Oh, dear, no! She herself had voted for him and took that opportunity to let everybody know that she had left the Republican Party for good. So there the Liberty League stands squarely upon its platform and facing both ways, for that platform not only commits the League to teaching the necessity of respect for the rights of persons and property, "as fundamental to any form of successful form of government," but also preaches the duty of a government to encourage and protect individual and group initiative and enterprise. In addition, the League proclaims that it has been born in

order to foster the right to work, earn, save, and acquire property, and to preserve the ownership and lawful use of property when acquired. In other words, it is the old gang at work to maintain the old discredited order, the liberty to continue an inequitable division of the products of labor so that some men may continue to build up large fortunes through special privilege and government favoritism while millions of others approach nearer and nearer to the starvation line.

Of course, this Liberty League, with Al Smith as one of its stars, has not had one word to say about the innumerable infringements of personal liberty in this country which have filled our jails with men arrested and often beaten up for maintaining their economic rights and the liberty of their consciences and freedom of speech. The group which Al Smith thus joined wants above all else liberty for the great corporations to dominate the lives of their workers—not liberty for all, but a special liberty to block any reorganization of our social and economic life.

When they constituted themselves the American Liberty League, they really placed property rights before individual ones, and this is the last crowd which Al Smith should have joined. For he has shown often that the spirit of the genuine democrat was working within him. I sometimes wonder whether his fellow-founders of the Liberty League would let him stay in it if they were to read the second annual message which he sent to the Legislature in Albany in 1920 when he was Governor. In it he recommended that the State plunge headlong into "Socialism" in the following manner: (1) a minimum wage; (2) the eight-hour day for all women workers; (3) maternity insurance for expectant mothers; (4) the extension of workmen's compensation

to cover occupational illnesses and accidents; (5) the appointment of State physicians and nurses in rural communities now destitute of medical aid, in coöperation with those communities; (6) the ownership, development, and *operation* of *all* waterpowers by the State; (7) State owned and operated grain elevators in three cities after the manner of the Non-partisan League experiments in North Dakota; (8) the recognition of the production and distribution of milk as a public utility, subject to the control of the State *in all details*; and (9) the municipal operation of *all public utilities*!

There spoke the Al Smith who had fought his way upward among the unprivileged masses, who had not yet begun to think of the Presidency and was not yet a big business man, but was imbued with the desire to improve the conditions of living for the workers; who had not yet dreamed of a league to preserve the ownership and lawful use of property when acquired. His joining the Liberty League is a political error to make Belle Moskowitz turn in her grave, for if the League is successful it will lead us gaily along the road to Fascism, and while assuring everybody that it loves Mr. Roosevelt, it will stab him in the back, provided, of course, that such a combination as Jouett Shouse, Mrs. Sabin, Irenée du Pont and Jimmy Wadsworth do not insure its being laughed out of existence. How can Al Smith again stand forth as the paladin of the plain people, as the wearer of the Brown Derby, the Oliver Street boy who made good?

One hears now very little about Al Smith's "New Tammany." There never was anything in that at best. For Tammany Hall will never be anything but a league for public plunder and an organized appetite for public spoils and there-

fore extremely wasteful and inefficient and corrupt when in charge of the offices. Al Smith was quite willing to be one of the figure-heads for the alleged New Tammany; that same loyalty which in his eyes Franklin Roosevelt has honored in the breach made it impossible for him ever really to disassociate himself from the Hall or to take a strong stand against its wrong-doings. He had to be for Surrogate O'Brien, the stupidest mayor that New York has ever had wished upon it, and he could not, of course, have any part in the Fusion movement which put Mayor LaGuardia where he is. In the last city election it is true that he thought that he could exercise a little independence and he let it be known that he was for Controller McGoldrick, who was the Fusion nominee. But not for long. Soon thereafter Al had a reconciliation with the new leadership in Tammany of Dooling—Curry having been ousted—and then he suddenly found that after all the Tammany nominee was really the man to be elected, a decision which may have accounted for some of the small majority against McGoldrick. As the *New York Times* remarked, Al's position on the controllership was "slightly embarrassing."

III

The truth is that Al Smith has never been sufficiently devoted to the city of his rise and greatness or patriotic enough ever to come out with a sizzling denunciation of Tammany wrong-doings. In the summer of 1933 an effort was made to draft him to run for the mayoralty, and such a movement unquestionably would have met with a great deal of approval. He would have made an admirable mayor, for his knowledge of city affairs and what is going on remains unequalled. But here

the stumbling block was again his financial situation. It is the irony of fate that the poor boy of Oliver Street can no longer live upon a mere salary of \$22,500 a year.

Everybody seems to have to put Al Smith in a hole. Even the Republicans had to do it by nominating his close friend and confidant, Robert Moses, for Governor on their ticket. Moses, a really great administrator, was also given his opportunity by Al Smith and repaid Al by joining the inner group of advisers and helpers. If he did not go as far as Belle Moskowitz in seeking to make Al accept his views, he was none the less of great service, so that, when Moses had to contest the election with Herbert Lehman, Al found himself torn by his personal loyalty to Bob, and his party loyalty to Herbert Lehman. Lehman owed his first nomination to Al Smith and to nobody else. Al did not quite make up his mind until he was on the train to the convention at Albany. Herbert Bayard Swope, Moses and others were with him. He asked them all for their opinions, and then he announced his decision: "I am for Lehman first and last—period." On arrival at Albany Al was subjected to the most tremendous pressure. For once he tried to buck the Tammany machine. John F. Curry, then the head of Tammany, was entirely opposed to the Lehman nomination.

Lehman was not an orthodox Jew, and therefore, so Curry told Al, there were more Jewish votes that he could not get than he could draw. Al was like granite. He had only two things to say, first, that Lehman had earned it, and second, "I am for Lehman first and last—period,"—he never once left off the word "period."

At last, after three grilling sessions, Al won. Whereupon Curry came up to him

and, pointing to Mrs. Smith who was across the room, said: "Al, the little woman there ain't with you, she's with me." To which, it is reported, Al replied, "You're right, John. You're right. The little woman ain't with me, she's with you; but that's because she's just as dumb as you are!" So Al had his way and in the convention paid high tribute to Lehman's ability. The existing breach between him and Curry was widened despite Lehman's victory.

In 1934 there was no fight and no punch in Al's advocacy of Herbert Lehman. In nominating him he made an extraordinarily dull and rambling speech, full of recollections like those of a very old man. He devoted little of it to Lehman. The best that he could say was: "We are going to have six weeks in which to deal at length with the Administration of Governor Lehman, his accomplishments in the face of the same stubborn opposition that has made itself manifest in Albany for the past twelve years. . . . During the last two years Governor Lehman has fought those reactionary elements. He has guided the State with a knowledge of business and finance at a trying and very critical time." After having damned Lehman with this faint praise, he found nothing else to praise except that the Roosevelt and Lehman Administrations stood "at the very front of human progress" during the "very critical period in our history."

All of which gave Norman Thomas the opportunity to say of Al's failure to support the New Deal: "How could he? Is he not himself allied with the most reactionary Republicans, and with those merchants of death, the du Ponts, in an extreme opposition to all the policies of the New Deal—which the Democratic Party endorsed [at Albany]?"

IV

Bad as is the political dilemma in which Al finds himself because of his hostility to Roosevelt, and his turning his back upon his liberal past, the heaviest blow of all to him has been the financial misfortunes which have overtaken him, and so effectively bar him today from holding public office. He is a poor man, as he does not hesitate to tell you, and he has an expensive family, for not all of his children stand upon their own feet, and, as he was extremely generous to them when at the height of his prosperity, like everybody else in the same situation he finds it extremely difficult to curtail expenses. It was this fact that made the editorship of the *New Outlook* so welcome; it brought him more than \$10,000 a year and a new experience which for a time made him as happy as a child with a new toy. Today he has no income beyond his considerable salary as president of the Empire State Building and a smaller one from the Lawyers County Trust Company. The "Empty State Building," as the joke has it, which has had the hardest kind of sledding since it was opened in the spring of 1930, is today less than 40% full according to trustworthy reports and relies on the large number of admissions to the Observation Tower which it collects. This building is a great thorn in Al's flesh, for he induced many of his friends to invest in it, besides putting in some of his own savings, and it tries his honest soul that he got friends into trouble. His financial difficulties thus depress him not a little, but some of his rich friends and backers have never altered in their loyalty to him and the determination to see him through.

Al's latest activity was as head of the Charter Commission appointed in the spring of 1934 under an act of the Legisla-

ture of the State of New York to give a new charter to the City of New York. He had looked forward to this opportunity, not only because the metropolis has so long needed a complete overhauling of its charter, and because he is so admirably fitted by experience and knowledge to take part in the creation of new forms of local government, but because it gave him an opportunity to do a big job well and again to stand out as a powerful and important figure in our political life. But here, too, the fates were against him. After a number of sessions the Commission broke up through the resignations of Al Smith, Samuel Seabury, and Charles H. Tuttle, the work was abandoned, and additional legislation was obtained from Albany giving Mayor LaGuardia the power to appoint a new commission.

This collapse was a source of the bitterest humiliation to Al, for the reason that he was unable to deliver the Tammany votes for what he considered a decent charter program. He, LaGuardia, and Seabury thought that they had it all fixed up, and Al had already formulated and published excellent views as to what that new charter should be. This remains a valuable document, but Al Smith, sachem of Tammany Hall, could not hold his Tammany associates in line in the Commission. They, too, broke away from him—even though he had gone back into activity in the Hall and clasped hands with Mr. Dooling and talked over this very charter reform issue with him. They, too, failed in their loyalty, their fidelity—is there no one in political life to stand by him? Al has even had the bitter experience of knowing that his name was hissed and Jimmy Walker's cheered at a Tammany dinner on January 18, 1934.

Throughout the sessions of the Charter Commission it was perfectly apparent that

the chairman was not the Al Smith of Belle Moskowitz and the Brown Derby. The sparkle had gone out of him. Indeed, the flashes of wit and native humor are now rare; the best, of late, is his oft-quoted and misquoted forecast of Franklin Roosevelt's success at the polls last November: "People don't shoot Santa Claus just before Christmas." His deep embitterment becomes more and more evident.

He sees swept to extraordinary prestige and to unparalleled success the man who, he thinks, shoved him aside and robbed him of the fame and renown that would otherwise now be his. Another

man occupies his rightful place in the sun. He knows that, barring a political earthquake due to an economic disaster, the tide of Franklin Roosevelt's popularity is not going to recede sufficiently to count seriously against him in 1936, and that even if it does he—Al Smith—cannot hope to be the beneficiary. He knows he is getting old. He is past sixty. Work does not come as easily. Belle Moskowitz is not there to drive him to his tasks. It is pleasanter and pleasanter to meet with old cronies with whom one can still smoke and have a man's drink and talk over the good old days—and let the world go its foolish way.

A HUNGRY INTELLECTUAL

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

ANDREW HOBBS was an intellectual. He continually said he was an intellectual, an idealist. Before the depression he had had a job as an advertising writer and had a stenographer of his own, that's what he said. He was always telling us what a good position he had had and how he was getting on in the world, of course he was just going into advertising until he got started with his writing, he said, but he seemed to get farther and farther into debt, so he never could stop his job. That was before the depression scooped him out with not so much as a by your leave and left him without any of the gadgets he had bought, and dumped him on the streets.

The first time I saw him he was talking against God down at Gateway Park, standing very tall, his narrow head showing above the crowd of workmen. The old gospel-monger was holding forth across the street, and Hobbs was talking Ingersoll atheism on the opposite corner and he would take up a collection afterwards which would sometimes amount to even fifty cents. Anyhow, he could eat off it. But he said he didn't really care for the collection, it was just the principle of the thing, if a person didn't pay for a thing they didn't appreciate it, even a few dimes like that.

I always had an awful time keeping the children quiet waiting for the speaking to be over and the boys to come home to dinner. Karen was only two and Sybil

just nine months. There was fifteen months between them. Somebody brought him over and introduced him and he stood back very modestly and tried to keep his shoes in the dark. He looked like he was trying to step back through a door that wasn't there. He seemed to be stepping back away from something, away from any one touching him so that his face and even his body seemed to have a receding look about them as if he would presently disappear into something behind him. For all that he was well-meaning, anyone could see that. And he had his own pride.

When Karl introduced him he took off his hat and bowed a little, like a Southern gentleman, and sure enough I found out he had been raised in Georgia, the lower middle class, always trying to get up further, always thinking themselves ascending a little on the social ladder and really descending frightfully from generation to generation. This continual lowering and defeat gave him a sad gentility. He took off his hat and bowed a little and seemed to recede backwards.

Karl went back to the corner with the boys to distribute some leaflets about the mass meeting the next night, and Hobbs sat down in the car with me and politely asked about the children, but he was ignoring them. The pigeons walked around the feet of the unemployed men sitting in the park, getting the last breath of summer air before going to their flops. "You know," Hobbs said, "I don't have to do this."

"Listen!" I shouted at Karen, "sit still just a minute and I'll get you a cone. What?" I said.

"I graduated from the University of Georgia," he said delicately.

"Yeah? Listen!" I shouted, between my teeth. "I'll buy you a cone. I'll get you a tooth brush with mickey mouse on it." I couldn't keep them quiet. Hobbs looked offended as if he had smelled something bad. He jerked up his pants over his knee and I could see his awfully white shank and he had no socks on. He jerked down his pants again and I felt sorry because I could see his poor feet, in somebody else's shoes and one shoe had a big place like a carbuncle where the guy who had had them before kept his bunion.

"I don't know what I am going to do," I said. "I can't wait around at these meetings all the time because the milk gets sour."

He smiled abstractly, and looked out past the tattered top of the Ford at the sky. He had a thin face. He looked hungry. I remembered the way I had seen his pants bag down over his rumps as if he had filled them more at some time.

"Why don't you come along and have supper with us?" I said. "We're going to have a swell stew."

"Well," he said, vaguely, so very delicate and evasive, "I don't know, I was supposed to meet a fellow over here." He waved his long white hand. "I don't know. I might. . . . Wait a minute . . . I'll see if I can find him."

He swung his long thin shanks out the door. "O.K.," I said, swatting Sybil's hands so they wouldn't catch in the door. I watched him take a walk behind the statue of the unknown soldier, duck a few seconds on the other side and come back. He didn't have to meet anybody. He didn't have anybody to meet.

II

He came to our house often just about supper time. He never came right in and had something to eat like others. He always stood vaguely in the door, and bowing a little, and my lord he got thinner and thinner until he seemed like a wraith and his pants hung on his poor shanks like an old sack. "Well, well," he would say politely, "you're just having supper. No . . . No, I wouldn't come in. I'll sit right here on the steps. No, no, I don't want to spoil your evening meal."

"We're just having supper," I said. "Come on in and have supper."

"No. No," he would say, flapping his white hands. "I just ate." And he would brush his face off with his hands as if he had walked through cobwebs. He would sit on the step and we would whisper inside about it.

"I know he hasn't had any supper."

"The poor guy," Karl said.

"Why doesn't he say . . . just say he's hungry and come in and eat."

"It's pride."

"My God, everyone is hungry."

"I know, but he's an intellectual. . . ."

"Ohhhhhhhh!"

Then all who were eating would fall against each other sniggering.

"Shut up," I said. "He'll hear."

Afterwards, when the boys went out to the meeting, he'd come in sometimes and help me with the children. If I went out of the room for something I could see that he took things off the table, and when I would come back he wouldn't chew a bit but sit there smiling vaguely with his mouth full of food so I would have to go out again so he could chew it up.

He never once said he was hungry. He always had mysterious places where he said he ate and mysterious places where

he said he slept. Yet we all knew that he slept at the mission and ate that slop. Lots of the boys saw him there, but he never said a word about it, never said that he did, as if not saying it made it not so.

He seemed to like better to be with me than with the boys. He was raised by women I guess and felt easier, anyhow he had awful arguments with them, and they made fun of his highfalutin ideas. He would say all sorts of great high-sounding phrases he must have remembered from school. "We must all struggle," he would say, "life is progress." And yet he seemed neither to struggle nor to make any progress. You could see he felt fine when he was talking. I would feed the babies or change them for the night, and you could see that in a few minutes he made the world a place it was easy for him to be in. He kept saying that change must come without violence, that it must be intellectual.

I said, "When you have a baby, birth is violent."

"No. No," he said. "Change must come from the intellect with understanding and non-violence, non-resistance."

"I don't think it's that way," I said. "From having a baby I think it's different. It comes out violently."

"No. No," he said with displeasure.

I could see him eyeing the last chop left on the plate. "Why don't you eat that chop?" I said. I wanted to give the bone to the baby to chew anyway; besides, one chop is nothing to fix another meal with.

He said, "Oh, I had plenty, plenty," and he went on talking, telling about how you must educate everyone and then they would understand.

"Understanding comes in the stomach," I said, turning the baby up for powder.

When I went out to put the baby to bed he ate the chop. Then he cleared the table

so I wouldn't notice and washed all the dishes. I didn't say anything about it until later I talked it over with Karl. "Why wouldn't he eat the chop?" I asked Karl.

"Damned if I know," Karl said.

"I guess it was too simple a way to do it," I said.

"If your belly's empty, it's empty," Karl said. "That's all there is to it to me."

"But it's different with him," I said. "It must be something more to him, something subtle."

"Well, the point is," Karl said, "he did eat the chop. He did actually eat the chop, that's the point."

"But he didn't say so."

"No, the say is worth something to that guy."

"Sure, the say is everything. . . ."

"What the hell's the say worth? The point is he ate the chop," and Karl went off into a huge howl of laughter. I had to make him promise he wouldn't tell anyone so they wouldn't guy Hobbs about it.

"Yeah, he ate the chop," Karl howled.

III

Sometimes Hobbs would look like he had some mysterious grievance and wouldn't speak for days. He would come to the meetings or do some typing, but he wouldn't say a word and acted very polite and mysterious as if he had some great secret tragedy connected with him that he couldn't speak of. He would hardly speak to the boys, but he would come and take care of the babies while I did some work. It got awful hot and he would roll the babies out to the park.

He was always awfully clean. Once his collar was torn a little and he tried to mend it but he couldn't do anything with his hands, they didn't seem to have any life

in them. We used to talk about it sometimes, how that fellow always had a clean shirt and his feet never stank. It's something to be able to do that when you never have a place to wash or a bed alone but he always looked scrubbed. I don't know how he did it, but no one ever asked him outright because he wouldn't have told anything, he would have had some mysterious thing to say, as if he had been washed in the blood of the lamb or something. Nothing natural and outright seemed to happen to him. Once I asked him if he ever had a woman.

"Didn't you ever have a woman?" I asked him because I couldn't imagine it, everything seemed so ideal and delicate to him. The boys always laughed at the way he came and sat with me like another woman. Once he helped me move and even if I did most of the work I felt delicate and precious. I had to laugh. The boys said, well I suppose Sir Walter Raleigh helped you move. I had to laugh.

When I asked him if he ever had a woman he blushed and spread out his long thin hands, "Well, if you mean have I ever been in love?"

"Well, all right, have you ever been in love?"

He looked at his hands a long time. I felt it as plain as your face that he was having a struggle between what had really happened when he was in love and what he wished to tell me had happened. I felt an awful disgust and pity for him, like shouting out at him, go on tell, tell me all the dirt, don't fix it up into the ideal, get it out of your poor lean body, spit it out, vile and awful. But I knew he wouldn't tell me what had happened. There was something vague all over him. I saw the shanks of the poor guy, his shoes a little hard from being damp so much, turned up at the toes and hardened

in the leather, living for the glorious mind and sitting pawing webs over his own face.

He told me a long tale about his wife. I couldn't look at him, I was so disgusted, but I felt sorry. I couldn't look at him at all. He said he had made five hundred dollars a month and had a pretty wife and it seems she had fallen in love, he said, with a race-track man, a driver of a fast car, and she had gone off with him and then he said, and I was astonished, I couldn't believe it, that they had been killed, both of them, together. He seemed to like that almost and licked his thin lips over something. Yes, they had gone around the track together driving very, very fast, he wasn't sure how fast, and they had both been killed.

About this time they were organizing a Hunger March to the State capital of all the farmers and unemployed to demand bread and milk for their children. Karl had been telling me that Hobbs never seemed to be there when anything actual was happening. He would talk or write plenty but somehow or other he never seemed to be at a meeting, where there was danger. I said to Karl I couldn't believe it. "That's the way it turns out," he said. "I don't believe it," I told him. "He's trying. He feels timid. He's sore from being alone."

"Just the same you'll see," Karl said. "Wait till the Hunger March and you'll see what I say is so, all right."

IV

Before that we had a picnic down at the grove along the Mississippi. It was a fine summer afternoon in harvest, a good summer day with the wind blowing the heavy trees and the water like the sky and the little curl of beach golden in the bright sun.

A day when you like to see your fat children running naked in the sun and water. Rose was there with her baby one month off and we all felt happy sitting on the beach with the tiny waves curling up and the sound of summer wind and the sun beating down into our pores like golden fire and the rosy naked children. Rose said, "Gee, I can't wait to see mine. I feel all the time like taking it out to look at it." Karl laughed and we all looked laughing at each other through the sunlight.

Hobbs was sitting by himself and had taken off his awful shoes showing his long white toes but he wouldn't go in the water. We all put on our suits in the bushes and went into the river, but Hobbs wouldn't go in. He sat on the beach and that day somehow his eyes looked so cunning and dead I couldn't hardly speak to him. And he somehow made Rose being so heavy with child seem out of place although we all liked it. "A woman," he said, "shouldn't come out like that." It made me kind of mad.

After we had lunch and Sybil and Karen were lying under a spotted beech tree sleeping with the shadows splotched on them, he said, "I don't see why people have children. We have no right to bring children into the world until we know more about it. Perpetuating the race," he called it. He got quite excited talking to me about it until I went to sleep too. I sort of dozed off, but I could hear Karl and Rose's husband talking very earnestly planning the Hunger March where they squatted down on their heels at the edge of the water as if they didn't quite have time to sit down even. Somehow the drone of their voices, earnest, real, coming through the heat and the wind, filled me with assurance. I wasn't afraid. The sun seemed to pour down on us expanding over and in and through the water, and

sun, sky, sand and bodies and the lovely full mound of Rose sitting in the sand over her beautiful stomach.

"The masses won't stand together," Hobbs was saying writing words with a stick in the sand. "They'll betray one another," he said. "They won't stick together . . . You can't make a silk purse out of sow's ear."

I could hear the lovely drone of the men's voices and the life and dream singing in the heat, and our bodies intertwined, together. . . . "Look what the masses read . . ." I heard his dry voice going on and on.

A long time later I heard him say, "My wife and I might have had a child once. But we got rid of it."

The afternoon of the Hunger March Hobbs came over and stuck pretty close to me. He seemed silent and then he would talk very fast and loud. I kept thinking he would go but he helped me put on Karen's sun-hat and said he would carry Sybil. It was a hot day but I was going to push the baby carriage up to the capitol. I thought we could sit across in the park anyway and see what happened. The walks were sizzling, but Hobbs helped me push up the steepest hills. I was used to pushing them until I felt like a dray horse. We sat down on the grass on the mound across from the capitol. We sat where we could see the marchers coming down University avenue. The heat was like a falling curtain you couldn't look through. Hobbs had been telling me about a girl he saw at the Busy Bee cafeteria and what a pure face she had. It got to be past time for the marchers who were coming from the heart of the city. Hobbs got nervous and stopped talking and wrung his hands together in his lap. A dog lifted its leg right on the bench he was sitting on, but he didn't pay any attention. I let the children

out of the buggy to play on the fine freshly mowed green grass. They don't get to see green grass too often.

Hobbs said, "What time is it?"

I said, "It's three o'clock."

After a while I said, "You keep yourself pretty safe all right." A slow color mounted his neck and half up his cheeks. He didn't say a word.

"Listen," I said, but then I could see the dark clot of men down the highway like a mass of angry bees moving swiftly towards the capitol. "There they are," I cried trying to see Karl, but they all looked like the same man, loose dirty clothes, angry pressing forward faces, and all lean as a soup bone, but, they came in a thick swift cloud, black and angry, bearing banners saying, "WE WANT BREAD. WE WANT MILK. OUR CHILDREN ARE HUNGRY."

I began jumping up and down with a cry in my throat and my children climbing up my thighs. "Listen," I said. "You can still go. You can still join them . . . Look . . . Run . . ." But he never moved.

He didn't come around for a long time. I felt sorry for the poor guy after all. I knew it hit him pretty hard in a way not being able to go that day.

We got kicked out of where we were living and moved into a kind of shack down the river, and one day there was Hobbs in the low doorway making a bow, clean as ever with his hair plastered down on his head as if he had been ducked in the river, and he said that he had swum four miles down the river and walked back, but looking at him I thought he hadn't done it at all, that he had just wet his hair and then come up and told me a tale. It would be a daring clean thing to take off your clothes and go down a swift river . . .

Then he says that he got a boat for

twelve dollars and that he expects to hear from his old advertising company in Detroit any day now and they will have a place for him in January, so he thinks he will go down the river alone for a spell and have an adventure until then. He sat very delicately in the room keeping his pants legs down so as not to show his bare shanks.

But my lord I even thought that maybe he would go down the river. A woman has always got faith and hope certainly. I felt glad and thought now maybe he will do it, maybe he will go down that river.

He sat on the couch telling about the books he had been reading. Pretty soon he got up and said he was going down to the river now and see about that scow he was dickering for and he stooped over and drew a diagram on the back of a leaflet, how he would fix it up for himself. It was all quite clear there on paper.

Then he made a little bow, backed off into that space that would never protect him and went down to the river.

I didn't tell Karl anything about his having been there, but the very next day we got back from trying to get an extra quart of milk from the relief which they wouldn't give us and we felt pretty discouraged because many that were demonstrating needed it worse than us and it didn't seem we got very far with all our organizing—and there was a note on the table, held down by the butcher knife stuck into it very dramatic, and scrawled on it with an elegant hand it said:

AM GOING DOWN THE RIVER.
SAVE ALL MY LETTERS. WILL
WRITE MY ADVENTURES AND WE
WILL PUBLISH THEM. IT WILL BE
THE ONLY RECORD OF THE TRIP.
SAVE ALL.

We never heard of him again.

AN EMPIRE IN HOCK

The Story of the Van Sweringen Railroads

BY DANIEL DODGE

ORIS PAXTON and Mantis James Van Sweringen are makers of American history; they have laced together the largest system of privately controlled railroads in the world; they have borrowed—perhaps permanently—hundreds of millions of dollars from the public; they have contributed to the ruin of two major Cleveland banks; they have run 11,000 miles of vital railroad trackage into bankruptcy; and—crowning success—they have persuaded the United States government to lend \$71,000,000 to their foundering companies.

The symbol of these feats is a pyramid. It is a pyramid compacted not of blocks of stone, but of stocks and bonds. It is a pyramid built with the assets of a hundred companies—railroad, real estate, coal, trucking and affiliated enterprises—piled on top of each other to form a two-billion-dollar superstructure that is gripped together by interlocking holding companies.

When this colossus threatened to collapse as early as 1930, with results that might have been thunderous to the Hoover Administration and Wall Street, a “rescue party” was formed by J. P. Morgan & Company and four other banks to lend money to the harassed brothers.

The story is told that Albert H. Wiggin, then chairman of the Chase National Bank, when asked how much the bank would subscribe of the \$39,500,000 needed, said with a ravenous wave of his hand:

“I’ll take as much as I can get.”

Mr. Wiggin’s bank, it seems, had not shared in any of the rich financing which accompanied the Van Sweringen brothers’ rise to the seats of the mighty. He looked upon the “rescue party” as a means of elbowing his way into their juicy—but previously select—promotions. Without ado, the Morgan partners hastily assigned Chase the largest slice of the loan. Today when that loan is worth about twenty cents on the dollar, at least four banks have a warm spot in their institutional hearts for the exiled Wiggin, even if Chase stockholders do not.

To Wiggin that loan was a beginning. To the Van Sweringens it may now be the symbol of their end.

II

The brothers entered railroad promotion after clearing more than \$500,000 through deals in a Cleveland suburban real estate development. Balked in attempts to cross the tracks of the Nickel Plate Railroad with those of their trolley line, so as to link the development with the city’s shopping centre, they finally bought the railroad in July, 1916.

The price fixed by the New York Central, which had been ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission to divest itself of the Nickel Plate, was \$8,500,000 for its holdings of 51% of the shares. A loan

was arranged by the Van Sweringen brothers for \$2,100,000, the down payment demanded by the Central.

They then formed a holding company—Nickel Plate Securities Corporation—which assumed the obligation to pay off the loan and the remainder of the purchase price in return for the title to the Nickel Plate shares. The loan was paid off by the sale of non-voting preferred stock in the holding company, the brothers buying \$520,000, and wealthy friends about \$1,600,000 worth of the shares. Voting common stock was then issued to the preferred holders share for share as a bonus, but additional common shares, representing 83% of the total, were taken by the brothers as compensation for organization and other services.

Result: By a capital outlay of only \$520,000 the brothers had captured control of the holding company that in turn controlled a railroad with total assets of \$72,000,000. Using this ramshackle 495-mile property as a base they were to gain control of 26,000 more miles of railroads capitalized in excess of two billion dollars.

On January 9, 1922, the Van Sweringens organized the Vaness Company, whose activities are so mysterious that most of the essential information about it has been pried loose only through House and Senate investigations. O. P. Van Sweringen eleven years later, speaking for himself and his brother, told a Senate committee that this holding company was designed "as our own personal basket." Into it were dumped the brothers' holdings in Nickel Plate Securities Corporation and diverse real estate stocks.

By the time Vaness was organized Nickel Plate Securities Corporation had paid off another part of the \$8,500,000 debt to the New York Central by application of earnings from the Nickel Plate railroad

stock. The value of the stock had been enhanced during the six years by war "prosperity" and the skilful railroading of John J. Bernet, who had been chosen as president of the railroad by the brothers. Therefore, the Van Sweringens now were able to use the Nickel Plate Railroad shares to borrow \$2,500,000 from the New York Central.

With this and another \$500,000 they bought control of the Lake Erie & Western. Another \$3,500,000 obtained on Nickel Plate's credit was used to buy control of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western. Finally, by an exchange of stock all around, the three railroads were merged in 1923 into a new Nickel Plate Railroad Company. The merger brought together about 1,600 miles of track and further increased the credit base available to the Van Sweringens by consolidating assets totaling about \$200,000,000.

Almost the first act of the brothers with respect to the new company was to increase its debt \$7,200,000 by borrowing from the public through the sale of mortgage bonds. With \$5,600,000 of the proceeds the road bought 70,000 shares of the common stock of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway from Henry Huntington. This block of stock, together with 3,000 additional shares owned by Huntington, although a minority of the shares outstanding, represented the interests then dominating the Chesapeake & Ohio.

Huntington had demanded \$100 a share for the 73,000 shares. To meet this price, which was about \$20 above the market, the Vaness Company borrowed \$3,000,000 from the Guaranty Trust Company. Nickel Plate Securities borrowed \$1,700,000 of this sum, and with it bought the remaining 3,000 shares. Computation will show that the Nickel Plate Railroad paid an average of \$80 a share, while Nickel

Plate Securities Corporation paid \$565 a share.

"Why that disparity of value?" asked Ferdinand Pecora at the Senate inquiry in 1933. Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen, testifying:

In the Nickel Plate [Railroad] one half of the shares were owned by the general public. While we thought that these C. & O. shares were worth all that we paid [*i.e.* the average of \$100 a share] for them, we were conscious that the market reflected a lower market price. And there was to be expected that element of risk or gamble, if you want to put it that way, in the higher price. As one experienced in the railroad side of that undertaking we were confident that we could develop that property and make it a much better property than it was. But we felt that we should take that cost ourselves as to that so-called "holding company" interest, if you will, rather than to have the question arise from the standpoint of the Nickel Plate stockholder who might think that we had treated him unwisely or unfairly.

The witness did not add that it might have been impossible to get the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve fastening the higher price on the Nickel Plate stockholders, or that those stockholders might have upset the purchase contract in the courts. Mr. Pecora was somewhat skeptical of the nobility of Mr. Van Sweringen's answer. He pursued the subject as follows:

MR. PECORA: . . . if the Huntington interests sought to sell in the open market their 70,000 shares, the price might have been also quite different? The market might have gone down as the result of this large block being offered?

MR. VAN SWERINGEN: Or it might have gone up. That is anybody's guess.

MR. PECORA: Usually when a large block is thrown on the market the price goes down, does it not?

MR. VAN SWERINGEN: Oh, I do not pretend to be a market expert. I do not think

I ought to answer that. That depends upon how it is done, I suppose, and when it is done.

The amazing modesty of Mr. Van Sweringen is best appreciated in light of the fact that, although he did not pretend to be a market expert, he had run up in the name of his companies a debit account of some \$60,000,000 by April 30, 1930, with Paine, Webber & Company, stock brokers.

Compliance with Huntington's demands spared the brothers the cost of a fight for control, and the price of Chesapeake & Ohio shares stayed down in the market. By 1925 the brothers, using the Nickel Plate Railroad and Vaness Company, had succeeded in obtaining majority control of Chesapeake & Ohio through additional share purchases in the open market. A system of 3,144 miles with assets of \$550,000,000 thus was included in their empire.

But to accomplish this the bonded indebtedness of the Nickel Plate Railroad had been increased more than \$30,000,000, dating from the time the Van Sweringens first entered its management. Furthermore, it had been necessary to put the Vaness Company deeply in debt to the banks for funds with which to buy Chesapeake & Ohio stock.

III

The Chesapeake & Ohio's funds were now used to buy shares in the Erie Railroad. Contemporaneously, the Vaness Company borrowed \$11,200,000 from various banks and devoted part of the proceeds to additional purchases of Erie stock. About 26% control of the Erie was achieved, and 2,236 miles of track and \$570,000,000 of assets were added to the empire. A loan from J. P. Morgan & Company together with usage of Nickel Plate and Chesapeake & Ohio funds next added 33% of

the shares of the Pèrre Marquette, whose trackage ran about 2,265 miles and whose assets totaled about \$168,000,000.

Thus by the Fall of 1925 there was under Van Sweringen domination a network of railroads that stretched from the Atlantic ports of New York and Newport News to the nation's Western, Northwestern, and Southwestern traffic gateways, the cities of Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria; an unmerged string of railroads whose tracks spread 9,245 miles and whose assets totaled \$1,500,000,000.

The Transportation Act of 1920 directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to consolidate the railroads of the United States into a limited number of systems so that "competition be preserved as fully as possible." Accordingly, the commission drew up a tentative plan of consolidation. To the East it assigned, exclusive of New England, eight systems headed respectively by the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, Nickel Plate, Pèrre Marquette and Chesapeake & Ohio.

The acquisition by the Van Sweringens of the last four railroads effectively broke down the commission plan, for it meant, instead of competition between eight systems, there was actually competition between only the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio and Van Sweringen systems. Thus did the brothers pay their respects to the will of Congress and the commission. To get legal recognition of their system as well as to profit by the economies of an authorized consolidation, the brothers presented a petition in 1925 to the commission asking permission to merge their railroads into one system and company.

The commission denied the application without mincing words. After remarking that the Van Sweringens "used every

weapon at hand to crush all opposition" to the plan, and observing that "requests made by stockholders for relevant and material information were met by evasion or refusal," the commission said:

Through their control of 80% of the voting stock of the Vaness Company . . . the Van Sweringens now control 54.17% of the voting stock of the Nickel Plate, but they control directly or indirectly only 32.85% of all the voting stock of the companies affected by their proposal. But under their plan they will directly or indirectly control without purchasing a single additional share, 50.93% of the voting stock of the new company, and thus will effectually control its management and operation.

The Nickel Plate Railroad, under the plan, the commission continued, would have become in effect a holding company, the stockholders in the railroad would suffer no diminution of voting power, and:

We cannot escape the conclusion that the plan was arranged with the intention of keeping the control in the hands of its proponents, even though their interest is a minority one in fact. Such an arrangement is not in accord with sound railroad practice . . . Hovering in the background of this entire question of control in this case is the trust agreement dated January 11, 1924 . . . it is safe to say that under it the Van Sweringens may divest themselves of all beneficial interest in the Vaness Company stock and still retain control of the new company without direct or indirect ownership of a share of stock therein.

It was the first time that the brothers' headlong grab for equities had been checked. They now were forced to stop their accumulation of railroads with other people's money in order to get their breath—after first taking the precaution of removing the Chesapeake & Ohio's holding of Erie shares from the jurisdiction of the I. C. C. by forming the Virginia Transportation Company, a holding company.

The brothers had strained to the limit

the credit possibilities of the railroads and had been forced to borrow funds through their own personal company, Vaness, in order to buy necessary stocks in the open market. Vaness at this time owed more than \$15,000,000 to J. P. Morgan & Company that had been borrowed in buying 255,000 shares of Chesapeake & Ohio, while Nickel Plate Railroad owed more than \$24,000,000 for its purchases of 345,000 shares of the same stock.

One problem was: how to get rid of this indebtedness and still leave the Van Sweringens in control of these shares. The other was: how to preclude the possibility that the commission might force divestment of one railroad's share in another. The solution of both problems was the Chesapeake Corporation.

During May and June, 1927, this new holding company took over the 600,000 Chesapeake & Ohio shares, issuing in return all its common stock. The railroad shares were then placed in the hands of a trustee and used as a base for borrowing \$48,000,000 from the public through a bond issue. With the proceeds from the bond sale, the Van Sweringens paid off at the banks the obligations incurred in buying Chesapeake & Ohio control.

IV

The operation was invaluable; it taught them how to shelve the cost of buying a railroad's control on to the public's shoulders, and it taught them that any type bond would sell that had the sponsorship of such firms as J. P. Morgan & Company.

Specifically, the bond was nothing more than a mortgage on stocks in a railroad whose own chief assets were mortgaged to its own bondholders. So dubious was it as an instrument of finance that, in addition to a generous commission, the Morgan part-

ners demanded an extra \$240,000 for undertaking the flotation. This the brothers paid "as compensation," to use O. P. Van Sweringen's words, "for the risk" the partners took.

The successful flotation of Chesapeake Corporation paved the way for the Van Sweringen masterpiece—Alleghany Corporation, a conception grand as the mountain range whose name it borrowed, but unfortunately not as rugged.

In explaining to the Senate Committee why Alleghany was formed in 1929, the Van Sweringens stated:

. . . there was a definite need for a vehicle in which to carry, in so far as was consistent, and to mobilize in the financial sense, our activities looking toward the ultimate goal of final upbuilding of the Chesapeake & Ohio, or so-called fourth system for the Eastern region, that all through these years of effort had been the subject of negotiation and discussion with the various parties in interest. All of these efforts and activities could more readily be treated with by a proprietary interest than otherwise, and to that end also we had been accumulating and developing the separate parts of that ultimate whole, as we saw that fourth system to be.

Realistically worded this statement should have read something like this:

There was a definite need for passing on to the public the huge financial burdens we had assumed in buying control of various railroads. We also needed a public vehicle through which to borrow on our holdings, without constantly going to the banks, so as to get money for further railroad purchases. Since the law prohibited railroads to own their competitors and the Interstate Commerce Commission was in a position to order our railroad operating companies to divest themselves of shares held in competing companies, and since we disagreed with the commission on the composition of the fourth Eastern system, we found that we could evade these limitations by dumping all our interests into a holding company which the commission could not control.

By exchanges of stock with the Van Sweringens, Alleghany received into its portfolio large blocks of Chesapeake Corporation, Chesapeake & Ohio, Erie, Nickel Plate and other railroad stocks. The total cost of all these stocks to the brothers was roughly \$52,000,000.

In return for them the Van Sweringens, as president and vice-president of the new company, paid themselves \$36,300,000 in cash, taken in by Alleghany from public sale of its own stocks and bonds, plus 2,250,000 shares of Alleghany stock.

The brothers sold during 1929, 682,810 shares of the Alleghany stock in the open market at a profit of \$23,000,000, according to their own testimony. The average sale price was \$48.50, and this sum multiplied by the number of Alleghany shares received by the brothers in 1929 results in a total realizable 1929 value for them of \$109,000,000. Add to this \$36,300,000 in cash and the total—more than \$145,000,000—represents the value which the Cleveland magicians drew out of a hat into which they had put securities costing them only \$52,000,000.

Alleghany for fifteen months or more augmented its holdings by purchases in the open market made with money realized by sale of its own stocks and bonds. Here was its financial anatomy on April 30, 1930:

Investment in stocks of other companies: \$216,000,000; investments in bonds of other companies: \$23,800,000. Against these investments it had its own bonds outstanding totaling \$85,000,000; accounts and notes payable of \$18,000,000 and stock issues totaling \$151,400,000.

Of the funds received from the stock issues, \$120,500,000 was set-up on its books as stock liability and \$30,900,000 as surplus paid in. The stock liability consisted of \$53,700,000 in common shares and \$66,700,000 in preferred.

Since all the voting power of the holding company centered in the common stock it is apparent that the investment necessary to control this mammoth corporation was at the most slightly more than 50% of \$53,700,000 or about \$26,900,000. However the Van Sweringens did not even put up this amount of money for they received more than a majority of the Alleghany common stock in return for equities which they had bought with money either borrowed directly from the banks or raised on the credit of the railroads they controlled.

The Interstate Commerce Commission had refused in 1927 to permit the Chesapeake & Ohio to control the Erie. It had also refused to approve acquisition by the Nickel Plate of control of the Chesapeake & Ohio. Nevertheless, by the device of Alleghany Corporation, all these roads were brought under common control. The situation prompted Joseph B. Eastman, then an Interstate Commerce Commissioner, to tell a House committee in 1930:

The principal reason why the commission recommended that this matter [investigation of railroad holding companies] be given consideration was because it feared that because of the activity of certain holding companies the commission, and hence the Federal government, was in grave danger of losing control—a rather complete loss of control—of the unification of railroad companies.

Here [in the Van Sweringen case] the common control of the railroad companies, which is generally recognized as actual and effective, has been accomplished in a way which has been most cleverly disguised . . . It has not been done through any one holding company, but through a tangled maze of holding companies (Vaness, Virginia Transportation, Chesapeake Corporation, Alleghany, etc.) which have utilized the resources of certain railroad companies, both directly and indirectly . . . There apparently has been a deliberate attempt to create a common control most difficult to analyze

and equally difficult to prove and trace in a court of law.

Herbert Hoover was in the White House. The brothers had his ear. As for Mr. Eastman, he was a "radical"; he actually believed in government ownership of the railroads. Needless to say, the bill to regulate railroad holding companies was not passed. (It was passed, however, in 1933 at President Roosevelt's insistence.)

Control of Alleghany meant nothing to the Van Sweringens if they could not use its assets to borrow more money with which to get control of more railroads. Accordingly, they mortgaged almost immediately some of the new company's assets by selling bonds to the public whose security was common stock of Van Sweringen railroads. But here they made their first fatal mistake. They covenanted with the bondholders that at all times the aggregate value of the pledged securities would be at least 150% of the amount of the bonds outstanding. Three bond issues were floated on this basis. They totaled \$85,000,000. This meant that \$127,500,000 worth of securities had to be kept pledged as security. As long as the market price of the pledged securities stayed up, the brothers had nothing to worry about; when prices dropped another story was told. Prices, their history, cause and effect were of no concern to the Van Sweringens in the fairyland years which 1929 climaxed. Had they referred to economic history books they would have found that between the Civil War and 1929 the United States had witnessed nine panics and depressions, spaced at an average of less than eight years apart, during which periods stock prices fluctuated violently. And Alleghany bond issues were to be outstanding for fifteen to twenty years! And the market value of the stocks behind them was to be kept at 150% of their

worth! But the Van Sweringens did not interest themselves in history; they were making history.

J. P. Morgan & Company handled the offering of Alleghany common stock (except for the more than 60% of the issue which went to the Van Sweringens), through the famous preferred list of 170 insiders to whom the bank sold 575,000 shares at \$20 a share. The list was a shrewd device to get the shares into the market, for the insiders were bound to sell in the public market in order to realize on them.

"We did not desire to make any profit out of the sale," the Senate Committee was told by George Whitney, Morgan partner. Notwithstanding that desire, Mr. Whitney was forced to pocket \$146,000 profit made on the sale of the Alleghany shares allotted to him.

Alleghany came into being during January, 1929, while several million Americans led by the Insulls, the Kreugers, the Coolidges and Van Sweringens were blindly sprinting with all their energy toward the grand canyon of October 24. No Cassandra could dull the brothers' appetite for stock equities. No bank barred their way for funds with which to buy them. No government, no "servant of the people" counselled the public not to replace these funds with its own money.

Alleghany was launched with aplomb, while the traders on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange shouted "bravos" for the daring tight-lipped brothers from Cleveland, and the stock tickers merrily ticked their way to higher, higher, higher prices. Railroad shares were in demand, skyrocketing to new records on successive days. And quietly, in the joyous bedlam, the brothers started to buy control of the \$660,000,000 Missouri Pacific.

On May 1, 1929, they borrowed \$19,200,000 from J. P. Morgan & Company.

On June 26, 1929, they borrowed another \$11,500,000. On October 29, 1929, they borrowed \$5,000,000 from the Union Trust Company of Cleveland. On the same day they borrowed another \$8,900,000 from Morgan. On November 1, 1929, they borrowed \$9,000,000 more from the Union Trust Company. On December 5, 1929, they borrowed \$1,200,000 from the Midland Bank of Cleveland.

V

No sooner were the funds borrowed than they were whipped into the market. By the end of 1929 Chesapeake Corporation was \$7,500,000 in debt to stock brokers, Virginia Transportation Corporation \$9,000,000, Alleghany Corporation \$14,000,000 and Vaness \$41,000,000. A total of more than \$60,000,000. Yet to this day bankers and brokers insist that the public—that convenient abstraction—lost its head in 1929 and ran away with the market.

The October collapse finally started prices down from the stratosphere back to earth. But to the Van Sweringens the débâcle was merely a temporary unpleasantness. As 1929 rounded the turn and 1930 stretched ahead, the brothers leaped back into the whirlpool of ticker-tape. Alleghany ran up the debit balance at its brokers another \$3,300,000, Vaness another \$9,000,000. Virginia Transportation borrowed another \$6,900,000 from Morgan.

About \$21,200,000 of Alleghany's funds had already been used to buy control of Wheeling & Lake Erie, a relatively short line of 512 miles, which was later sold to the Nickel Plate. Now in March, 1930, the brothers bought working control of the 932-mile Chicago & Eastern Illinois with assets of \$87,000,000 for \$8,200,000. The funds came out of the Chesapeake &

Ohio's treasury, but to escape Interstate Commerce Commission jurisdiction over the purchase, Virginia Transportation Corporation took over the shares. At about the same time the brothers finished their buying of Missouri Pacific, having poured \$76,000,000 into the market to obtain 50.5% of the voting shares in the 7,450-mile system.

The Missouri Pacific owns 50% of the shares of the Denver, Rio Grande & Western, the remaining 50% being owned by the Western Pacific, which is controlled by Arthur Curtiss James. Through the arm of the Denver, the lines of the Van Sweringen railroads stretch from New York Harbor to Salt Lake City, just six hundred miles short of the Pacific Coast. The brothers always have publicly denied that they envisioned a coast-to-coast system, a dream that no single man has yet been able to realize. Missouri Pacific was bought, they told the Senate Committee, because:

... we had a lot of railroad investment ... that had coal as the major commodity carried. ... We felt that it would be better if we could have a little more diversity in this respect in our railroad holdings ...

The brothers carefully avoided all mention of reports that they had attempted to buy the Western Pacific, which road would have carried their lines to the Pacific Coast. Mr. James, it was said, refused to sell, having dreams of his own, and the brothers continued to disavow any intention of forming a coast-to-coast system.

It would have been foolhardy to invite Congress's attention to a potential monopoly of transcontinental traffic before such a system were a *fait accompli*.

The Spring of 1930 was the golden season of the Van Sweringens' lives, despite the fact that Walter M. W. Splawn, spe-

cial counsel for the House Interstate Commerce Committee, had subpoenaed the books of their thirty-two existent and extinct holding companies. Under the brothers' command were 27,000 miles of track, more than two billion dollars of assets. Never before had so much railroad property been under one management. But, it may be asked, what were the holdings of the brothers personally in their publicly financed holding and railroad companies?

Mr. Splawn sets forth the answer as follows:

Equity of O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen based on their proportion of the contributed capital, as of April 30, 1930

Alleghany Corporation . . .	8.6	per cent
Chesapeake Corporation . . .	4.1	" "
Virginia Transportation Corp.	.8	" "
Nickel Plate Railroad	.68	" "
Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad	.98	" "
Père Marquette Railroad . .	.64	" "
Erie Railroad	.60	" "
Missouri Pacific Railroad . .	1.69	" "
Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad	.26	" "

Little wonder it was that the Van Sweringens took pains to see that such facts were not emphasized in the press of the nation. The Splawn report was published in February, 1931, but the main points of its telling evidence were lost on the Washington correspondents, who, not being financial detectives, were unable to distinguish between the meat and the gristle. In 1933 Ferdinand Pecora brought these same facts forcibly to public attention. In 1930, however, Mr. Pecora and the Senate inquiry were unanticipated phantoms. For had not James W. Gerard said that fifty-nine men ruled the United States and among them were the Van Sweringens? Who would dare to investigate a ruler?

VI

The map of Cleveland was gradually being changed by the real estate operations of the brothers. Their various real estate companies borrowed to the saturation point; the loans materialized in hotels, department stores, terminals and office buildings. The brothers formed Van Sweringen Corporation in April of 1930 to enable them to borrow on Alleghany stock and on stock in their real estate enterprises.

This was arranged by the sale to the public of a \$30,000,000 note issue. The assets behind these notes were 500,000 shares of Alleghany common, then worth \$15,000,000, real estate equities carried at about \$46,000,000, and \$11,000,000 in cash.

With all these assets the brothers reckoned themselves safe in pledging personally that whenever the aggregate market value of the Alleghany shares, cash and/or government securities was less than 50% of the amount of the notes outstanding, they would deliver to the corporation additional assets equal in market value to the deficiency.

Unwittingly they had slid themselves into a strait-jacket.

The summer of 1930 began, and with it that slow eating-away of boom values which signalized the world's growing alarm at an economy whose inner rottenness appeared as the pink icing of "prosperity" crumbled. The feast of the bulls was over, that of the bears began. Relentlessly the deflation continued. The shoe string speculators, the boom promoters, prosperity's barkers, were engulfed.

On October 24, 1930, the financial pages of the New York *Times* announced to a public which the Van Sweringens scrupulously tried to keep uninformed as to the vital facts of their transactions:

VAN SWERINGENS'
SECURITIES DROP
Stocks and Bonds of Their Holding Com-
panies and Railroads Sold
Heavily

On the following day the same paper reported:

SIFT DROP IN STOCKS
OF VAN SWERINGENS
Officials of Stock Exchange Act to Deter-
mine Whether Selling Was
by Bears

No public announcement was ever made of the Stock Exchange's findings. It was unthinkable to announce that the leading Wall Street banks and pool operators had suddenly unloaded their Van Sweringen holdings; the public could wait and go down with the ship.

The brothers had been caught, pinioned between two pressures—the frantic demand for cash by their brokers to whom they were more than \$20,000,000 in debt, and the need for supplying, as market values fell, more and constantly more securities to the Van Sweringen Corporation as had been agreed with its note-holders.

In a panic, the brothers rushed to New York. Collapse of their two billion dollar pyramid threatened. The control strings of their railroads were slipping from their hands. J. P. Morgan & Company hastily consented to form a "rescue party." A smash-up of the Van Sweringens in the crucial Fall of 1930 would have been earthshaking in Wall Street and Washington. More important still, if the Van Sweringens blew up, an end would be made to one of the most lucrative debt-making machines in the country.

The risk of the "rescue party" was too great for one bank to assume. Morgan immediately formed a pool with Bankers Trust, First National and Guaranty Trust,

key members of the Morgan syndicate. More funds were needed and National City Bank was called upon. Finally, even Mr. Wiggin's Chase National Bank was invited in, as previously described.

Exactly \$39,500,000 had been raised on October 30. More than \$19,000,000 was rushed to the brokerage house of Paine, Webber; \$10,000,000 went to Vaness and from there into Van Sweringen Corporation; with another \$5,000,000 a subsidiary of Van Sweringen Corporation bought the 500,000 Alleghany shares owned by the parent company. The holding company thus had \$15,000,000 in cash, exactly 50% of the total value of its notes outstanding.

For a time the strait-jacket had been loosened and the brothers could again breathe. But the cost of the "rescue party" had been delivery into the bankers' hands. To secure the \$39,500,000 loan the brothers had been forced to pledge the controlling shares in Alleghany.

VII

The brothers still exercised the control of their empire despite the fact that the shares representing it were mortgaged to the banks. They had escaped disaster in 1930; now they sat back waiting for the market to recover and lift them up again into the high altitudes of prosperity.

Disillusion followed rapidly. In the summer of 1931 the Austrian Credit Anstalt exploded with a detonation that rocked all Europe. On its heels came the closing of the Darmstaedter und Nationalbank in Berlin. Security prices throughout the world received hammer-blow after hammer-blow. The paralysis of business slowly crept over Cleveland; rentals from Van Sweringen buildings fell off drastically. Once again Van Sweringen Cor-

poration, which relied largely on the rentals for its income, was endangered.

Almost from the first day of its life the holding company had lost money. A net deficit of \$1,000,000 was reported for 1930; in 1931 not one penny of income came into the corporation, which had been organized with assets of \$74,000,000. Yet there were \$30,000,000 of its notes outstanding, which demanded \$1,800,000 annually in interest alone.

The brothers were summoned to New York by J. P. Morgan & Company. So intolerable had the situation become that the bankers, it was reported, had decided to pave the way for reorganization of the Van Sweringen companies by asking the brothers to resign. The Van Sweringens, rumor said, figuratively thumbed their noses at the bankers.

In the midst of the conferences another powder magazine exploded. England went off the gold standard. Bedlam shook Wall Street. Morgan suddenly had no time for the Van Sweringens. There were a thousand and one other things to be mopped up first.

Back to Cleveland went the brothers, unexpectedly getting a few days' grace. During the respite they caught at a string which might untie the tightening strait-jacket. The string was a clause in the indenture of the Van Sweringen Corporation notes:

All obligations of the Van Sweringens under said agreement (with the noteholders of Van Sweringen Corporation) shall terminate . . . as soon as at least \$15,000,000 aggregate principal amount of the notes shall be retired . . .

There was still about \$15,000,000 in cash in the treasury of Van Sweringen Corporation, just enough to retire 50% of the \$30,000,000 note issue and thus release the brothers from their agreement. The notes

had been sold in denominations of \$1,000. Now the brothers offered the noteholder \$500 in cash if he would turn in his claim. For the remaining \$500 of the principal amount they offered 20 shares of stock owned by them in Van Sweringen Corporation and worth only a hypothetical value.

A week before the offer the notes were selling in the open market for only \$350. In the next five and one-half trading days they rushed up 15 points to sell at \$500 the day the offer was publicly announced. Instead of announcing the offer when it was decided upon and when the notes were selling at \$350, thereby preventing some noteholders from sacrificing their notes at a price less than \$500, the company had taken advantage of the situation to buy up all the notes it could until the price reached \$500. Holders of \$3,700,000 of the notes were thus deprived of from $\frac{1}{8}$ to 15 points value.

VIII

Most of the other noteholders were coerced by conditions into accepting the offer of \$500 for something for which scarcely more than a year previous they had given the Van Sweringens \$1,000. The Van Sweringens were released from their obligation. They had exchanged some very dubious stock for the direct claim on the corporation's assets represented by the approximately 50% uncanceled portion of the notes, and \$15,000,000 of other people's money had been effectively "put on ice." And this is the transaction which *Fortune* magazine admiringly called "the smartest deal in depression history." Still panting after their nimble escape from squashing beneath Van Sweringen Corporation, the brothers now turned to see Alleghany Corporation swaying precariously as the land-

slide in security values continued to hit it. Mr. Eastman had said in 1930 with respect to the capitalization of equities, which such structures as Alleghany typified, that:

The financial structure thus created was manifestly overloaded with fixed charges and a source of danger, if the earnings of the underlying railroads should be reduced by reason of changes in economic conditions . . . Where such a situation is created, moreover, there is danger that it will affect unfavorably the affairs of the underlying railroads, not only because of the reflected influence upon their credit, but also because of the temptation to drain the resources of the railroads to meet the heavy load of fixed charges or preferred dividend payments.

As business contracted disastrously and railroad revenues throughout the country dried up, it was to just this temptation that the brothers fell prey. Desperately they sucked every available dividend out of the Nickel Plate, Erie and Missouri Pacific railroads in an effort to maintain the prices of those stocks which backed up Alleghany's bond issues. The covenant with the bondholders (that at all times the aggregate value of the pledged securities would be at least 150% of the amount of the bonds outstanding) could not however stand the pounding pressure of the market; it was broken and a trustee impounded the assets. It soon became evident that reorganization of the fair weather company was inevitable.

IX

The magazine *Fortune* helped pave the way. A rapturous account appeared in its issue of March, 1934, describing the brothers Van Sweringen as "Bachelors of Railroading . . . who not only had rosy boom-time visions, they had also the real pre-depression ingenuity . . . They gave

a superbly ingenious demonstration of the use of other people's money." In similar vein the article went on to describe the fabulous brothers who "still enjoy the status of honest businessmen," finally arriving at a consideration of Alleghany Corporation, "that great repository" of Van Sweringen railroad interests.

"This much is certain—its huge bond issues must be kept from default." Why must they? Because "if Alleghany bonds should be defaulted, the collateral for these bonds—the controlling stocks in the various railroads—might be dispersed through sale by the trustee for the benefit of the bondholders." *Fortune* then unwittingly gave the show away: "And the bankers are eager for the Van Sweringen consolidation; they see it as the best way to keep the Alleghany securities [which they sold] sound."

It is not surprising that the bankers are eager; only *Fortune's* explanation is surprising. The real reason the bankers are eager is that more than 1,400,000 shares of Alleghany common stock are the collateral for the \$39,500,000 loan extended to the brothers in 1930 and if the assets are dispersed by sale, the stock becomes worthless controlling paper over an empty portfolio. There is nothing "to keep sound"; there is only a rotted plank to clutch, which will be swept away if the bondholders are so sensible as to force a pro-ration of the impounded assets among themselves.

Fortune did not even mention the details of the bank loan. As though inspired, it continued: "Now there is no doubt that in the near future the Van Sweringens will propose a plan for the readjustment of the 5s of 1950." As though inspired, that is, because lo and behold two weeks later this is just what happened.

Recently, in order to make its plan bind-

ing on a stubborn minority, Alleghany placed itself under the bankruptcy laws.

Two Van Sweringen railroads have gone bankrupt. First the mighty Missouri Pacific, which could not carry the increasing load of debt which the brothers piled on it, and finally the small Chicago & Eastern Illinois. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has lent more than \$23,000,000 to the former and almost \$6,000,000 to the latter. Both loans were pumped in before the carriers finally sunk. Government money has flown freely into every major Van Sweringen railroad, with the exception of Chesapeake & Ohio, which alone is in healthy financial condition. More than \$13,000,000 has gone to the Erie; \$18,000,000 to the Nickel Plate; \$7,000,000 to the Denver; and \$3,000,000 to the Père Marquette.

X

The Van Sweringens obviously were not the sole actors in this amazing drama. A supporting cast was necessary and it was drawn from the nation's banks, from the nation's press and from its political parties.

A leading player was Joseph R. Nutt, who became affiliated with the brothers in the pre-war days. The closeness of his relationship may be judged by the fact that he is one of the only two men to participate with them in the stock ownership of their dominant holding company, Vaness. As president and chairman of the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, he lent the public's money to Van Sweringen companies and thus to companies in which he personally had a large interest.

Adjectives are not needed to describe him. The following three clippings from the *New York Times*, arranged in chronological order, are self-explanatory:

Cleveland, Sept. 8 (1933) (AP)—The Senate Bank Investigation Committee was told today that the Van Sweringen interests of Cleveland were permitted to withdraw \$4,500,000 of collateral in 1930 and substitute collateral worth only \$380,000. . . . The collateral was transferred to J. P. Morgan & Company. At the time the bank [Mr. Nutt's Union Trust Company] closed, Van Sweringen loans . . . amounted to about \$10,500,000.

Cleveland, April 13 (1934) (AP)—O. P. Van Sweringen and two former officials [including Mr. Nutt] of the defunct Union Trust Bank were named today in fraud indictments returned by the county grand jury.

Washington, May 4 (1934) (AP)—A report by investigators that the closing of the Union Trust Company resulted from mismanagement on the part of the officers and lax supervision by the State Banking Department today ended the Senate Banking Committee's inquiry into Cleveland banks. The report held that the policies of the \$35,000,000 bank were dictated by Joseph R. Nutt, its former president and chairman, and in turn by the Van Sweringens . . . One of the chief causes of the ultimate failure of the Union Trust Company was the excessive concentration of loans to the Van Sweringens.

This Mr. Nutt is the same gentleman who was so well thought of by Herbert Hoover that the latter made him treasurer of the National Committee of the Republican Party during his term in the White House. And it was Mr. Nutt's influence that induced the former President to tell a United States Senator, "These boys [the Van Sweringens] must be taken care of." No sooner had the magic words been spoken than the funds of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation started to flow into the brothers' railroad companies.

Lest the reader think Mr. Nutt is an exception among the brothers' associates, J. Arthur House must be mentioned. Mr. House was, until its closing, president of

the Guardian & Savings Trust Company of Cleveland. The Van Sweringens many years ago placed him on the board of the Nickel Plate Railroad and when his bank was closed millions of dollars in Van Sweringen loans were on its books. Recently Mr. House was convicted of making a false statement in the balance sheet of the bank and has been sentenced to a prison term.

Also an active worker in the Van Sweringens' behalf is Lionel C. Probert, a vice-president of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. Among railroad men he is just another vice-president. His value to the Van Sweringens is as a "publicity" man working on the principal theory that no publicity for the brothers is the best publicity. Reporters writing realistically about the brothers find themselves in a constant bath of hot water boiled by the indignant Mr. Probert, who writes editors and publishers letters threatening libel suits, complaining about supposed inaccuracies and usually ending up with the complaint that the reporter in question is—presumably from pure devilry—"sniping at" the Van Sweringens.

Tangible evidence of how the Van Sweringens corrupted the press is found in the case of Franz Schneider, Jr., who, until he passed on to his reward as vice-president of Newmont Mining Corporation, was financial editor of the *New York Evening Sun*. His appreciation of the brothers earned him the purchase of 500 shares of Alleghany common stock at a price of \$20 each when the market price was between \$31 and \$35 a share. A year later the *Sun* carried reassuring statements about the brothers' enterprises during the market collapse.

The full story of the Van Sweringens and the fouling by them and their bankers of certain sections of the national press

cannot be told because of the timidity of certain reporters in revealing the conditions under which they are forced to work. It must remain untold until such a time as these conditions are changed or Congress takes upon itself a fearless and comprehensive investigation of the rôle which the press plays in perpetuating the people's innocence.

Finally the name of Kenneth D. Steere might be selected from the cast of characters aiding the Van Sweringens. Mr. Steere is a partner in the stock brokerage firm of Paine, Webber & Company. He is reported to have been placed there by the brothers to handle their vast stock market deals.

As a reward for his expert operations they made him chairman of the board of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway. Thus a stock market operator, pure and simple, qualified by no railroad experience, was given the direction of an intricate engineering mechanism, was placed in command of thousands of workers and looked upon as a man enjoying his natural, logical reward for making money!

Unfortunately Mr. Steere's ability as chairman was not equal to his talent as a stock operator, for two years later the railroad was placed in bankruptcy.

XI

Harsh words will not explain the Van Sweringens, nor will indignation extirpate their spirit. They—like a leader of Tammany Hall—were opportunists who "seen their chances and took 'em."

With dexterity and ingenuity the Van Sweringens might have continued to enjoy their party a little while longer if they had observed the good manners of conservative promoters. Either out of ignorance or contempt they broke elementary economic

principles. Their exuberance fascinated people into lending them money. "Borrow, borrow, pay tomorrow" was their song, and if payment was finally demanded, they borrowed again to make the payment. Finally, their fairyland world collapsed for the same reasons that the credit of the persistent margin speculator and installment buyer collapsed.

Amid the wreckage of bankrupt railroads and closed banks they now stand, awaiting May 1, 1935, the day when they

have contracted to reimburse the bankers for the cost of their 1930 "rescue party." Unless a miracle intervenes, they will be unable to meet the maturity of the \$39,500,000 loan. The bankers then will have the distasteful choice of taking over active control of the debt-encumbered empire or extending the loan indefinitely in the hope that inflation will enable the brothers to redeem eventually their pawnbrokers' receipt for 27,000 miles of railroad now in hock.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF NUNNERIES

BY E. BOYD BARRETT

STATISTICS recently issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, in co-operation with the Catholic National Welfare Council, enable us to estimate the size of the army of consecrated women who labor for the triumph of Rome in America. Hitherto had one asked, "How many nuns are there resident in the United States?" the best available answer would have been, "Many thousands, I think, possibly, fifty thousand!" Now we know that the correct answer is 123,304.

This means that one out of every eight possible recruits, the cream of Catholic virgins, is a nun. It is no doubt a vast army, a stupendous force to be used in the cause of Catholic education, Catholic Social Action, and Catholic missions. It comprises 63,885 teachers; 12,197 nurses, and other thousands for the care of the poor, and infirm. Also it includes 1,801 who are devoted mainly to prayer and contemplation. Nowhere else in the world is there anything at all comparable to this legion of American Papal Amazons.

Nuns are not a strictly cohesive body under central control like the Jesuits. They wear a hundred different uniforms; live under a hundred different "rules"; and each company is strictly distinct and disunited from the rest. The stay-at-home, penitential "Poor Clares," never meet and know nothing of the busy-bee Franciscans, who hurry hither and thither visiting, teaching, and missionising. They turn their hands to everything, even to coaxing

Protestants and Hindus to say "Our Fathers" for the Pope's intentions. Snobbish "Sacred Hearts" are as far removed from the panhandling "Little Sisters" as they are from the Deaconesses of Stuyvesant Park. They have no truck with them. But in spite of this separateness that obtains between the various Orders of Nuns, they are all so manipulated by the Bishops and the Pope that the cause of the Church gains rather than loses by it.

Nuns are the cannon-fodder of Catholic education. They are needed by the Church. So many are needed and must be found. A quota is fixed. In the United States there are 10,000 schools to be staffed for 2,500,000 Catholic children. For this 84,500 teachers are required, or about 63,000 nuns, 18,000 brothers and priests, and a few thousand reliable lay-teachers. Pope Leo XIII laid down the rule that "every subject taught must be permeated with Christian piety," and Pope Pius XI that "the teachers, syllabus, and text-books in every branch must be regulated by the Christian spirit under the direction and maternal supervision of the Church." For the faithful observance of these laws nuns are absolutely indispensable. "The strength of Catholic education truly lies in the large number of teachers, members of religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods, who comprise the teaching corps of Catholic schools." (*The Catholic News*, September 1, 1934.)

The quota for the number of postulants

needed to replenish the ranks is fixed much as Henry Ford fixes his quota for the sales of a new model. Mother Superior of the Charity Nuns, New Jersey, for instance, had to "sell" the religious life of her mother-house to seventy-five for the year 1933. Other Mother Superiors had other quotas, some higher, some lower. What the quota for the whole country was for 1933 we do not know. It was probably close to ten thousand. Father Gillis refers to an "enormous increase" in vocations, adding that "an embarrassingly large number of young women are applying for entrance . . . in the 'strict' Orders." He finds "these young people scarcely more than boys and girls," chivalrous and heroic "in an age of skepticism."

Formerly, when nuns were few and when convents were mysterious habitations, it was looked upon as an interesting and romantic adventure for a girl to "take the veil." Pious Catholics enraptured at the nobility of the sacrifice recalled proudly how Abraham Lincoln described the sisters who nursed the wounded during the Civil War as "more lovely than anything I have ever seen . . . those modest sisters going on their errands of mercy." In those days, everyone, Protestant as well as Catholic, was ready "to give the little ladies a hand." But now come figures and facts that lessen the romance of sisterhoods.

II

When one out of every eight eligible women becomes a nun, it is difficult to see romance or heroic virtue in her action. The halo is gone from the nun's brow. Who can pretend that 12% of the unmarried Catholic women, who are physically and mentally normal, are saints? "Saintly Sisters," and "holy nuns," Cardinal O'Con-

nell calls them. Today a vocation is as liable to be a sign of frailty as of virtue. The life of a nun is no longer on the plane of the extraordinary; it is something commonplace. Even if a girl, as did one recently, flies to her novitiate in her airplane, one cannot quite recapture the sentiment that of old was felt over the enrolment of another virgin.

In spite of her quota system and all that it implies, the Church surrounds the entrance of a new postulant with impressive ceremonial. "Taking the veil" is dramatised and the new-comer is tuned up for her mystical marriage with Christ. She is taught to feel herself His Spouse, His Beloved. Thus, last August, at 66 Van Courtland Park, New York City, "Six postulants dressed in bridal garments, each attended by a bridesmaid and a train-bearer (the latter attired as a little angel), were led down the aisle by a maid of honor." The preacher developed the text: "Hasten, my Beloved, the Winter is over. Come from Libanus, my Beloved." At Dobbs Ferry about the same time: "Eighteen happy brides received the habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart. . . . It was a perfect day for this beautiful and impressive ceremony and Mother Nature lent her charms to honor these young virgins who with a smile on their lips and joy in their hearts consecrated themselves." (*The Catholic News*, September 15, 1934.) At Peekskill: "The eight aspirants robed in white satin bridal gowns and long bridal veils entered the chapel and walked slowly to the altar," etc. All over the country hundreds of thousands of yards of bridal veil are used each year, and priests thumb the pages of the Song of Solomon to find poetic words for reception sermons.

It is more or less natural, and in keeping with the inquisitive spirit of the day, to

enquire how all these thousands of virgins make out, living together in segregation from wicked men? Why are they nuns? Why do they enter and why do they remain?

It might be supposed by some that the Church picks out certain girls and forces them into convents saying: "You must enter! If you do not you will be excommunicated!" But this is not so. Enlistment, as in the early days of the Great War, is voluntary—in a sense. Father Bertrand Conway, the famous Paulist, writes, "No one is obliged to enter a convent; no one is detained against her will." He goes on to say, "If you desire to obtain first-hand knowledge of the peace and holiness which characterise our convent life you have only to read the history of our religious orders and the biographies of their founders." He refers, of course, to histories and biographies written in the fashion that the Church approves.

"The peace and holiness" of convent life are not, however, precisely what the general public is interested in. "Peace" and "holiness" are relative terms, and their existence is taken for granted. It is something else which the public is inquisitive about, namely, what it is which induces or impels so many American girls "to bury themselves" and to remain in their tombs. Is it just personal initiative under the guidance of divine grace, as Father Conway teaches? Do thousands of American girls breeze in with clear cool minds, knowing all, understanding all, and longing to become "mystical brides"? Or, on the other hand, is convent life a sound economic venture which appeals to the majority of women? Is it, perchance, the kind of half-practical, half-romantic game with an aura of religion about it, which the Church has discovered to be mighty attractive to womanhood?

The actual hardships of religious life have, I think, been over-emphasized by Catholic apologists. Nuns, no doubt, have to conform to discipline and to a horarium which is insistent on early rising and periods of prayer. But what religious discipline and horarium compare in severity with that which hundreds of thousands of office and factory girls have to endure? What penances "under holy rule" up at Mt. St. Vincent or Tarrytown take such a toll of human suffering as the enforced penances of Bowery girls living on starvation wages? A large percentage of modern convents are relatively palatial, and suggestive of comfort rather than of asceticism. To be sure, they shelter thousands of fine and generous American women, but one doubts if their architects designed them to make impossible any but penitential living.

We do not, however, pretend that there is not something of a puzzle behind the fact of convent life. Every priest who (as was my privilege) has directed the consciences of nuns and heard their confessions, is somewhat mystified. The phenomenon is unique. In it there is an element of beauty, as of tawdriness. In the nun's soul are twisted threads of love, nobility, bitterness, and cruelty. Her soul is as elusive as that of other women; no more than other women is she quite what she seems. The more she resembles an angel, the less is she likely to be one. The most dove-like of them all is liable to be the most apt artist in inflicting pain.

Often I have met a community in the Convent parlor on the eve of a "retreat" to find a veritable happy family. Thirty sisters or more grouped around "dear Rev. Mother" with faces glowing with holy joy, and lips apart in playful innocent mirth; the "young ones" clinging tenderly to the elders, and the elders regarding the

"young ones" with great affection and complacency. "A lovely bunch of heavenly flowers," I might have fancied had I not had previous experiences.

A couple of days later, with the commencement of the confessions, the true story would unfold and I would see behind the scenes . . . jealousies, favoritism, squabbles, tyranny, bitterness, deceit . . . a few fine souls . . . a few on the verge of despair . . . a few already "queer in the head," sometimes, too, a grave scandal that Rev. Mother is trying frantically to keep from the Bishop's ears.

And yet, strange to say, even in such a community, a business-like coöperation makes for the efficient running of the school or institution. Little is known outside of the disharmony and trouble within. The convent is in high repute among the faithful. And somewhat tragically young girls seek to enter there to repose "in the bosom of Christ" for the rest of their lives.

The recruiting system of the Church is amazingly diversified. There are agencies and agents of a hundred kinds busy getting girls into convents. First of all, there is "the breeding ground" of vocations, namely, the Catholic girls school. Many nuns pride themselves with justice on their skill in nursing vocations. They pick on certain girls, make pets of them, win their confidence and affection, and "draw them to God." Great numbers of girls are captured in this way. The *Catholic News* lauds St. Agnes School, Rockville, Long Island, for its nine vocations, saying, "This year St. Agnes School gives striking proof of the claim that the Catholic school is a most fruitful nursery of vocations." St. Agnes is but one of thousands of nurseries.

In addition to schools there are circles of layfolk who "promote religious vocations among girls." One such, on 144th Street, the Bronx, New York City, is

called the "Little Flower Mission Circle." Since its inception nine years ago it has sent over four hundred girls to some fifty different convents. Last August it had "a departure ceremony . . . on the happy occasion" of sending away twelve more. Forty-five nuns a year from one little circle in the Bronx is suggestive.

A well-established practice is that of recruiting Sisters who travel to Catholic countries like Ireland, Belgium, and Bavaria and advertise in the local papers for "suitable girls." They find it easy to pick up the daughters of small farmers who are glad to escape the hardship of parental tyranny. A few years back it was not extraordinary for good recruiters to import a bunch of twenty or thirty "brides of Christ."

Catholic parents are often prepared to coöperate with the Church in inspiring their children to make the religious grade. "Many a devoted father and mother are proud that God has blessed their family with such a call . . . their one hope is to see . . . their daughter in the distant mission school." (*The Catholic News*, August 25, 1934.) Vocations run in families and we read frequently of three or four or five sisters nuns; of nieces and aunts, and at times even of daughters and widowed mothers, in convents.

Often school chums enter together making a spiritual suicide pact. Some Rev. Mothers in such cases accede to the chums' request to be kept together always. Later, when Rev. Mother's time of authority is at an end, the friends may be separated. Deep misery ensues. I have known a case where a nun became a mental case as a consequence of her chum being sent to a distant convent.

After the school the most effective recruiting is done in the confessional. Priests are great nun-makers. A girl says im-

pulsively, "Father, I sometimes think of being a nun!" Almost every Catholic girl gets the idea of being a nun at some period of her adolescence. If it happens that she be under the spiritual direction of a nun-maker at such a time her fate is sealed. He talks to her about "the fields ripe for the harvest" and about "the lonely Prisoner of the tabernacle." He whets her emotions. If he is "a nice priest" and "a saint" and if the girl is fond of him, she falls an easy victim to his persuasions.

She may delay a while, but in the end she enters. Then she writes to him, "Dear, Dear Father. You will be surprised to learn about me! What do you think? Your 'wicked little sinner' has entered at last! Now what do you think? Are you glad? I am awfully happy! I was never so happy in my life before! I'm dying to hear from you. Won't you write me one little letter? And please remember me in your holy mass. Always your devoted, loving, child, Marie."

Some priests are veritable wizards in the matter of vocations, and land dozens and dozens of girls in convents. But not all nuns who get their vocations from priestly lips remain content.

Once in the South of England I heard the confession of a nun who was very unhappy. When I asked her what had induced her to enter she told me a story that was far from unique. "I was in London," she said, "and got the idea of talking to a Jesuit about my soul. So I went to see Father X. at Farm Street. After a few minutes' conversation, he fell into a brown study and covered his eyes with his hand. Then he suddenly looked at me. 'Our Divine Lord,' he said, 'has revealed to me that you will be damned unless you enter the convent at X.' So I came here and have been miserable ever since."

Sometimes a Catholic girl who is "in

trouble" will promise the Sacred Heart to "consecrate her life to Him" if the trouble passes. I had a penitent once, a young lady, a nurse of twenty-three, who pestered me with talk of becoming a nun. She was a new penitent and as I did not know much about her, I put her off telling her to forget about it for three months or so, but she kept on pressing me to find a Rev. Mother who would take her. She was so insistent that at length I yielded and arranged an interview between her and a Rev. Mother. The interview took place, but I heard nothing more for a fortnight. Then a brother Jesuit came to me. "Have you heard about your penitent, Miss X.?" he asked, mentioning the girl's name. I said I hadn't. He looked at me suspiciously. "She's just had a baby in the hospital," he said.

I was embarrassed. I wondered what the Rev. Mother was thinking about me. I wondered still more what really lay behind vocations.

Some girls fail in exams and straightway enter convents; some lose their fiancés and enter; some enter in a spirit of self-sacrifice for the conversion of their fathers; some enter because they can think of nothing else to do with themselves. The surface motive for entering differs in almost every case. But back of the surface motive there is usually a broad human consideration. The practical-minded girl is drawn by the life-long guarantee of economic security and material comfort that a place in a prosperous community ensures; the lighter-headed one is drawn by the hope of a care-free life with possibilities of romance on a higher plane.

In the matter of nuns the Church seems indifferent about "the dignity of womanhood." There is, for instance, the purchasing system of native girl vocations. The Catholic Near East Welfare Associa-

tion, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, advertises thus: "In many parts of the Near East there are convents for training native young women who wish to become sisters . . . It costs \$50 a year to support and train a novice. Would you take care of one?" Their slogan runs: "Supply a sister for the missions (at \$50) and share in the spread of the faith!"

To the credit of American Catholics this "buy a nun" stunt has fallen flat. The Welfare Association has admitted after two years of advertising that "not once, not even once, have we received an answer."

In respect of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joan of Arc (founded in 1914 at Worcester, Mass.), the Church invites American girls to consecrate their lives to doing domestic service for priests, seminarists, etc. They cook for them, make their beds, and tidy their rooms. They work and pray for priests. Sunday is Pope's day with them; Monday, Cardinals'; Tuesday, Bishops'; Wednesday, Dead Priests'; Thursday, Secular Priests'; Friday, Religious Priests'; Saturday, Seminarists'.

The priests and seminarists, as at Dunwoodie, are content to have these "spouses of Christ" as housemaids cleaning their boots and emptying their slops. The Church smiles benignantly at this holy degradation of womanhood.

III

We turn now to the question, "Why do girls remain in Convents?" Of course, quite a few nuns leave, but not in sufficient numbers to cause anxiety to the Church. The large majority remain, and of this large majority a considerable number appear to be content. They are as happy in the convent as they would be anywhere else, and perhaps happier.

In spite of the ups and downs of the life,

with its monotonies, and its disillusionments, nuns get something out of it for body and mind. They become sufficiently attached to a number of little things to keep them fairly well anchored. Docile women who avoid trouble and eschew ambition, who eat well and sleep well and place a high value on gossip, thrive in convents. They put away thoughts of leaving as "temptations of the devil." They accept as axiomatic the teaching that to leave is to take a step towards hell. The habit of their Order makes them feel safe, and the wearing of it gives them a thrill.

Nuns might be classified in types. The ascetic nun who reads high-brow spiritual books and poses as an authority on the things of God is one type. She has a special confessor, also a high-brow; she admonishes her sisters; and she suffers from "dreadful headaches" supposedly brought on by heavenly contemplation. The arty nun is another type. She makes a corner in decorative work, designs scrolls of honor, and perhaps paints Rev. Mother's portrait if she is sufficiently skilled. The literary nun writes hymns, directs the college magazine, and composes canticles of praise for Rev. Mother's feast. The pompous nun pounces on grandees when they come to visit the convent and shows them around. She concerns herself only with distinguished layfolk, bishops and Jesuits . . . the riff-raff are left to be taken care of by others.

A moral cross-section of a community would reveal "edifying" and "unedifying nuns." Among the latter would be found a tough "old one" who is quite a free-thinker, steers clear of piety, keeps to herself, and has mysterious access to "a little stimulant." Also there would be a flapper.

The flapper nun follows her romantic bent as far as facilities allow. She finds ways of contacting with men, most often

with priests and doctors, and conveys in her smiles and handclaps that she is still human. She smuggles out letters and has a safe channel through which she receives answers. She cuddles memories and hopes. She is daring enough to make it easy to kiss her. Most priests know the kiss-hungry nun; many of us at times fell victims to her wiles. The priest pities "the poor thing" with her flushed face and eager lips. It is tragic to see the dizzy value she places on the least sign of interest vouchsafed in her by a male.

The flapper, no doubt, would run away readily enough if a Lochinvar were to present himself. But Lochinvars are rare among chaplains and visiting doctors. The latter are rarely appointed to convents unless they are married and in high repute for discretion.

When Father Conway claims that "no nun is detained in a convent against her will," he means that physical force is not used nowadays in restraining nuns. Nuns are not "walled in" save perhaps when they do the walling in themselves. I heard of one such who built herself into her cell with a private collection of bricks to spite Rev. Mother and the community.

But nuns are detained against their will by other than physical means. They are often terrified into staying on. The battery of religious argumentation is turned on them. An *experienced* priest is sent for to "settle their doubts" in case they should be known to harbor any.

The line of argument the priest uses is that which Savonarola used with Romola (in George Eliot's famous novel of the same title) when she expressed her intention of leaving her worthless husband Tito. The passage is one which a Jesuit of my acquaintance made all the nuns he directed to copy down:

"You are flying from your debts, the

debt of a Florentine woman, the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth-place or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness! You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the invisible throne and flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth, and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty; bitter herbs and no bread with them!"

And the nun, of course, knows that if she leaves she will be pointed at by Catholics as "a spoiled nun." She will find it hard to get a job. She will be without resources while waiting to get one. She will be practically forced into the degradation of prostitution. Unless the Rev. Mother and Consultors are anxious to be rid of her, her departure will be a painful and a hazardous adventure.

Many times I have advised sisters to leave when good sense indicated that course, but never without realising the almost impossible task that I was proposing to them. More than once a nun said to me, "If I talk to Rev. Mother about leaving I know what she'll do. She'll send for a Jesuit to dissuade me. If I still persist she'll send for the doctor to examine me to see if I'm mental!"

It is no easy thing for a man to shake himself free from the trammels of religious fears and threats and quit his monastery. For a woman, save she be exceptionally

clear-headed and strong-minded, it is almost a moral impossibility.

The inner life of nuns centres largely on the state of conscience in which they find themselves. When they are in sin their position is painful and embarrassing. They have to get confession and preferably from some other than the "ordinary" confessor who knows them. A nun cannot, like a lay girl, take a subway in the evening to a distant chapel and slip in to confess to a strange priest. She has to face the embarrassing task of asking Rev. Mother for an "extraordinary" confessor. Rev. Mother (whom she may hate) guesses that something is up. When the "extraordinary" arrives, the other nuns know of his presence and speculate. It is difficult in a convent to sneak a confession unobserved.

Once in a while, however, a nun manages to do it. One morning on entering a convent at 6:20 A.M. to say mass, as I passed along a corridor, I felt myself plucked by the sleeve at the threshold of a room. I entered to find a nun on her knees. She was flushed of face and trembling with excitement. She pushed a stole into my hand and began her confession before I had time to protest at the uncanonicity of the proceeding. The incident made me realise the acute agony that nuns have to endure when conscience pricks them.

IV

Confession reveals a fair amount of nuns' psychology, but not all of it. As penitents they are too practiced to reveal themselves over-much. In retreats they like to make long confessions, as they enjoy conversation with a strange priest, but even in long confessions very little about their own sins need be told. Rarely do they frankly acknowledge being flirtatious

or excessively attached to other sisters. Maybe they have "feelings" to accuse themselves of, and a liberal confessor does not pry into them. He knows how awfully lonely a nun may be in her cell at night and whither, when her mind will not rest, her fancies may lead her.

For women who are highly strung, the strain of convent life is severe and with the strain come psycho-neuroses. Obsessions, delusions, and hysterical manifestations are frequent. Religion takes its toll of the nuns' minds. Most common and most painful is "scruples," namely, when the nun sees sin in everything and feels herself forever committing sins. "I committed 7,000 mortal sins since yesterday," a nun said to me once.

Every priest who is acquainted with psychoanalysis sees how tenuous is the hold on normalcy of many nuns. But it is dangerous—almost heresy—for a priest to suggest that nuns should be psychoanalysed even when they are obviously neurotic. When I resigned from the active ministry, a well-known priest of Adams County, Pennsylvania, wrote me thus: "You lousy liar! You got the kick in the pants because you wished to psychoanalyse the nuns! To pry into the recesses of their innocent virginal bosoms! And probably with the hope that you'd have one of these consecrated virgins bedded with you—you poor old seedless stick!"

Modesty is at a high premium in convents; nothing offensive to the angelic virtue is tolerated. An immodest picture is carefully covered or destroyed. No immodest words are heard save when old cronies get together to exchange stories they've heard from friends. Once, when lecturing on psychology to a convent school, I had the misfortune to make use of the word "leg." I was not forgiven for this indelicacy and was not invited again.

I should, I suppose, have said "limb" instead of "leg." One cannot be too careful when speaking in the presence of nuns and their precious charges.

A nun may be a social big-wig. Last summer there visited the United States, Her Ladyship, the Venerable Benedicta von und zu Peckelsheim, O.S.B., Abbess of St. Walburga's, Eichstaett. Lady Benedicta wears a pastoral ring and a pectoral cross, and when she appears on ceremonial occasions she is dressed like a bishop (with whom she ranks in dignity), carries a crozier and wears gold embroidered gauntlets which are 200 years old. Having given her subjects here the once-over through her lorgnette, Lady Benedicta dined out, gave interviews to the press, and expressed herself pleased with this country.

A nun may be, in a modest way, a political power. Hundreds of Rev. Mothers in the United States do business in schools and other institutions to the tune of half a million or a million dollars. They place big contracts. Politicians are obliging. Little people like librarians cause books, that the nuns disapprove of, to disappear. Stores that are ungenerous to the begging sisters are visited by Catholic firemen, who find infringements of fire regulations. But nuns are not always wise and above-board in their business affairs. Cardinal O'Connell ("Recollections," page 279) had experience of their "haphazard financial management"—occasional "uncontrolled building mania"—and the mean trick of "garbing lay-women in religious uniforms to raid wage-earners" on their pay-days.

Nuns are at once the glory and the embarrassment of bishops. This is especially true of the clever young ones who take degrees in colleges. Some of them

are too uppish for old-fashioned prelates who (as Cardinal Newman said of the Irish Hierarchy) "regard any intellectual person as being on the road to perdition." These mentally snappy young nuns are inclined to scoff when Cardinal O'Connell gives his views on Einstein, or when Cardinal Hayes confutes the birth-controllers by declaring that "children troop down from heaven because God wills it."

Nuns are not beloved of all Catholics, nor are they everywhere thought well of. In Ireland where they dwell in the splendid manors and castles formerly occupied by landlords and where they pay starvation wages to their employes, it is whispered that "money is the first thing with them." In America, as Father Gillis admits, "some Catholics tell you that they do not and cannot understand why a girl . . . should bury herself in a cloistered community and waste her gifts instead of applying them immediately to the good of society."

But it is among the ranks of Catholic lay teachers and Catholic nurses of this country that the bitterest feelings against nuns exist. They find it hard to get jobs and for many of them it is a cruel struggle to support parents or young brothers and sisters. Meanwhile, the nuns, who have no families to support, occupy 75,000 teaching and nursing jobs. What comfort is it to poverty-stricken teachers and nurses to know that it is in accord with the wishes of the Pope that the nuns should eat their bread and butter? Teachers and nurses would be better pleased if nuns saved souls by chores that did not deprive them of their livelihood. They claim, too, that nuns have not made a great success of the work of turning out scholars and scientists and writers.

WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

BY S. A. NOCK

OLD Mr. Clews had one of those music boxes that you used to see, that played big round metal records with holes in them. You put them on the same as you do a phonograph record, and the little parts punched down through where the holes were left used to catch metal bars underneath, and play a tune as the thing went round. Mr. Clews had his in his shop, and he used to let us play it.

We'd come in to watch him work, and he'd say, "If you young gentlemen—" He always called us young gentlemen, even though we were only about four or five years old; my family told me it was the way he had been brought up, but I didn't know what that meant—"If you young gentlemen," he said, "would like to play me a tune while I work, I'd be glad to hear it."

Of course we wanted to. One of us would crank it up, and another would put on the big thin disc, and the third would start it going. And while it tinkled, Mr. Clews would work.

We didn't exactly know what it was that Mr. Clews was doing all the time. I remember that if ever one of the little knobs or gadgets came off of one of our chairs, or if we wanted a double bed cut down to a single, or if I had a Boy Scout box made, or something like that, we called in Mr. Clews. And he'd come round with a, "I wish you a very good day, ma'am," and do the job.

In his shop—it was back of his house on

the alley—he used to make spindles and knobs and all sorts of fancy things. When we weren't playing the music box, we used to watch him work, because the machinery was interesting, and the things came out so nice and round. The machinery ran by a gas engine, in a little shack outside, and that was a wonderful thing, too.

We were in there one day when a man we knew came in and called Mr. Clews, "Clews." He wanted some sort of job done, and Mr. Clews very quietly said that he couldn't do it. The man was in a hurry, and offered what must have been a lot of money, but Mr. Clews said no. Just because I had never heard any one call Mr. Clews just "Clews," I was interested and told the family about it, and got a lecture on manners for my pains.

We thought Mr. Clews was an old, old man, and he must have been well on to sixty. It seemed sort of funny to us that he should be bringing up a little girl of our own age, but that is just what he was doing. It seems that Mr. Clews had had a daughter, but I didn't find out about this till long afterwards, a daughter that had had bad luck, and had died and left her little girl for Mr. Clews to bring up. Mr. Clews hadn't had a wife for as long as my father could remember.

But Mr. Clews brought up that little girl all right, and loved her enough for father and mother both. He was always gentle with everybody, but when he talked to that little girl, he looked like I thought

God must look. His clear blue eyes would shine, and at the same time be so tender, and he would sort of wag his white head, and smile just a little tiny bit, and his voice was just wonderful to hear. He never scolded her, but she never needed scolding.

She used to sit in the shop with us sometimes, and help play the music box, and watch Mr. Clews make things. She had her own little chair that Mr. Clews had made for her, and she would sit in it and rock.

I can still see how she sat there, blue eyes and hair so light it was almost white, and a face like a little angel. She used to sing along with the music box when she knew the words, or some of them, and Mr. Clews used to stop working sometimes and listen to her.

But little Tatty—it was a foolish name for an angel, but she had called herself that when she was learning to talk, and it stuck; her real name was Mary, Mary Clews. She wasn't always a little singing angel.

There were a lot of girls in our neighborhood, more girls than boys, and like girls they were always ganging up on us, and doing us some sort of dirt. Little girls can be the orneriest creatures on earth, I think, if they want to.

We used to play tag, and Still Water, and Old Which, as Tatty called it, all of us together. We'd play until the street light came on, and then we usually had to come to bed. In winter we used to make snow forts and things together, and then have fights.

Well, there were more girls than boys, and some of them were a little older than we were, and so there would be real fights. The prissy little girls would put on airs, and do something or other to make all the boys feel little and mean. And then we'd tease them, and throw dirt on their

dressess, and pretty soon mothers would appear and scold, and we'd have to go to bed early. One of the girls hit me over the head with a croquet mallet once. But it didn't do any harm, even then.

We'd have our fights, and the girls would be against the boys, all except Tatty Clews. She was always on our side. I don't know whether it was because somehow or other the girls' mothers made them feel that Tatty was some one they shouldn't be too intimate with, or what. Anyway, Tatty usually wasn't invited to birthday parties and such things. The girls sometimes acted very snooty to her, but the boys never did. The boys always shared anything they had with Tatty, and she was first on the list of people that they wanted at their birthday parties, but she wasn't always invited, even at that.

II

Little towns are pretty bad that way, I guess, and those of us that had bankers and lawyers and teachers and oil men for fathers, and had mothers that had been to college and all that, we were superior to the family of Mr. Clews, because he was only an old joiner. Besides, there was something funny about Tatty, she didn't have any mother or father. It was all right for them to be dead, but there was something else funny. We didn't know what it was, and we didn't care. But just the fact that it was there made the girls act queer sometimes, and made our parents act queer too.

Tatty was always on our side in the fights, and she used to stick up for me especially. I was the youngest of all the crowd, and had nice long curls then, that the boys used to ride me about. They'd pull my hair, and so would the girls, and then little Tatty would come up and land

a couple of smacks, and it was all over. The girls went off in a huff, and the boys would do anything that Tatty told them to.

I don't suppose that any little girl ever had any better friends than Tatty had among the boys. We regarded the other girls as a sort of necessary evil: they were girls, and we had to take them as they were. But Tatty was one of us, only she was better, and beautiful, and our friend always.

And besides all that, she was our hostess when we went to see Mr. Clews and to play his music box and watch him work. The girls weren't interested in the old shop, and they had, some of them, music boxes at home, and even a phonograph, one of the old Edison affairs. They couldn't go into a place all full of shavings and oil and things to watch an old carpenter. So they were sort of outside the things that mattered, only Tatty wasn't.

There were a couple of other people that used to see Mr. Clews sometimes, but not to hear his music box. My grandfather was a lawyer, and a good one, and he was a politician too; and his crony was a preacher. I can remember them agreeing that "there was more sense in Mr. Clews's head than there was in all the rest of them put together." Sometimes they would drop in to see Mr. Clews, usually in the evening, and have a pipe or a cigar with him, and discuss the problems of the day with him. Once or twice I sat there, with Tatty, but we got bored after a little, and wandered off.

I can remember, too, that when Mr. Clews passed by on the street, my grandfather used to ask him sometimes to come up and sit on the porch and talk with him. Nobody else did that, nobody at all. Sometimes Mr. Clews would come, and hold his hat in his hand and stand till my

grandfather had asked him to sit down, and then he would sit there and talk with my grandfather. He always called him Sir and always stood up when my grandfather got up to get something.

But my grandfather said that Mr. Clews could do him more good and talk more sense than anybody else except Randolph Reed, the preacher.

My grandfather used to give Tatty things, too. And when my grandmother had a party for my birthday or something, Tatty was always invited.

My father was in an oil company, and my mother had been to college, and was a pretty refined woman, and they didn't have any time for either Mr. Clews or Tatty. Sometimes my mother would remind me that Tatty, after all, lived on the alley. I couldn't see that that made any difference. She was lots more fun than the daughters of my mother's friends, and, besides, she always fought on our side. She was pretty, too, and the others generally weren't. And Tatty was always nice to me, and the others weren't.

I started school there, and Tatty was in my class. She was the smartest one of us all, and the other girls didn't like that. The boys did, though. They didn't want to be smart themselves, but they were glad that it was their friend that was smart and not one of the others.

But after a couple of years my father had to take a new position near New York, and we moved away. My grandfather and grandmother still lived on in the old town, and sometimes I would visit them in the summer. I'd still go over to see Mr. Clews, and play his music box. I did that till I was in high-school. And I'd see Tatty, too.

The rest of the girls in the neighborhood got funnier and funnier looking. Some of them got fat, and some got gangly, but

none of them was good to look at. Tatty, though, never lost her beauty. She grew up from a little girl to a big girl and was just lovely all the time. Her hair got a trifle darker, but she was still the blondest girl I have ever seen. And her skin was the most wonderful thing imaginable, except her eyes. She had a nice voice, too. They said she was still the smartest one of the lot.

Quite a few years went by one time between my visits to my grandfather, and when I got back home—it was always home to me, and still is—I was surprised that any one could look the way Tatty did. She was about my height, and looked—well, she was just in high-school, like me, but she looked like something out of a fairy tale. A princess I mean. She was already looking like a young woman, and she already had a figure. Just enough of a figure to make a young girl look wonderful.

We went to a couple of dances together, and had a fine time. We sat with Mr. Clews a couple of times, too, because he could always tell funny stories, and make interesting comments on everything. He never said or suggested an unkind thing, but nothing ever got by him, either. He knew that town, and the people in it, and he used to talk about them, so gently, so kindly, and yet so shrewdly, that it was meat and drink for a high-school fellow who was just learning to see with his eyes.

I had to go away soon again, and I didn't see Tatty for a couple of years more. By that time she was out of high-school, and was one of the most glorious things to look at I ever did see. But she hadn't grown vain, or conceited, or anything. She was still the same sweet and gentle girl that I had always known, and my grandfather said that that spoke more for old

Mr. Clews than anything else. Mr. Clews was over seventy then, but he still rode his bicycle all about town, and worked every day just as he had always worked. He was a little bent, and quite lined in the face; but I saw him lift things that I could hardly have budged. I saw him on his bicycle carrying a door frame once just as if it didn't amount to anything.

III

Ted Lowen was one of the boys that I had always played with, and we got together every time I went home. Of course, we talked about everybody in town, and Ted told me all about the girls and boys I knew. The boys were a dumb lot, he said, all of them except Tom Paige, who was a good egg. The girls he simply called a bunch of snots, and let it go at that. But not Tatty.

He was worried about Tatty. As I said, there were a lot of us that were lawyers' children, and preachers', and oil men's. But the people with money, that lived up on the hill, they were the aristocracy. They must have been because they almost said so themselves. They ran the Country Club, and had big parties, and wore clothes that no one else could afford, and had lots of autos, and took trips, and snubbed the rest of the town. The rest of the town didn't mind at all, and had a good enough time.

One of the fellows from up on the hill, a little older than me, in college by the grace of God—he couldn't have made it any other way, he was so dumb—this fellow worried Ted Lowen. We talked about it one night, and wondered what it all meant.

He had a little car of his own, in the latest style of speed roadster, and he used to tear round town, and scare the people into fits. He never hit anybody, because

he was a good driver, and had the luck of the damned; but he got pulled in a couple of times. His father paid the fines and hushed things up, and he went right on speeding.

Well, it seems that this college boy, with his gay clothes and his car and his money to spend had set out after Tatty. She was working downtown in an office at the time, and didn't have much fun, I guess, because she wouldn't go out with the fellows that asked her to. They weren't her class at all. She was a real aristocrat. But the fellows in our old crowd didn't ask her out, because they were following in the footsteps of their families, and were getting to be a bunch of snobs. Little towns are pretty awful sometimes.

The girls, of course, wouldn't have anything to do with anybody that lived on an alley, and least of all with somebody that was better-looking and a better dancer than they were. So Tatty, looking more like an angel than ever, and nicer than ever if that was possible, didn't have much fun.

Then along comes Binge Ullerton, with his car and his money, and takes her places.

Ted Lowen was worried. He said to me, "You know as well as I do what that guy is after. I go out with Tatty when I have any money to spend, which isn't often, and I go and sit with her and Mr. Clews, too. But nobody else seems to pay her any mind at all, except Tom Paige, and he never has any money. Tatty's no fool, but she likes a good time, like any girl. And the worst of it is—well, I guess I can tell you, because you will understand. I've been out with Tatty and taken her home. And I've walked with her, and sat with her, and I've kissed her, too. And I know from the way she kisses that she likes it. She's as hot as she is beautiful,

and that's what that Binge guy is building on."

We talked that all over a lot, because, you see, we were both fonder of Tatty than we knew. We were only kids—in those days you were apt to stay a kid until you were in your twenties. It seems funny to say that, but it's true. We never even thought beyond kisses and hugs; and even though we did know what it was all about, we didn't know from experience.

And we looked at the boys that did things as rotters. Times change, and now, they tell me, most of the boys and a lot of the girls do what they like. But then they didn't, and the fellows that did usually were really rotters, in that town anyway. The decent fellows—I mean, the fellows that were good to associate with, and had something in themselves—didn't do things.

I'm not passing any judgment. I'm simply saying that most of us didn't, and none of the girls did, as far as I know. We knew some that did, and regarded them in that light. We didn't play round with them. Perhaps it's better the way it is now, or the way it was when my kid brother went to school. Perhaps it isn't. I'm just stating facts.

We did know, though, that Binge was one of the fellows that would if he could, and we didn't like to see him hanging round Tatty. While I was visiting there, I saw how much he was with her. I used to try to see her, and go out with her; but half the time she was dated up with Binge. He drank, too, and we didn't.

We thought maybe he was giving Tatty things to drink, and that worried us. I guess it worried old Mr. Clews, too, because one night I went over to see Tatty, and found him alone. He said, "Well, sir,"—he called me Sir by that time, too, though I didn't think he ought to—"Well,

sir, if you have a few minutes for an old friend, sit down and smoke a pipe with me." I was smoking by then.

We sat and smoked, and said nothing. Nothing at all. I guess I smoked a couple of pipes before Mr. Clews said, "Well, Mr. Wayde, I just don't know why Tatty runs out with that young Mr. Ullerton. He doesn't seem to have nearly as much sense as a number of the other boys, and he certainly, though I ought not to say it, hasn't the mental equipment of Tatty—I suppose I ought to call her Mary. She calls herself Mary now. I just don't understand it."

I told him that girls like a good time, and like to run round in a car, and all that. But I could see that that didn't mean anything to him. He was a wise old man, and he had lost a daughter, and he knew. He just said that to me out of a sore heart. He couldn't keep still any longer, and there wasn't any one that he could say anything to. He knew how much I thought of Tatty, and he finally said just what I have said he did. He didn't say anything more, then or ever.

But a while after he said that, he went over to his music box—we were sitting in the shop, where we usually sat, because it was cozy and homey, that is, when we two were talking. He went over and turned that thing on. I felt like a fool, and said good-night in a hurry, and got out. I was crying, and I guess Mr. Clews was crying, too.

There just wasn't anything to do. Mr. Clews was too wise and too kind to use force on Tatty, and tell her she couldn't see Binge. He knew that she could if she wanted to, anyway, and he didn't want to encourage any underhand doings. So he just suggested to her that other boys were more interesting, and watched like a dog that's been sent home when she went off in that damn car.

IV

One night I got full of wind—I often do—and decided to talk like a big brother to Tatty. So I went over all full of a wonderful speech, and for some strange reason I found Tatty there, and alone. I found out afterwards that Mr. Clews had been talking about the Republican Party with my grandfather that evening.

I sat down beside Tatty, and began my rigmarole. Then she looked at me, and just smiled, and I forgot my speech. I went on, though, stuttering, and trying to make clear to the little girl that there were things that boys—and so on. I must have made a holy mess of it.

Anyway, Tatty let me finish, and then she turned to me, and put her hand on my cheek, and smiled into my eyes, and said, "Tim, you don't ever have to talk to me that way. I suppose that I know as much as you do, and I suppose that I have some sense. And all I ask of you and any one else is just to have confidence in me, as you have always had."

I talked about old Mr. Clews, and how hurt he was, and she said that he shouldn't feel that way. She was all right, she said, and didn't want to worry any one. But Mr. Clews was an old man, and didn't understand how much a girl wanted a good time, and how little chance she had. That made me sort of mad, and I talked out of turn a whole lot.

I talked about what a chap like Binge wanted from a good-looking girl, and about what might happen, and about how much we all thought of Tatty, and so on. And she just listened, and said nothing. I got myself talked out at last, and sat still, and Tatty didn't say anything. After a long while, I put my arm round her, and drew her to me, and kissed her, and said, "Tatty, there isn't anybody in the world

that's dearer to me than you are, and I just want the best for you, always. I wish I could do something, but I can't, right yet. But think of me as your best friend."

She smiled, and said, "Do you think that I'd listen to all that from some one who wasn't my best friend?" She kissed me, and I went away, and that was all.

I saw her a couple of times, and we had a nice time; but I felt a little like a fool, and sort of mean; and she seemed to be trying to make me not feel like a fool. It didn't quite go, somehow, and I guess we were both a little relieved when I kissed her good-bye and went back to New York.

The funny part about it is that nothing happened. I got a job, and a good one, and didn't have time to worry about Tatty. Besides, I found a girl there in New York that made me forget Tatty. It's funny how we forget things that matter most to us, and sometimes never think of them again. I didn't think of Tatty, except to send her a Christmas card, and sort of wish, when I sent it, that I could see her.

Ted Lowen was in college, and came through New York that spring. We had a talk, and naturally we talked about Tatty. He told me that the Binge business had busted up, nobody knew why, but that it had. There had been a lot of flu that winter, and Tatty had come down with it. She got a bad case, intestinal flu, people thought. She was in the hospital quite a bit, but came out all right again, and was much the same as she had been, except that she had lost weight, and was listless. That was natural.

Binge was still about town, he said, but he didn't care very much about a thin Tatty, apparently, or else he had found what he wanted somewhere else, because he never went round with her any more. Nobody talked much about it, because there weren't very many people that talked

about Tatty at all, and Binge was beyond talking about. Besides, he lived on the hill, and had special privileges.

I got a surprise after I had been home for my summer vacation the next year. I had seen Tatty then, and had gone round with her, and had a wonderful time. But Tom Paige, who was coming up in the world, seemed to be the special admirer. I was sore, of course, but what could I do? After all, I had a girl somewhere else, and thought that I felt like a brother to Tatty. And I guess, when I think it over, that that is how it really was. But I was a brother that didn't want interference from outside. That was silly, of course.

That winter Tatty married Tom Paige, and when I had got over my surprise, I sent them some spoons for a wedding present. Tatty urged me to come on for the wedding, but I couldn't. I didn't see Tatty for a long time after that, nearly two years.

When I did see her, she was just as beautiful and as charming and as gentle as ever. She cooked me a dinner that I shall never forget. And her house was a sight for sore eyes.

Old Mr. Clews had obviously done a great deal of the work, and made a great deal of the furniture. I remembered then that my grandfather had said that the old man was an artist, and a genuine artist. Well, he was, if that house was anything to judge by.

The arrangement, and the fittings, and all that, were Tatty's work. You could see that she had made her own home, and had taken pride and joy in it. I never was in a home that was so much a home, where the lady of the house was really the lady of the house, the way it was there. It was good for a fellow just to get into a place like that.

And the way Tatty and Tom were was

another delight. There was no slobbering, but every move they made spoke of the affection they had for each other. If you ever wanted to see that rarity, a happy marriage, you could look in on the Paiges.

Old Mr. Clews was there for the dinner I was invited to, and I never saw any one look happier or prouder. He had a right to be as proud as they make them, and if Tatty's happiness was his happiness, he had every reason to be utterly happy.

It's a fact, Tatty was so happy, and so wonderful, and so gentle, that I forgot to be unhappy myself at not having won her when I might at least have made a good try at it. And that's about as much as a fellow can say. I went away from there feeling as if I had caught a glimpse of heaven, and I guess I had.

Ted Lowen came through New York a while later, and told me that Tatty and Tom were still as ideally happy as I had seen them. Then I didn't hear anything for some time.

A while after that, I got a letter from home that just broke me up. Tatty had died in childbirth, and the baby had died,

too. I wrote to Tom, and to old Mr. Clews. There isn't anything you can say in letters like that, but I thought I ought to write. And so I wrote, and cried about Tatty, because she had always been my best friend, and was the most beautiful and the gentlest thing on this earth.

Two days later Ted Lowen came in. He sat down without so much as saying hello, and said, "Just read this letter I got from my brother."

He handed me a little note. It read:

Dear Ted:

Tom Paige found Binge Ullerton, and shot him so full of holes that they could use him to sift ashes. Not a bad idea at all.

DICK

I was home the next summer, and went round to see Mr. Clews. He was old and bent. But he was working as always, and seemed able to do a good deal. He must have been eighty.

We didn't have anything to say to each other. He worked and I watched, and then we sat and smoked, and I went away. It was all the same there, in the shop, except that the old music box was gone.

BARGAINS IN TARIFFS

BY THOMAS C. BALLAGH

UNDER a new deal for foreign trade, President Roosevelt is offering "bargains in tariffs"—reductions of as much as 50% in import duties—to foreign countries which agree to take more of our products. The new tariff treaty with Cuba, which went into effect September 3, 1934, is the first of a long series to come. Negotiations are being completed for similar treaties with Belgium, Brazil, Colombia, Haiti, five Central American republics, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland, on which preliminary hearings were held in Washington in October, November and December. Those with other countries will follow.

How will this new tariff policy affect you? It may lower the price you pay for sugar, or raise the cost of coffee. It might give you juicy beefsteaks from Argentina at much less than you now pay. It may affect the price, quality or country of origin of hundreds of articles you use every day in your home or business—shoes, clothing, paper, gasoline, cotton, copper, and countless other raw materials and manufactured articles, whether now produced in the United States or imported. More than that, it may throw you out of a job, and close up the business in which you are engaged, by lowering the duty on what you are producing. On the other hand, it may be of great benefit to you—directly, by giving you a job or increasing your profits through opening up foreign markets for your goods; or more indirectly

by lowering your living costs and by stimulating recovery throughout the world.

With such immense possibilities for benefiting some and injuring others, the tariff has always been a subject of controversy throughout the history of the United States. Today, whether we like it or not, this country has a new tariff policy. Gone is the idea of a protective tariff wall, the stronghold of the Republican party. Gone too is the slogan, "tariff for Revenue only", once the battle-cry of the Democratic party. Now the New Deal Democrats are rallying around a banner with this strange device—a huge "R" superimposed on the word "tariff."

What does the "R" mean? The advocates say it stands for "Roosevelt", "Reciprocity" and "Recovery". The opponents say it spells "Regimentation", "Risk" and "Ruin". Despite virulent attack and impassioned defense, there is no doubt that the new tariff does involve "Reciprocity". What else will result remains to be seen.

Fulfilling his campaign promises, President Roosevelt has injected into our tariff policy that well-known principle of politicians summed up in the adage, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." As a result, under the new "R-Tariffs", the import duty on a particular article is to be raised or lowered, not for the purpose of protecting the home industry (infant or full-grown) making that product; nor for the purpose of raising revenue for the government; but to make it possible for us

to sell some completely different commodity to a foreign country.

Why was this radical change in our tariff policy necessary?

First, it seemed the only feasible way to break the deadlock in foreign trade which had resulted from the innumerable trade restrictions between countries. Second, we were practically forced into a reciprocal trade policy by the actions of other countries which were making reciprocal trade agreements with each other to our detriment.

During the last years of the boom, the tariff walls of each country began to grow higher and higher in a race in which the United States was one of the leaders. When the depression came and began to be felt throughout the world, each nation tried to save itself from the effects as much as possible. As sales dropped everywhere, one country after another tried to safeguard its home market for its local producers, shutting out imports by higher duties, by import quotas, and by restrictions on the transfer of funds in payment of imports. But with foreign markets closing up, however, each nation's exports fell even faster. So to balance its trade, it then had to restrict its imports even more, just as millions of wage earners, faced with salary cuts, tried to balance their individual budgets by buying as little as possible. Unsold surpluses piled up in each country, and despite want in other nations, the international exchange of goods and services was almost strangled by a tangled mass of barriers and restrictions.

A single example strikingly illustrates the situation which prevailed in many countries and with countless commodities. In 1930, under the disastrous Hawley-Smoot Tariff, the United States raised the duty on linseed, used for making linseed oil for paint. Linseed is a relatively small

crop in the United States, grown by only a few farmers, but it is one of the leading products of Argentina, from which country most of the linseed was imported. Argentine sales of linseed to the United States fell from \$44,000,000 in 1929 to \$4,000,000 in 1932! Argentina retaliated by raising the duty on automobiles and trucks, 97% of which were imported from the United States. Our important automotive industry suffered when sales to Argentina, once its largest foreign market, dropped from \$53,000,000 in 1929 to \$5,000,000 in 1932! Who benefited? The Detroit automobile worker lost his job and was unable to paint his home. The Argentine farmer had to go back to his horse and wagon.

The same situation held true with innumerable other products in most other countries. What were we to do about it? The problem was not so much to be solved by cutting down production, through which everybody loses, but by trying to increase consumption through facilitating the distribution of what we can produce, so that everyone gains.

II

While Secretary Hull was unable, at the London Economic Conference, to get all nations to agree simultaneously to cut tariffs a flat percentage, it was still possible for any two nations to get together to revive their trade with each other and to stimulate interchange by giving reciprocal concessions on each other's principal articles. Dozens of countries began to do so, and some of the resultant agreements took business away from the United States and gave it to our competitors. This made it necessary for the United States to embark on a similar policy or be left out in the cold. Take, for example, the British reciprocal agreement with Argentina, for-

merly one of our leading markets, which a few years ago bought from us nearly as much as all the rest of South America put together.

In 1929 the United States had the largest share of Argentine trade. In that year, we sold Argentina about \$200,000,000 worth of goods. However, we bought only about \$100,000,000 from it. That gave the British a sales argument, for at the same time Great Britain was buying around \$200,000,000 worth of Argentine products annually, although only able to sell Argentina about \$100,000,000 worth of British goods. Why was this the case? Argentine products are mostly agricultural—wheat, linseed, corn, meat, hides, wool, etc. England needed to import all of those products. The United States, raising most of its own, needed only linseed, hides, wool, and some lesser items. On the other hand, American shipments consisted partly of some products England does not produce, such as lumber, fruit, etc.; and partly of manufactures in which the American article is cheaper or better than the British—such as automobiles, agricultural machinery, certain textiles, and electrical goods.

Did that daunt the British? Not at all. They ignored the triangular and quadrangular principle by which normal foreign trade between countries is balanced—in this case, by our buying from Brazil over \$200,000,000 worth of coffee, while selling to Brazil only \$100,000,000 worth of American goods. Brazil in turn uses the American coffee money to buy from the British twice as much as they sell to the tea-drinking Englishmen. Keeping very quiet about the Brazilian angle, England went to Argentina and put on a campaign to get the Argentines to buy British goods instead of American.

First, the British had their ambassador, Sir Malcolm Robertson, introduce in 1929,

through the Argentine cattle raisers, the slogan, "Buy from those who buy from us." Then they followed this up in 1931 with a huge \$30,000,000 British Trade Fair in Buenos Aires, to which they sent Edward "Prince of Sales", as well as Prince George. When Argentina still continued to buy whatever American goods that they found to be cheaper or better, the British applied pressure by agreeing at the Ottawa conference to cut down British imports of Argentine meat, and to divert that business to Australia and South Africa. This brought Argentina around, and in 1933 it signed the Roca-Runciman reciprocal agreement, by which Argentina in effect agreed to buy from England as much as England purchased from it. And to balance its trade, Argentina cut down its purchases from the United States to the amount we bought from that South American republic. This was done, not so much through tariff concessions as through exchange control, by which the Argentine government restricted payments for American goods while facilitating payment for British merchandise. This angle of the question shows why the reciprocal agreements which the United States is now negotiating must, and will, embrace not only tariffs but all kinds of trade restrictions.

What did England gain by the aforementioned reciprocal treaty? While total British exports to the world increased only 1% in 1933 over the previous year, its exports to Argentina jumped 22% over those of 1932. And American sales to Argentina were cut down from \$200,000,000 in 1929 to \$36,000,000 in 1933, or approximately to the amount of American purchases from Argentina in the same year. Furthermore, Great Britain recaptured from the United States her long lost position as the largest supplier of goods to Argentina.

What does it leave for us to do? On the one hand, we can go after the second largest American market, Brazil, whose biggest customer we are, and make a reciprocal agreement there whereby the Brazilians give preference to American goods in place of the British merchandise they are now buying. On the other hand, we can go back to Argentina and make a reciprocal agreement with that country whereby we agree to purchase more Argentine products in exchange for Argentina buying more American goods.

With the 1933 imports from Argentina amounting to only \$34,000,000 as compared with over \$100,000,000 in 1929, even if Argentina continues its policy of limiting its purchases to the amount of American imports, we can still triple our present sales in that market by buying from Argentina in the same volume as we did in 1929. That can be accomplished by lowering our duties on Argentine products to their 1929 level, in exchange for Argentina giving similar concessions on our goods—lower American duties on linseed in return for lower Argentine duties on automobiles, reductions in duties on hides and wool in exchange for lower duties on American household appliances, and so on.

Another way of greatly increasing our sales is to permit the importation of Argentine beef, now completely excluded from the United States on the technical grounds of sanitary precautions to prevent our cattle from catching the hoof-and-mouth disease, known to exist in certain sections of Argentina, just as it sometimes crops up in certain sections of the United States. As this point never seems to bother the British, who eat great quantities of Argentine beef, the Argentines still look upon the American embargo as being maintained primarily to protect American cattle raisers from lower Argentine prices.

However, the drought of last summer so reduced our stock of cattle as to make it seem likely that we will need to import meat in 1935 if we are to avoid excessive prices, so this may induce us to revise the "sanitary" embargo in such a way as to permit Argentine beef to be imported, if it is proven to come from sections not affected by hoof-and-mouth disease. To grant this in a reciprocal agreement with Argentina would allow us to secure many valuable concessions from that country, as Argentina is extremely anxious to sell us beef. So our people may yet have cheaper beefsteaks, and more profit from exports of both agricultural and manufactured products to Argentina.

III

These few examples taken from our trade with Argentina serve to illustrate similar opportunities which exist for a mutually beneficial increase in our interchange of goods and services with all other countries. Although the commodities involved vary with the country, there are always articles which we would do better to import than to make ourselves when in turn we can sell to that country our typically American products. In each carefully worked out arrangement on a particular item of importation, while it may be perfectly evident that the majority of the people may benefit, we can expect to hear, however, howls of protest from the small minority prejudiced to even the slightest extent—such as the American cattle raisers in the case of Argentine beef. This brings us to an immensely important phase of the Reciprocal Tariff policy about which very little was said to Congress when the Act was passed.

The transfer of the tariff-making power from Congress to the President permits

the negotiation of tariff agreements with speed, secrecy and effectiveness, which were impossible under the old set-up of Congressional wrangling, and which required Senate ratification of treaties negotiated by our diplomats. Moreover, it is necessary for the President and his ambassadors and advisers to have the power to make agreements rapidly, secretly, and with full authority, if the United States is to hold its own in the tariff "horse-trading" of today against the trade maneuvers of foreign governments, which have invested their executives and diplomats with similar power.

But most important of all, this determination of tariff rates by executive decree rather than by legislative action gives us the first real opportunity in our history to secure tariff rates impartially designed to benefit the majority of the people and the country as a whole, rather than to protect, subsidize or to further sectional and individual interests of minorities.

Gone is Congressional logrolling, by which Congressmen practised "reciprocity" in voting for tariff increases for other Congressmen in return for their promise to vote for an increase in duty on the article of particular interest to the constituents of the first Congressman. Practically eliminated is lobbying, by which an organized minority, which squeals loudly in public, or whispers in the proper places in private, forces its will on the passive majority.

Let us see how the Reciprocal tariff actually works out.

The manufacturer of a protected article cries with alarm: "Roosevelt can bankrupt me, put me out of business overnight, by suddenly lowering the duty on my product. And there is nothing I can do. A President cannot be all-wise. It is criminal, so much power in the hands of one man!"

Is that true? How will President Roosevelt use this new power of "life and death" over protected industries? Will he show favoritism, and reckless disregard for domestic industry, or will he be wise and impartial?

In the first place, the President cannot reduce any duties more than 50%. On many articles this would still leave the duty about as high as it was a few years ago before Congress raised it. Even with a 50% reduction in duties some manufacturers would still be able to revise their production methods to achieve greater efficiency and still outsell the imported product, or make an equal profit.

In the second place, in spite of the tremendous support given the Democrats in the landslide of the November election, Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to wreck any important domestic industry and thus throw thousands of men out of employment. He has repeatedly stated that he will not do so. Any adjustments must be made in such a way that *if* inefficient industries are to be weeded out, their employes can be absorbed in those industries in which the United States is more efficient than other countries, and whose exports have therefore been encouraged by these reciprocally lowered duties in foreign markets. Since, as Secretary Hull put it, "every import pays for an export," the net result is not to lower the standard of living of our workingmen but to raise it, by employing these men at higher wages in our more efficient and profitable industries, while simultaneously lowering their costs of living by making it possible for them to buy those imported goods which foreign nations are able to sell to us cheaply.

As to the concentration of the tariff power in the hands of one man, this is the case in theory, but not in practice. The actual rates and items are not worked out

by the President, but by scores of officials and employes in the Department of Commerce, Department of Agriculture, Department of State, Tariff Commission and by other advisers, on the basis of careful study of trade statistics, production statistics, price trends, domestic and foreign conditions. These employes, most of them specialists in their fields, are far more competent to judge the items and rates most beneficial to the country as a whole than the Congressmen or the paid lobbyists of the past. And they are certainly likely to be far more impartial, because their jobs, mostly appointive or under Civil Service, do not depend upon pleasing voters in a particular section.

How wisely and impartially has this tariff power been used? What chance have American manufacturers, farmers, producers and consumers to express their needs to the Administration if legislative action and lobbying are abandoned?

Only one Reciprocal Tariff treaty has been concluded at this writing—that with Cuba. The procedure, however, is the same for the dozen or more treaties now being negotiated, so it will serve as an example.

The actual selection of the articles to be affected, and the decision as to the corresponding rates, was made by the men most qualified to do it—not a group of Congressmen who may never have visited Cuba—but the Commercial Attaché of our Embassy in Havana and his staff of Trade Commissioners, who have spent years in Cuba specializing in studying and promoting American trade, and by other experts and technical specialists in government departments at Washington. These people knew just which products we could best sell in Cuba in greatly increased volume if duties were lowered. They also knew which products Cuba needed to sell us, and what rate of duty would accomplish

the desired result to the benefit of American consumers, without unduly prejudicing American producers. They knew, in addition, which other restrictions besides tariffs needed to be adjusted.

At the same time, opportunity was given to all interested Americans—whether exporters, importers, producers or consumers—by public notice, to present their views in writing and in person to a Committee on Reciprocity Information at Washington, to be taken into consideration in negotiating this treaty. Although it was not possible to secure every concession asked by Cuban or American interests, most of the important ones were achieved. That is, those which in the opinion of the experts were most likely to result in greater exports from each country without undue damage to domestic producers. Both agricultural and manufacturing interests were benefited—and charges of political favoritism have been conspicuously absent.

The United States reduced the duty on Cuban sugar and tobacco in this first reciprocal agreement, while still protecting American producers to some extent by an import quota. The United States also gave concessions on Cuban rum, and off-season fruits and vegetables. Ninety per cent. of Cuba's exports to the United States were benefited. In return, the United States secured reductions in Cuban duties and taxes on a long list of items which have been of outstanding importance to our exporters. These included lumber, lard, vegetable oils, salt and smoked meats, wheat flour, and other agricultural commodities; also iron and steel products, textiles, automotive equipment, paper, electrical goods, and a number of other manufactured articles.

What were the results? The treaty went into effect September 3, 1934. In the first month our total exports to Cuba jumped

35% over those of August, and amounted to \$4,380,000. As to exports of those items on which lower Cuban duties had been secured, sales in September, 1934, were, in the case of flour, double the average exports of September, 1933, and September 1932. Exports of bacon, cotton yarn and nails each increased fourfold. In trucks and buses sales were six times as large; and for lard, exports to Cuba were multiplied eight times!

A reciprocal agreement defeats its purpose unless both parties to it benefit. What does the Cuban worker gain from the new treaty? Cuban exports to the United States also increased substantially in September, giving the Cuban people more money with which to buy all kinds of American products besides those specifically benefited by tariff concessions. For when the United States lowered the duty on Cuban sugar, the Cuban producers no longer had to sell at the ruinous prices forced on them by our last increase in duties; and the Cuban government took steps to see that, without affecting the price of sugar to the consumer in the United States, the advantage gained from this drop in duty was passed on to the workers in the form of higher wages, thus restoring purchasing power in Cuba. It is significant that some of this money given Cuba finds its way back into American hands through interest and dividends on the millions of dollars of American money invested in Cuba in sugar plantations, sugar mills, industries, telephone and utility companies, banks and other investments.

The reciprocal treaties with other countries are to be negotiated in the same manner as that with Cuba, with one important difference. The Cuban treaty is a bilateral preferential one. Ever since the Reciprocal Treaty of 1902 with Cuba, all

Cuban articles entering the United States have enjoyed a discount or reduction of 20% in the duty we charge on the same products coming from other countries, and all American goods entering Cuba have received a preferential duty ranging from 20% to 40% lower than Cuban duties to other countries. Under the new treaty, which has a life of three years unless renewed, this principle was continued and even amplified, some Cuban articles being given a minimum preference of as much as 50%, and some American products being granted preferential reductions of as much as 60% on the lowest duty Cuba now charges, or may charge during the life of the treaty, to any foreign country on that same product.

IV

Cuba is the only country to which we now give any preferential duty. This is a result of our special arrangement with that country after we separated it from Spain. Products imported into the United States from all other countries pay the same rate of duty, regardless of the country of origin. We believe in equal treatment to all nations except our special neighbor Cuba. In this we are unlike many countries which have a preferential or special low rate of duty to a certain number of nations according to treaty arrangements, and a "general" or higher rate of duty to all other countries. This is the case with the British preferential duties which prevail between the different units of the British Empire. Some nations, such as Spain, have even three schedules of duty rates—high, low and intermediate—applying on the same article coming from different sets of countries.

The Reciprocal Tariff Act of 1934 specifically prohibits the President from

granting preferential or lower rates of duty to any country other than Cuba without automatically applying them to the same products coming from all other countries. The only exception is in the case of countries discriminating against our products, when the President has discretionary power to take measures to protect our interests.

This provision of the "R-Tariff" greatly weakens our bargaining power, because if we offer one country a lower duty on a specific product, we must extend the concession equally to its competitors. This can partly be taken care of by carefully selecting as the subject of duty concessions those items of primary importance to the country under consideration, which are not produced to a large extent in the same grades or types in other countries. On the other hand, this provision of the "R-Tariff" is of immense advantage in our future foreign relations. Our tariff reductions to one country will consequently not evoke ill-will and retaliation by other countries not thus favored. Neither will our Reciprocal tariffs produce a confused mass of American tariff rates on the same product varying according to the country from which it is imported, nor penalize our consumers by making them import from one country when another could offer cheaper or better goods.

Our tariff concessions, then, under the "R-Tariff" must be automatically extended to all countries. What about the other side of the picture—the tariff concessions given us by other countries?

With the majority of important foreign countries the United States has "most-favored-nation" treaties. These provide that each of those countries will give to the United States the same treatment as given to that country's "most favored nation." There are certain exceptions, as to

next-door-neighbor countries, or dominions of an empire (such as the British Empire), in some of these treaties. Generally speaking, these most-favored-nation treaties, if kept in force, should give us the benefit of all concessions granted by one country (with whom we have such a treaty) to some third country. It was in this way that the Argentine reciprocal tariff agreement with England providing for lower duties on certain British articles was extended to apply to the same products coming from the United States. The catch in the Argentine agreement was that Argentina promised to buy from England articles of all kinds to a total value equal to the amount which England bought from Argentina. And to the United States Argentina extended "the same treatment"; only this meant increasing purchases from England and cutting down those from the United States.

At the same time, these most-favored-nation treaties will work against us in certain cases. That is, tariff concessions granted to us by certain foreign countries under the "R-Tariff" will also be extended to our competitors. This weakening of the bargaining power of reciprocal tariff concessions has caused much agitation for the abandoning of most-favored-nation treaties, both here and abroad. Germany, while concluding a reciprocal agreement with Argentina in October, 1934, notified us of its intention to cancel its most-favored-nation treaty with us, to take effect one year from the notice, or in the fall of 1935.

In spite of the efforts of other people to secure American abandonment of the most-favored-nation treaties, Secretary Hull has wisely and successfully insisted upon their maintenance as a policy of the United States. He has even gone further and stated, in a speech before the National For-

sign Trade Convention in New York in November, 1934, that the United States intends to use the Reciprocal Tariff together with the most-favored-nation principle to achieve a generally lower level of tariffs not only in this country but as far as possible throughout the world.

It is true that some countries find ways to get around the most-favored-nation treatment, so that these treaties do not always accomplish all that is expected of them. It is also true that the reciprocal tariff plan faces numerous obstacles and difficulties. The various committees of specialists in Washington work long and carefully in selecting the American commodities on which to ask for tariff concessions from foreign countries, and then when negotiations begin they may find it impossible to secure many of these concessions from a particular foreign country which desires to protect its own industries or which wants greater concessions from us than we feel it wise to grant.

On the Reciprocity Tariff committee are representatives from the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. to protect our industries and farmers from undue competition from cheaper foreign goods. Even after these members have carefully worked out with the rest of the committee a rate which they feel will permit imports while still adequately protecting local producers, the foreign country may not consider the rate low enough and the negotiations may fall through. Or the American producers may think the rate is too low, and if unable to convince the committee, may try to exert pressure through Congressmen with power over appropriations. Even if the tariff concession is carried through, and a treaty signed, there is danger that local producers, through the lobbies they are rapidly assembling in Washington, may succeed in nullifying the efforts of the tariff nego-

tiators by getting Congress to make that product subject to import quota or excise tax, thereby defeating the purpose of the tariff concession.

The negotiation of Reciprocal Tariffs, together with the most-favored-nation principle, is, then, a long and complicated task, beset with difficulties, so that the "R-Tariffs" cannot be expected to accomplish miracles. In the way in which they are now being handled, however, at least they present, on the one hand, an unusual opportunity for securing fair and impartial tariff rates, designed to benefit the majority of the people rather than minority interests; and on the other hand, seem to be the only feasible way of gradually attaining a lower level of tariffs and the reduction or elimination of other restrictions on international trade.

V

While complete free trade may no longer be possible in the world under existing conditions, we should be able to attain in this way at least a greater "freedom of trade."

It is obvious that it is economically as advantageous for the United States to import from other countries what they can produce better or cheaper than we can, and to sell them those commodities which we produce more efficiently, as it is for Pennsylvania and Texas to trade freely with each other rather than to impose restrictions on each other's products.

Temporary restrictive measures may sometimes be necessary in a depression to balance a country's imports with its exports, and production with consumption. In the long run, however, it is obvious that the solution to the problem of recovery and prosperity does not lie in decreased production, by which everyone loses, but

through increasing simultaneously production, employment and the distribution or interchange of the resultant goods and services both at home and abroad, through which everyone gains. The more we produce, the more we will all have, if we can properly spread it around. The less we produce, the less there is to divide up among us.

The destruction of surpluses in one part of the world while hunger and want exist in another, simply for lack of the means to distribute the surplus with fair compensation to the producer, impresses all of us as a terrific economic waste. Brazil burns coffee, while the unemployed man in New York begs for a dime to buy a cup of that cheering drink. We taxpayers pay American farmers to plow under cotton

and restrict wheat production, while half-naked Chinese in famine districts shiver and starve, unable to send us hides, rugs, silks, etc. A factory making electrical equipment in the United States, and another in Czechoslovakia producing a special kind of shoe, work at a fraction of their capacity for inability to sell in each other's markets.

Not long ago our farmers had too many pigs, and they were destroyed at government expense. At the same time Cubans wanted lard but had no money to buy it, because they could not sell their sugar in the United States at a profit. How much better for Cuba to reduce the duty on lard and the United States to take sugar in exchange, as has now been made possible by the Reciprocal Tariff!

WHY GO NORTH?

BY DONALD B. MacMILLAN

What is the value of a thing
But so much money as 'twill bring?

THE Arctic explorer is ever on the defensive. The true value of his work is not only questioned by the hard-headed business man but by men in all walks of life. And why? Simply because in the mind of the average man, value is not considered as intrinsic but exchangeable. For expenditure he wants results, tangible results. When Sir Martin Frobisher sailed away from England in 1758 in the biggest fleet that ever headed into Arctic or Antarctic Seas, the world visualized those same ships returning to their home port within a few months loaded to the decks with gold. Some of them had done so the year before and some that year, but the gold proved to be the fool's gold, the only kind of gold that has ever been returned from the Arctic or Antarctic.

Knowing this, man questions the expenditure of thousands of dollars for what he terms nothing. He questions the practical value, the survey, the delineation of coast lines, the accurate mapping of unknown distant lands. He theorizes that such a land, far beyond the confines of civilization, swept by the bitterly cold winds of the long Arctic night, with summits and valleys filled with millions of cubic feet of ice thousands of years old, desolate and barren beyond imagination, will never be used as the home of man, or as a productive field for anything to enrich the world in any way.

Such a belief, and, I may say, misconception of what has been termed "The Great White North" is largely based upon the contents of that great educator of the human race, the daily newspaper, which in the presentation of the so-called results of a home-coming expedition utilizes far more space in depicting the hardships and dangers and deaths than in reporting the discovery of a new species of animal or plant, in which a busy world is too busy to be interested. The recording of a new bug, butterfly, or fish adds nothing to the pay envelope on Saturday night. And even the narrative of the returning explorer, as planned and accepted by the publishers, in order to sell, must be one largely of adventure and hair-breadth escapes. Nearly every scrap of scientific information is religiously removed and consigned to the appendix, that part of the book which is never read.

The reader is thrilled on turning the pages of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North," a wonderful book in many ways, as it unfolds the picture of the *Fram*, locked in her ice cradle, ever drifting northward into the unknown, subject to such tremendous pressure that the ice of the Polar Sea came pouring over her rails and even into her cabins. When the book is closed, there remains the indelible picture of Nansen and Johansen trudging northward over the polar pack, of their retreat southward, killing their dogs one by one in their fight for life, of their miser-

able shelter beneath a rock during the long Arctic night, of that historic swim in ice water in pursuit of their boat, of that fortunate and dramatic meeting of Nansen and Jackson. Yes, the reader is entertained and remembers all of this, but not a single fact that will be recorded as the years go by as of real or permanent value. Such are not to be found in a popular narrative such as the public demands, but in a voluminous scientific report. As a result we have the ever-recurring question, "Why do men go North if not to write, to lecture, and to syndicate the high lights of their expedition for enormous profits?" Is the purpose of an Arctic Expedition a seeking for mere adventure, for lecture and book material, for valuable mineral, for lands rich in resources, or are such occurrences natural and inevitable and subsidiary to the two main objectives, the seeking of scientific facts to add to the sum total of scientific knowledge and an accurate delineation of all lands upon the surface of this little world in which we live?

II

As far as I can learn, even before the days of recorded history, the call of the North has been long and loud and persistent. There has always been a peculiar fascination, a certain mysticism about the ends of the world. In the days of antiquity there were poetical and mythical conceptions galore. These are always present where ignorance rules. One popular and generally accepted belief was that in the North dwelt a very happy people, Hyperboreans by name, and they lived so far north that their abode was even beyond the terribly cold winds in a land of sunshine and warmth. Strange to relate, these people lived in woods and groves and not in

houses! War, sickness, and even old age were unknown! Life was one long existence of song and dancing. Certain ones even had the power of flight, and journeyed around the world on an arrow. Here there were temples floating freely in the air, supported by wings and rich in offerings. The priests were giant brothers, twelve feet in height. When the sacred songs were sung, great clouds of swans came from the mountains, alighted upon the temple, and joined in the sacred rites.

The Greeks wrote of the Northland as follows: "This land is not too cold, not too warm, free from disease; care and sorrow are unknown there, the earth is without dust and sweetly perfumed; the rivers run in beds of gold, and instead of pebbles they roll down pearls and precious stones."

In the early days of ignorance and superstition such fanciful conceptions of the remote were natural, but hardly to be expected in our time. Some of you will remember that persistent belief in the Open Polar Sea. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane claimed to have actually discovered it. Dr. Isaac Hayes names his book "The Open Polar Sea." Strong and scientific reasons were advanced in support of the theory that, due to the centrifugal force exerted by a world spinning upon its axis, all drift or floating ice as soon as it formed would have a tendency to leave the center of the circle, or that region surrounding the Pole, and flow toward the equator. Theoretically there could be no ice at the so-called "Top of the World." It must be an "Open Polar Sea."

The British North Pole Expedition of 1875, elaborately equipped and costing more than one-half a million of dollars, still had faith in this mythical sea and started bravely northward from the shores of Grant Land, pulling their heavy boats through and over the pressure ridges of

the Polar Basin. One by one they dropped with scurvy. Fortunately one man had sufficient strength to summon relief, else all would have perished.

I wonder how many can remember "The Hollow Earth Club," composed of men who believed and argued that the earth was not an oblate spheroid but cylindrical in shape. By sailing northward and thence inward, a man might reach the interior of the world. There he could find a great race of people living as comfortably and as prosperously as man on the exterior of the globe. The Aurora, hitherto a mystery, was easily explained. This was nothing but the reflection of prairie fires on the interior of the world through the holes at the top of the world.

This belief was revived seventeen years ago with the publication of "The Phantom of the Poles" by William Reid. I quote from that book as follows:

"The earth is hollow. The Poles so long sought are but phantoms. There are openings at the northern and southern extremities. In the interior are vast continents, oceans, mountains, and rivers. Vegetable and animal life is evident in this new world and it is probably peopled by races yet unknown to the dwellers upon the earth's exterior."

That such beliefs—ludicrous, ridiculous and otherwise—were existent in the minds not only of the ignorant but in those of the most highly educated is evidenced by the fact that there is a book found in nearly all of our best libraries entitled, "Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole." This book was written by the president of an American university, a scholar and a scientist, and one highly respected in educational circles. Many scientists were of the opinion that the Polar Basin was necessarily shallow. Many asserted that it was deep. One

well-known author and authority stated that undoubtedly there was a large mass of land at the North Pole as there is at the South Pole, that all great icebergs had their origin upon the shores of this land. And so on down through the centuries man has reasoned, guessed, conjectured, while the scientist has theorized as to the actual condition in the Far North. And man would continue to do so today had Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, Peary, and many others not gone North.

When the explorer looked out over the bow of his ship at the great white ice field of Baffin and of Melville Bay, he wondered what there was beyond, and man will continue to wonder until every coast line has been delineated and all lands accurately mapped. Strong ships were built to smash into that ice, and many were crushed. Yes, twenty in one day, including the whaler *Race Horse*, one of the largest and strongest of the Dundee whaling fleet, which was literally turned inside out, her keel bursting up through her deck, and her masts falling over her side! Stronger ships were built, and when blocked by ice, men stepped out over the rails, harnessed themselves to their sledges and plodded on northward, crossing treacherously thin ice, climbing pressure ridges, mounting glaciers, until they stood at the most northern point of land in the world and looked out over a restless sea of ice some forty feet in thickness and stretching over the top of the world to the northern shores of Siberia, a grinding mass, never still, winter or summer.

It seems but yesterday when Peary sailed out of Philadelphia on his first northern trip, and yet at that time the northern end of Greenland was a blank. No one knew how far North this land extended. Many declared that it reached on to the Pole itself and that its unknown end was pos-

sibly Wrangel Island, off the northern shores of Siberia. Landing on the beach, within twelve degrees of the Pole, with a broken leg, he would not go home. His friends believed in him. He would do what he came to do. In the early spring he disappeared up over the great ice Sahara. He had gone on into the unknown. He stood on the back of one of the wonders of the world, an ice shield or dome 500,000 square miles in area reaching practically from the sea to an altitude of 9,000 feet! A great level highway stretching indefinitely northward which brought forth the exclamation, "I've found it!"

What did he mean? A new and untried route to the Pole! Man had attempted with the strongest ships made to open a road through the ice of the Polar Sea and had failed. From now on dogs would do the work. As he went on into the North, to his surprise, his aneroid barometer indicated that he was going downward, and finally the day came when he stepped from the great ice cap into a rolling country, a land of butterflies, bumblebees, flowers, and herds of musk-ox. He had failed to reach the Pole, and failure was registered upon the minds of the public; but not upon the minds of the botanist, the entomologist or the zoölogist, who were not interested in the Pole but in the life of a theoretically barren and desolate region. Up to the present time, scientists have brought out of the North from beyond the Arctic Circle more than 700 species of phenogamous or true flowering plants. As far north as land goes we find flowers during the summer months. We find them at the edge of the glacier, great rivers of ice stretching from the interior. We find them bordering the snow banks, and we would find them at the Pole itself if there were land there. And how are they to be explained? Days and weeks and even

months of continuous sunshine, far more during the growing period than in more southern and temperate zones.

Peary failed again in 1894, failed again in 1895, failed again at Victoria Headland, again at Etah, again at Cape Sabine, again at Lady Franklin Bay, again at Cape Morris Jesup, again at Cape Sheridan; but each time he failed in reaching his objective he added something of real value to the knowledge of the world, either geographical or scientific. And then the day of all days, April 6, 1909, when at last he stood where no man has ever stood before or since! What did he find? That was the great question—one which man had been trying to answer for more than three hundred years. Land or no land, a deep or a shallow, or an open polar sea? No open polar sea! From Cape Columbia to the Pole itself, a distance of 413 miles, he found nothing but a great sea of ice, cracked by pressure into great pans, and by the pressure also squeezed up into gigantic ridges, many of which extended as far as the eye could reach.

There was no land, which he hoped to find. And very evidently there never has been land at the Pole, as quite conclusively proved by the line of soundings, the last one being taken at a point estimated to be about five miles from the Pole. A crack in the ice was found through which a lead could be lowered, and down, down it went for some 9,000 feet! A deep polar sea, and not a shallow one as some scientists were inclined to believe.

III

The attainment of the Pole naturally overshadowed other important work of the expedition, which was fortunate in finding two nests of the Knot (*Tringa canutus*), although the young had been reported to

be seen in this locality eight years before. Hundreds of fossils were gathered at the very edge of the Polar Sea. Coal seams within nine degrees of the Pole were examined and evidence found of a temperate and even tropical climate. Is it not of great interest and value to learn that where now we find 500,000 square miles of ice, the thickness of which no one knows, but which reaches an altitude of eight, nine, and even ten thousand feet, there once grew the giant redwoods of California! Think of a bed of excellent coal twenty-five to thirty feet thick at $81^{\circ} 45'$ North Latitude! Here we have one of the biggest beds in the world, and in that bed we find evidence of three species of pine, two of spruce, the bald cypress—almost identical with that of our Southern States—two species of poplar, birch, and hazel, a viburnum, and even a water lily! Hills now covered with ice were once covered with forests, and waters now at a temperature of 29.2° F., and practically concealed by the great polar pack, were as blue and as warm as the waters of our New England coast. During Tertiary times, according to Professor Asa Gray, "Greenland had the climate of Pennsylvania and Virginia." Such facts are of greater value than the attainment of a pin point in the center of a field of ice, the accurate location of which can never be found.

When walking along the edge of the Polar Sea twenty years ago, at a distance of 430 miles from the North Pole, in a slight depression in the sand not two feet above highwater mark, I discovered a single small egg, the egg of the Arctic Tern. When we grasp the full meaning of it all, we are amazed. In the tiny brain of that mother in her home in Patagonia, 11,000 miles distant, there was the instinct to go; and on she went up the west coast of South America, across the Isthmus of

Panama, on up through the United States and Canada, Labrador, Baffin Land, North Devon, North Lincoln, Grinnell and Grant Lands, to the very edge of the apparently limitless polar pack, and there built her home in preparation for the arrival of that tiny chick; 22,000 miles of flight to lay one tiny egg! And why so far? Is it not possible that at one time, hundreds of thousands of years ago, when white waters were blue and barren hills were green, that was the home of that bird? Home to lay her egg, hatch out her little one and lead it back on its long flight to its winter home far beyond the equator.

When a tiny wheatear, dead tired, fluttered through the porthole of my cabin with our ship frozen in $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from the Pole, I wondered; as I did when tiny eider ducks just out of the shell leaped to their death at the call of their mother; as I did when high on the cliffs in May with the air fairly vibrating with the whirring of the wings of literally millions of little auks, their one musical note swelled and decreased in volume like the peals of a mighty organ; as I did upon discovering a ptarmigan, breast stained with blood, bravely defending her eggs against the attack of a lemming. We were not exploring, discovering new land, or mapping the old; we were learning something of real value, the secrets of bird life at its most important period, the breeding season, chapters that have never been written in the "Life History of North American Birds."

And equally interesting is the animal life of the Far North. Explorers often have failed to reach their objective, but they have brought back many interesting facts for the scientist: that as far as land goes there is life, even in the middle of the long dark Arctic night. For many years we have reasoned that such animals as the musk-

oxen and caribou, grass- and moss-eating animals, must necessarily migrate south to obtain sufficient food to live, for all lands in the Far North must be buried deep in the snow. Now we know that there is not as much snow in North Greenland and Grant Land as we have every winter in New England. Snowfall depends upon humidity, and humidity upon the presence of open water, of which there is very little during the dark period.

The botanist, the geologist, the zoölogist, the ornithologist, the meteorologist, and even the entomologist are very much interested in the results of an Arctic Expedition, but not more so than the anthropologist, for we find here at the top of the world a race of people living as man lived thousands of years ago—a very primitive people, clothing themselves in undressed skins, living in a hole in the ground, subsisting largely upon raw meat; no books, no schools, no king, no queen, or chief—they are better morally, better physically than the best of the civilized races, and fully the equal intellectually, which supports the statements of Alfred Russell Wallace: "There is no proof of any real advance in character during the whole historical period. . . . That our mental faculties have increased in power during the last two thousand years is totally unfounded. . . . There is no proof of continuously increasing intellectual power. . . . There has been no definite advance of morality from age to age, even the lowest races at each period possessed the same intellectual and moral nature as the higher." Summing it all up, it amounts to this, that during the last two thousand years, at least, we have made no progress at all, physically, morally, or intellectually.

To meet this statement, some have said, "That can never be proved or disproved until we find a race living today

as man lived two thousand years ago." We have found them, the Smith Sound tribe of Eskimos, with whom we have lived for six years, within twelve degrees of the Pole. We have seen them under all kinds of conditions, winter and summer, and have traveled with them for thousands of miles with dog team. Our igloos have been filled with food, and all was happiness, laughter, and song. I have been with them when we were compelled to eat our dogs to keep plodding on and I found them always optimistic, cheerful, encouraging, generous to the last degree. E-took-a-shoo, Arklio, Ark-pood-a-shah-o, will ever remain with me as the best traveling companions I have ever had in twenty-six years of Arctic work. Savages, yes, but their hearts are the same as our own.

And in answer to that ever-recurring question, *why?*, I sometimes reply: "I believe that Arctic literature alone justifies the expenditure of every cent." Follow Peary in his long white march to Navy Cliff and back to his hut in Bowdoin Bay. Follow him on that midnight march to Fort Conger, the one man who dared to sledge in the darkness and bitter cold of the Arctic night. He gropes along the side of the building, pushes open a door closed for seventeen years by men who retreated south to die at Cape Sabine. He stumbles in with feet frozen to the ankles. Lashed to a sledge, temperature at sixty below zero, his toes sloughing off one by one, he was carried by his faithful Eskimos back to his ship frozen in the pack two hundred miles south. In the spring we find him headed northward again with a pair of improvised crutches lashed to his sledge! The guardians of the North, ever ready to thwart the purpose and ambition of man, must have bowed their heads in humble submission as "Peary-ark-suah" and his native fur-clad helpers picked their

way through the rough ice of Kane Basin. Sledges broken, dogs gone, twice staggering from starvation, he would return not for gold or fame, but to place the American flag where flag had never before flown. His words upon receiving the gold medal from the National Geographic Society reveal the character of the man: "The true explorer does his work not for any hopes of reward or honor, but because the thing he has set himself to do is a part of his being and must be accomplished for the sake of its accomplishment."

Follow the gritty Englishmen in their march along the unexplored shores of North Greenland in 1876. Inexperienced in Arctic travel, their equipment crude, cumbersome, pulling their heavy sledges, up to their knees and even mid-thigh in deep snow, they finally resort to standing pulls. With men dying, and all broken-down physically, Beaumont, their leader, writes a note and places it beneath the rocks, where it was found many years later: "We'll go on as far as we can and as long as we can. God help us."

Picture in your mind Scott and his men at the South Pole. Faces black with frost. Clothes stiff with condensation of weeks of travel. Wrists, fingers, and toes frozen, they stand beneath the British flag at the end of their seven-hundred-mile walk. They had pulled their own sledges as Englishmen should. They had won out against all the hostile elements of that great ice-covered land. But they were not happy. True, they had won, but they had lost. A few yards away the Norwegian flag was flying, found by them upon their arrival. I shall always believe that the sight of that flag was the cause of the death of Scott and all his men. They were not returning home as victors return, doubling and even trebling their marches. Spurred by the thought of success in their great under-

taking, each day's march would have been a bit longer, a bit nearer home, and nearer their cache of supplies. They camped twenty miles away, and there they remained caught by the blizzard, and daily becoming weaker. Oates, with feet and hands frozen, had been helped continuously by his three companions. He knew that they were giving him their strength, which might mean their lives. As he crawled into his sleeping bag he turned to Captain Scott with the words: "I hope I won't wake up in the morning." He did. He crawled out of his sleeping bag, turned to Scott and said: "Captain Scott, I am going out for a short time and I may not come back." He pulled the tent flap aside, walked out, and disappeared in the drift. You know the story. Months later Scott and his men were found frozen beneath the folds of their tent. Oates did what he could. By sacrificing himself, he hoped to save the lives of his companions. The name of Oates will never die, but will live on to awaken in the heart of every boy the best in him. In such acts—and there are many in the annals of Arctic history—we find the leaven that lifts the whole mass of humanity. Results geographic, results scientific, are not comparable to such as these which make for character.

The real value of Arctic work is the recording of hitherto unknown facts, pertaining to this world in which we live, the substitution of truth for ignorance, mere guesswork, and conjecture. And that is why we are going back into what is called "The Great White North," a land of midnight sun and noonday nights; a land desolate in the extreme during the winter months but bathed in sunshine during the summer, with secrets locked up in her hills and beneath her ice caps awaiting the explorer, the scientist; with facts to enrich the sum total of human knowledge.

THE OLD BLOCK

BY EUGENE ARMFIELD

IN THE warm afternoon the field was still, so still and quiet that nothing appeared to move. Even the giant dahlias did not stir, but silently held up yellow and orange, purple blossoms and absorbed light from the late September sky. Paul could hear truck tires sing on the distant concrete highway. He heard, too, his father's steps thud in the soft dirt and his clothes rustle against the plants. He sat back on his heels and watched the man's shoulders bob along the rows.

Paul Marsh looked over tall flame-colored blossoms at his son. His face was troubled and unhappy. "Hey-oh, Paul," he said, "I've been looking for you."

Paul smiled at the faint Southern drawl that always came back into his father's speech when he was worried. "Hello, Dad. I've been out here."

The man's look fell on the gnawed bulb in his son's hand. "What's that you've got there?" he asked with sudden interest. "Rats?"

"Uh-huh. But they just got one plant." He got up and handed the bulb to his father. "Nothing serious."

The man looked at it without attention. "We don't want to let them get started," he said listlessly.

They moved together, one on each side, down the row of flowers. The man idly tossed the bulb in his hand. He rasped his throat. "Your mother," he began. The boy looked quickly at him. "Your mother's been throwing a regular fit. Shut herself

up in the parlor with the shades pulled down. She raised all hell with me." Paul still looked at him; the man looked straight ahead. "I reckon you'll have to go tomorrow like we planned," he said.

The boy tugged his baseball cap farther over one eye. "Jesus Christ!"

In silence they walked to the end of the field. The boy sat down on an empty crate. Marsh looked unhappily at his son's tanned face staring at the brilliant flowers. "She's had her heart set on it ever since you was a baby," he said cautiously. "And she's been as bitter as a mean hen because I let you stay out this last year. There's nothing else for it. You'll have to go."

"Why doesn't she go to the damned college herself?" Paul burst out. "If she likes it so much? Besides," he said after a pause, "you can't afford it."

"Oh, I'll manage all right." He stuck his hands into his pockets. "You mustn't be too hard on your mother. She means it for your own good, I reckon. Maybe she's right."

The boy snorted. "Yah! My own good. You didn't have to go to college."

"Yeah," Marsh drawled, "that's what your mother says." His eyes hardened. "That's why she wants you to go." He looked at the ground a long time. Slowly his face grew red. "She doesn't want you to be like me. No-count. A fizzle. That's what she said." His voice was harsh; he did not see Paul's eyes turned startled on him. "She's always wanted to take you

away from me. Ever since you was born. Her, with her nerves and her elegant hands and her dark rooms. That's why she always calls you Everett." He sneered. "So you won't have the same name as me. Christ! She'd gnaw the guts right out of a man."

He threw the bulb he was still holding into the field. Swiftly he grabbed his son by the shoulders and jerked him to his feet. He gripped the boy's shoulders hard and looked fiercely into the face that was a more handsome replica of his own. Paul's eyes, level with his, bore his look unflinchingly; then, abruptly, the boy looked embarrassed away. Marsh turned aside, panting.

II

Paul swung his hands aimlessly, sat down again on the crate. He opened his mouth once, shut it. "Dad," he began, "I —"

"Naw," his father interrupted, "Don't say anything, son. Forget it. I'm sorry I busted out like that. I reckon I had to. I'm not apologizing. But forget it." He walked up and down, jamming his hands into his pockets.

The boy rubbed the dungarees over his knees. "Don't you suppose I could stay, Dad?"

"No, Paul." Marsh stopped pacing. "There wouldn't be any peace. And I've promised your mother. You've got to try it, anyway." The boy's eyes brightened. "You go tomorrow. Give it a fair trial. But if you don't like it, you don't have to stay. That's all I can do. Maybe your mother's right. Maybe not. Nobody can tell but you." He smiled slyly. "After a few months, if you're hell-bent on coming home I won't stop you."

Paul grinned and said nothing. The man sat down on the ground. Quietly they

watched the burning flowers tilted slightly toward the sun. Purple and yellow streamers floated before Paul's eyes. "It's funny, isn't it," he said, "to think how dead and brown they'll turn with the frost?"

"Uh-huh," Marsh answered. "It don't take much."

They were silent again. On the distant road a truck backfired loudly. The dahlias glowed in the quiet. Paul scraped at the ground between his feet. "You know," he said, "sometimes I wish I was a bastard."

His father chuckled. "That's a nice idea." He laughed. "Hell, man, even so I couldn't've had you all by myself."

"It's a damned shame."

Marsh grinned. "No, thanks." They both laughed.

The boy looked over the field. "It'll be strange not to help get the bulbs in. You want to look out for those rats."

"Yeah. Those bulbs've got to help pay your way."

"Well, more power to the rats!"

The man laughed and grew serious again. "Say, Paul." He stopped and cleared his throat. "Your mother thinks I ought to *talk* to you." The boy looked at him in surprise. The man fidgeted. "What with your going away to college and all, she thought it's my duty —"

"Good God," Paul interrupted. "What about?"

"Well, now, there's certain things —"

Paul grinned at his father. "I see. But you can save yourself the trouble. I suppose she wants you to tell me not to play with myself. Well, I don't. And you can tell her you won't always get something from fooling with loose girls. Because you don't. I know better," he added, looking his father in the eye.

"Well, it wouldn't necessarily kill you if you did," Marsh told him calmly. "If it did, you wouldn't be here sassing your

father, young man." He looked his son up and down. "I was your age once."

"You wouldn't believe it." Paul grinned.

"Oh-ho. Well, I ain't so old but what I can tan the hide off *your* behind, bantam. And I will, if I have any more of your lip." He grinned back at his son. Suddenly his face became grave. "But if you do get into any trouble, let me know. Mind, I'm not asking you to, but if you must, I'll do my best."

"O. K., Dad," Paul said.

"And now you better come tell your mother yourself you're ready to go."

The boy sighed and got to his feet. Marsh rose reluctantly. Paul entered the field between rows of reddish-golden flowers. The older man fell in behind him. Their shoulders bobbed among the blossoms.

"Good Lord, boy," Marsh exclaimed suddenly. "Can't I ever teach you not to walk pigeon-toed?"

His son looked round over his shoulder. "Haw!" he called, and he pointed to his father's feet. "Pigeon-toes yourself!"

Their laughter was loud in the quiet field.

THE FARMER LOOKS AHEAD

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

STOP in almost any town in the drought area in the Middle West and ask how's business and the ready answer is "better." Even the small lunch room has an eye to Eastern credit. Keep a stiff upper lip and above all don't let those sharks back East know that things are bad. They'll chop off credit as they did when the grasshoppers began to make the headlines. In Hill City, South Dakota, a woman in a lunch room said there was practically a boom in that town. One had no idea of the change from a year and a half ago. What caused it? Why, relief. But that wasn't all. There was a C.C.C. camp and the boys all had \$5 to spend every month. Besides that, there was a third factor. Farmers from the bad drought areas who had lost all their cattle and their homes came with their families to the Black Hills. They put up tar paper shacks by the creeks and panned for gold; didn't get much, but it came to around \$1.50 to \$2 a week. They spent that and then they spent the little nest egg they started with, perhaps as much as \$50. When it was gone, they went on relief, and oh yes things were very much better.

Whether you talk to farmer or merchant, cattleman or relief director, most people are touchy about the drought. They want you to know it is not deadly; it happened before. Only a few county agents, big farmers, Chamber of Commerce men and some bankers say that one good year will pull the farmer out of

the hole. They like to talk about the situation in terms of figures and records kept curiously sterile in compartments that have little to do with a new situation. All around them is evidence of a changing world; of land that is not the same even in its raw physical aspects as it was in other drought years. Erosion has been slowly at work crunching up the topsoil. Grazing land has been stripped of buffalo grass and cultivated to death. Dry hot withering winds may not be new in the Dakotas, but they blow now on land that has been homesteaded to its last inch. Every past depression bred a new migration wave. Unemployed from cities seeped out to the land to take up claims; farm failures in one section looked hopefully elsewhere. For the first time in the history of this country there is no fresh valley on the other side of the hill.

Yet unemployed have poured into the farm areas. The trend began as far back as 1926 when the long migration of country to town faltered. In 1930 the highwater mark of migration to farm from city was reached, but in 1933 it began to ebb again. Not back to jobs; but to unemployed relief, to shifts due to foreclosures on farms, to lack of any place else to go. The drought is not a new phenomenon, but it is combined this time with unprecedented factors. It finds the farmer not only without reserves, but faced with a government program of economy that paradoxically assumes surplus production.

Many a farmer in the Dakotas and Nebraska will eagerly tell you that his land is good when there is moisture, but question him a little longer, and he admits that return of moisture alone cannot save him. A deeper malady than drought has undermined him. Go back to the beginning of the homesteading of this country. Most of it was not so long ago, twenty-five and thirty years ago. Some original homesteaders are still on their own land or at least in the same State. Many carry their original mortgages. Here's a man who had a \$2,000 mortgage and has paid over \$3,000 in interest and still has a mortgage of \$1,800. He got his place twenty-two years ago and five years ago discarded a shack for a modest frame home. He carries a chattel mortgage on animals and machinery for \$575 on account of that home. His farm in Adams County, North Dakota, includes 160 acres of his own and 320 that he rents in conjunction with his son-in-law. He has had no crop in two years. This is the first year there is nothing in the corncrib, but corn in the crib did not pay off his mortgage even in good years. His cattle are mortgaged to the hilt and the old man's banker capitalized on his individualism to persuade him to throw in his mortgaged animals with his son-in-law's unmortgaged cattle in a government sale. The old man sold five head at \$93 and the banker pocketed the total sum.

Most farmers are not so easily buffaloed. They are not only not too friendly toward bankers; they are disillusioned about credit. Credit, they say, foisted mortgages on their backs, encumbered their land. They say they are the slaves of interest. In South Dakota a farmer homesteaded 600 acres of sandy soil twenty-five years ago; he said he made a bet with Uncle Sam he would own his own place in five

years. In five years he had a mortgage; he still has it. He and his wife both taught school, lived in a one-room shack, used boxes for furniture. Nine children were born. They scraped and scratched to get a house; the cyclone came and when they crawled out of the cyclone cellar all that they had was on their backs. Next the barn burned. Through it all they read and studied; he went to the legislature with hardly a change of underwear. When the cyclone wiped out their house, a baby was about to be born and the Red Cross offered help. They felt terrible, his wife turned white; they couldn't take help. This farmer, telling the story, laughs at this point and says the only difference between that time, eleven years ago, and today is that then they felt terrible to take help and today people feel indignant if they don't get it.

The majority of farmers feel they have a perfect right to relief. And more. They say they have a right to a decent standard of living; since 1921 they claim they have had to sell their products for less than it cost to produce them. Now that prices have gone up, farmers in drought States have nothing to sell and must buy at high prices if they are to feed their stock. At a meeting of the McKenzie County Holiday Association at Watford City, North Dakota, last October, a farmer made a speech to the seventy-five patched and overalled Holiday members:

Farmers have listened to advice, made two blades grow where one grew before. They've taken to heart every fake remedy offered. They never seem to want to offer us the right one. I was at a meeting where they said the schools must be closed. I says, Why? We got the school, plenty of teachers are out of jobs, we got the children, why not hold school? What in hell is the matter? It's time we began to think. They tell us we got too little, so we pro-

duce more. Then they say we don't prosper because we got too much. I'm on relief now. Many are. I can't see much difference between now and two years ago when lots of us had a crop and no price.

I was on relief twenty-five years ago. We didn't call it that but I had to borrow money, get credit from the store or the bank. Now we can't get credit at the store or bank, so we get it from Uncle Sam, that's the difference. There's no sense why men and women should go without clothes while they plow under millions of acres of cotton. We had a lot of fun around Wheelock. I noticed [previous speech] that you paid \$15 to a lawyer. That's more than all the darn lawyers in North Dakota are worth. (Applause) Here's a paper [holds it up] made out fine and proper, seals and all. Aren't we foolish to think a little paper like that can take away a man's crop that he worked for? It's only a paper. A sheriff came with this crazy paper to take a neighbor's crop, but we turned out with a hundred men, and before we got through we had the paper and we had the crop. Why, he might as well have brought along a newspaper.

I don't know, maybe we are crooked down there. Wouldn't be surprised, look at all the tricks they've learned us. A neighbor came and told me he was in trouble, he'd sold mortgaged cattle and kept the money himself. I've always noticed there's no difference between mortgaged and unmortgaged meat when you come to eat it. That man's family was starving and he sold twenty-three cattle; he had forty-one and kept eighteen. We got bail for this fellow and scared up enough people to fill the court-house. I went to the mortgage holder and I told him he could take his choice, take the eighteen cattle and hand back the mortgage papers or hold a Sears Roebuck sale and he could have the proceeds. He took the stuff and was glad to call it quits. Maybe that ain't right.

But I'd like to know whose fault it is? That man had *produced*. He'd a right to something. A man should not have to battle for the right to live on these prairies, but by God if we have to fight, let's give them a good fight. They'd give

us one. When I see men and women gnarled and bent trying to seek protection from this damnable system that brought them to what they are, I know we have to do this job ourselves. No one will do it for us. Politicians won't. (Hearty applause) I don't know how we are to raise the standard of living under a system that lets men go barefoot because they make too many shoes, that lets them go hungry because they got too much food, that keeps them unclothed because they got too much cotton. We are going to make demands on relief. Our cattle are gone. We haven't got a bushel of grain to sell. If prices are high, we have nothing to sell. Our demand should be that we shouldn't grab hold of a shovel to stick into a gravel pile when it's 40 below; that only brings us down; they always want to bring us down, lower and lower.

II

Anyone who thinks this is just a speech of a Holiday politician should try combing the highways and byways of the Middle West farming States. Two streams of talk seem to have launched themselves into the air; sometimes the two touch. Toward the top you have approval of the A.A.A. expressed chiefly by town people, their spokesmen, the newspapers, county agents, government representatives and big farmers. This talk is mixed with the favorite panacea of the talker. It may be a demand for cost of production, a credit dollar based on the value of the dollar when the debt was incurred, the Frazier-Lemke Refinancing bill, even inflation. Curiously enough, this layer of talk frequently incorporates a demand mostly heard among the debt-burdened farmers.

The debt-burdened farmer who says he can no longer buy anything but interest is monotonously repeating that he can never stagger to his feet unless the huge farm debt is "wiped out." Some extension

men, county agents, farm organization officials who do not want to be quoted are of the same opinion. Some of these people speak not from personal conviction but because they feel the pressure of opinion behind them. Not all are as frankly outspoken as O. L. Brownlee of the *Sioux City Tribune* who asserts that 90% of the trouble would be eliminated by wiping out the debt. A friend of the Adjustment program, he nevertheless points out that if we could forget the war debts, we can forget the huge farm debt.

Most of the people churning around with reforms are divided against themselves. The air is thick with contradictions. The one common ground is desperation to get somewhere else than they now are. The only agreement common in these stricken States seems to well up from beneath without relation to organizations of any kind. It is the sort of talk heard over and over in the countryside from the small farmer, who is the great majority, and who is concerned with a few fundamental things. He wants the debt wiped out, he wants to stay on his farm and to farm, and he wants food.

Underneath the barrage of schemes, cheerful editorials in small town papers that "we are on the upgrade now," the steady common talk goes on. It is possible to travel in the Middle West and get a bland picture, but try going on back roads, talking to dirt farmers, attending their meetings. Most relief directors, even, will give an honest picture of a desperate situation. In South Dakota one-third of the population was on the relief rolls last October with no let-up in sight. In North Dakota about the same condition existed. Figures are misleading. One must remember that relief checks paid to farmers do not stay by them. They pass into the hands of the store-keeper, the banker, the

landlord and insurance company for back debts and present food needs. Taxes in some counties show increased payments this year over last. Does that mean the farmers' outlook is brightening? Not at all. It means he has got checks for cattle gone forever; that in a year of drought he is paid for not producing. The checks are not large. The average corn-hog check in Nebraska was said to be \$90. It is soon swallowed up by debts and interest. The farmer who does not pay debts first with cattle money or benefit payments is not able to get either human or stock relief later if he needs it.

In many parts of the Dakotas one may travel 400 miles without spotting one green thing. Huge piles of Russian thistle are the one sure crop in many counties. In some places they have had no crops for five and more years. It's true that the picture is spotty; in many places a crop was raised, but the total yield for South Dakota on all crops was the lowest in many years. As much as 60% of the cattle in that State had been culled in October. In North Dakota 900,000 head had been purchased with authority to purchase 50,000 more. The State had about 2,000,000 cattle to begin with. It takes five to seven years to build up a herd. Many farmers have had their cattle practically wiped out.

It is clear that some farmers benefit by such a program; others lose out. In Jones County, South Dakota, 13,000 cattle had been purchased by October; 10,000 were left to winter through. One wealthy rancher is going to winter through 900 cattle; he only got rid of 100 animals. On his ten sections of land there is not enough grass to keep the 900 alive, but he has wheat left over from a 35,000 bushel crop in 1932. He has feed, he has cattle. He gets rid of his 10% even at an advantage. "They were all old shells," he says. "Reg-

ular gummers, didn't have a tooth in their heads. They weren't worth anything but they brought out a calf every year so I kept them." He got top price, \$20 for these old shells. In his same county many farmers were obliged to sell 75% of their animals. Most of them will need feed loans this winter. If good times come, the big farmer is in a position to profit. His neighbors will have to buy from him if they are to get a base to build up a herd again. Prices are bound to rise, they say, and it certainly seems to be true that to him who hath shall be given.

If this man's neighbors are being ironed out, he will tell you they are "shiftless." One may trace some of this shiftlessness to its source. In the State of North Dakota and part of Montana the land may be termed semi-arid. It is fine land but has not only relatively low moisture but hot dry winds. On such land it is not possible to farm successfully, experts say, without a large acreage that will allow a ratio of $\frac{2}{3}$ pasture and $\frac{1}{3}$ tillable soil and a surplus yield to carry over the bad years. No farms under 640 acres have a chance for success, says Karl Swanson, Extension Agent for Williams County, North Dakota, in the *Dakota Farmer*. Of the prosperous farms in that area that I came in contact with, not one had less than a thousand acres. When this land was homesteaded, the government was in possession of a weather record reaching back far enough to prove without doubt that any farm less than 640 acres was doomed to failure, yet it allowed men to prove up on 160 acres. The policy led to heartbreak for three men out of four, says Mr. Swanson. Nine times out of ten "shiftlessness" means lack of original capital. In a haphazard system there are also bound to be misfits who should be somewhere else. Much of the Dakotas was homesteaded by

hopeful clerks and teachers looking for a better break. They mortgaged their land at the start for money to equip a farm. They still have mortgages. Most farm experts agree that the operating cost is less per big unit than per small unit. Under the present reduction plan, the small fellow is even further handicapped. With some of his land out of production, he has fewer alternatives to turn to, fewer combinations to compensate himself with.

III

The casual observer runs around the Middle West and reports that everything is fine and dandy because the farm income in dollars and cents is greater than last year. He even sees fine looking buildings without stopping to inquire if they are mortgaged beyond their saleable value. This type of observation ignores where the money that does come in, goes. It does not see that the reduction program hands out checks with one hand and decapitates with the other. The small farmer is the majority even according to government figures. In this country 2,500,000 men farm less than fifty acres apiece. In North Dakota where the farm should be 640 acres for profit, it is 480 acres. According to Mr. Willson, director of State Emergency Relief in North Dakota, there are 10,000 farmers already on a subsistence basis of nine animals to a farm in his State.

When the crop loan official of Knox County, Nebraska, reports that a big farmer gets a feed loan amounting to \$1,325 a month without the necessity of reducing one animal, at the same time already owing some \$55,000 to Reconstruction Finance, it is time to ask what kind of deal the farmer, who is not teacher's pet, is getting.

Here's a farmer in the same county who has sixteen head of cattle, 100 chickens, four horses, seventeen hogs, and twenty sheep, a \$4,000 mortgage on 250 acres of land good for nothing but cattle raising, interest at 5½% to the Federal land bank. This man has not had a full crop in five years; in 1933 he got one-half a crop, this year nothing. No truck grew this year in the baked soil. His family needs food, but he doesn't want to ask for relief for his family because they will make him reduce his animals to ten units. A horse is a unit, a cow a unit, two sheep a unit and so on. A man on the ten unit system cannot give a note for a feed loan; he must pay cash, that is, work out relief on the road for his animals to the amount of \$25 a month as well as for his family who rate from \$16 to \$20 a month.

This farmer has diabetes and does not know if he can stand the road work, but his chief objection is that if his animals are taken away, he does not see how he can ever build up a herd again. He has therefore applied for a feed loan and this very day received \$40 for a month's feed for his animals. To get it he had to agree to do away with the old white horse, the children's pet, kill a milk goat, get rid of four young steers and possibly the four heifers also. He can keep eight milk cows, six brood sows and one male and can hold on to four more for his own food later; the rest of the seventeen hogs he must get rid of. The chickens are too skinny for food, they don't lay as they don't get feed, and feed relief provides only five cents a month per chicken. This farmer does not see much hope for his future if government plans are to be his one standby. Moreover, his family is hungry and he has been obliged to use some of the money intended for feed for human food. His storekeeper gladly gave him the voucher

necessary to get a renewal of his loan next month. "We'll put it down *feed*," he says as he makes up the grocery order, "and needn't tell them whether it's human or animal."

This man is no isolated case. County after county reports that from 75 to 90% of its farmers are on feed relief. In North and South Dakota the unit system is not enforced in all counties as it is in Nebraska, as yet. But the tendency seems to be to force farmers who must apply for relief, either for themselves or their cattle, to a smaller unit of production. These small farmers are saying that they are being forced out of commercial production. Certainly the small farmer, already under an economic handicap, is more penalized than ever by crop and cattle reduction. If farmers are beginning to question just whom planned economy is intended to benefit, this is the reason.

A farmer may get human relief, feed relief and seed relief. If he gets human relief he is allowed, in most cases, to work out the amount required on the road. The relief director decides what is "required" and it differs according to the size of the family and the locality. Families of five in South Dakota were said to rate \$30 a month; I found only one that actually got that amount to a dozen surveyed; \$4 a week was nearer the average actually received. With this sum, relief meat and clothing were provided, and South Dakota seemed more generous in its distribution than North Dakota, Nebraska or Iowa, perhaps because Governor Berry was running for reelection and was also the relief head of the State. Feed loans may be had on a farmer's note but his cattle must be mortgaged in order to get such a loan. A farmer to get any kind of feed relief must be mortgaged to the last dime.

Perhaps that is why they call it "bank-

ers' relief" out here in the Middle West. Farmers wonder why, if it was the intention of the government to help them, they can get no help unless their property is in reality no longer theirs, but the bankers'. Their answer is that it is the banker whom the government wants to save, it is the big competent farmer who has stock and reserves who must be kept in the picture if commercial farming is to continue.

IV

Do not blame the farmer if he does not put too much stock in plans. They read the papers; they know millions are hungry. They are even told so by that agricultural "expert," Dr. Tolley, who in one breath advises crop reduction and in the next tells his audience that if this nation was properly fed, not less but 75,000,000 more acres would be needed in production. The farmer is bewildered by the contradictions of his advisers. Doubt does not always appear in words first; it makes itself felt in more devious ways. It takes the form of personal apathy toward Mr. Roosevelt as a magnetic figure. You still hear, if you ask, that Mr. Roosevelt means well but that Mr. Wallace should be done away with. They have a story out here about the pigs slaughtered. The little slain pigs are supposed to cry as their throats are slit, "I did my bit for agriculture, now Mr. Wallace, you do yours," the story-teller signifying what should be done by a gesture across the throat. Even the Democratic vote in these States may be analyzed as a not too overwhelming affirmation. It was, however, a decided no for the Republicans. With relief almost the sole issue, poverty stricken people did not dare tamper with the vote. And relief has spread like doped honey over all. The trouble is, that farmers want more than

relief. They want to farm and to pay their own way and they see all the plans supposedly for their welfare militating against any speedy return for the majority to commercial production.

Why, if the government wanted to help the farmer, didn't they pay a price for cattle nearer what it cost to produce the animal, they ask. Twenty dollars will not buy new stock even if they can get it. With the feed shortage and farmers using for human relief the money intended for cattle, it looks as if about half the cattle would die before spring. In North Dakota they expect the price of a good breed cow to run to \$75. Where is the farmer, burdened by feed and seed loans, often encumbered with actual food needs for his family, in many counties mortgaged from head to heel, to get a base for a new herd?

The farmer does not know. He is anxious for the moment about the winter, about getting relief. The actual feed shortage complicates everything. It is a black cloud. In Iowa, where they had crops, they took cattle from the drought States for pasturage and now they are wondering where feed for the lot is coming from. In a Southern Iowa county where there was a crop shortage this year, they had reduced the herds 25% and there was only a 15% feed supply on hand to feed the 75% cattle remaining. A survey was about to be made, and farmers who did not have feed, would be obliged to reduce. Again, to him who hath, shall be given.

Bankers try to tell you that the whole trouble is the high wages paid industrial workers. The high wages make the things farmers must buy too dear for the farmers' purse. Bring down the city worker, says the banker, but the farmer answers, what good will that do? We haven't enough of a market now; if the city worker gets less money he will be able to buy less.

It takes a really prosperous farmer to say, as he does, that "overproduction or underconsumption, it's all the same, the market is all that counts." The little fellow may not have reserves, but he knows people need food and he wants to provide it. The only planned economy that will ever look like anything to the farmer is one that will take basic needs of an entire population into consideration.

Farmers are beginning to doubt that the administration can or will provide such a plan. The vote on the reduction programs needs to be looked at twice before it raises loud cheers. Many farmers did not bother to vote; many who voted say they did so, not because they believe in it, but because the program will be put in force anyhow, and they will be penalized if they don't get in it. They are obviously bewildered and impatient of the plans buzzing around them.

Experts bump into one another. The subsistence farm, already so unpopular with farmers that they must sugarcoat the pill with another name, can take care of only a minority. This minority of "better credit risks" failed to make a living on 160 acres, but are now to be given a shot at 40 and 80 acre tracts in South Dakota, even 5 and 10 acre tracts, with a mortgage debt extending into the future 30 years. No one knows how the farmer on such a plot can keep up the differential within his farm unit without a perpetual benefit payment. No exponent of the scheme that I talked to is able to explain how it can be worked out or how it will produce anything but a peasant standard of living for those who undertake it.

Is the farmer going to accept this solution? And what of the many for whom no subsistence farms will be provided? Is cheap labor needed to work the big units going to be found in the thousands pushed

off their individual farms? Is the administration deliberately aware of the end in view, or is it playing for time, hoping for fresh domestic markets, for a break in the foreign market, for perhaps—war?

Whatever the answer, the small farmer feels himself pressed to the wall. New calls to pioneering do not raise any great shout. Is the struggle never to get its reward in the richest country of the world? they ask. Homesteading days are hardly around the corner; the bulk of farm homes have no electricity, no modern plumbing, telephone lines are down in back country, rusty heaps of machinery stand in a scramble of uselessness. Yes, money has poured into the farm belt. Yet the corn-hog check in Nebraska, averaging about \$90, was the only cash many farmers saw. Insurance companies were standing ready to grab it. Interest on mortgages could chew up twice that amount. In Iowa the mortgage debt still stands at around \$66 per tillable acre. A fine State capitol rears up in North Dakota. Nebraska has a State house it can be proud of, and shallow Eastern correspondents report that everything is fine and dandy, and art is flourishing in the corn belt.

Business is "better." So long as the little store-keeper keeps open, he is willing to think the world is on the up and up. But farmers look on dead cattle they have raised with sober eyes. They hate to see good hog meat wasted, fields lying idle. And if the only organizations in the Middle West heartily behind the A.A.A. program are the Chambers of Commerce and the Farm Bureau, the latter of which the farmer likes to call the "company union" of the farmer, it is because farmers will never really get behind a planned economy that provides for reduction rather than production of food in a world that *they know* is hungry.

ALSO-RANS OF MUSIC

BY SCHIMA KAUFMAN

IN ALL of the arts and sciences, in politics, in finance, there have been figures who at one time vivified the scene of their activities, and then, through some freak of fortune, dwindled away into nothingness—the analytical study of a few scholars, a legend or a blank to the mass. They are the men, infinite in number, who represent the flesh between the great ribs of history, which without them would be no more than an uncovered skeleton of gaunt bones. They had great talent, genius even, sometimes outshining their contemporaries whose names gained enduring luster only in a later day. They are the “also-rans” in the lively race of immortality. The public and private libraries are their club houses and retiring rooms. Sometimes they are called again.

First place among the Also-Rans of Music indisputably belongs to Alessandro Scarlatti, not so much for the enormous quantity of his interesting productions as for his contributions to the development of musical form. A link, like Mendelssohn, who drew the ends of classicism and romanticism together, Scarlatti bridged the dark abyss between the contrapuntists and melodists. Indeed, E. J. Dent, in his “Alessandro Scarlatti,” a volume of formidable scholarship, yields him the title of “Father of Classical Music” and calls one who had never seen him, his best pupil—Mozart.

A not inconsiderable fraction of MSS. of Scarlatti's 114 operas, 500 chamber-cantatas, 10 masses, 10 symphonies, 4 string

quartets, motets and madrigals “rests” in libraries at Berlin, Bologna, Brussels, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Rome, Dresden, Darmstadt, Florence, Munich, Montecasino, Milan, Modena, Naples, Padua, Palermo, Paris, Münster, Venice and Vienna. But the dust of few has been disturbed since the composer's death, more than two centuries ago.

Alessandro Scarlatti today is frequently confused with his son, Domenico, whenever the “Pastorale” or a sonata by the latter appears on a violin or piano recital program. Thus the irony of fame is complete. Alessandro is not only unheard in his own right, but is credited with the slight works of another.

Perhaps this is because so little is known of his life. The very date and place of his birth are conjectures which scholars put forth with faint certainty as 1659, in Trapani, Sicily. A year or two or ten or a hundred miles do not matter much when a man's genius is merely so many sheets of forgotten music paper. But it is known that his first opera, “Gli Equivoci Nel Sembiante ovvero L'Errore Innocente,” was produced at Rome in his twentieth year, under the protection of Christina of Sweden. This was an open challenge to the Papal representatives, for Scarlatti was already then in bad repute at the Vatican because of the “misconduct” of his sister with an ecclesiastic.

It was an age when the princes of Church and State were the all-powerful

rulers of the arts. Nor was the influence of a middle-aged ex-Queen to be despised. After five years in Christina's service, Alessandro and his brother, Francesco, retired to Naples. Their sister, Anna Maria, a mediocre opera singer, had prepared the way, obtaining for them the respective posts of Maestro di Capella to the Viceroy and violinist in the chapel royal. Anna Maria's preparations, being through a court official, were principally carnal, and before long a public scandal broke out, "not so much on grounds of morality as from motives of chauvinism."

Alessandro remained at Naples eighteen years, which also speaks well for his sister's extra-musical gifts. He married, had three or four children, wrote operas and cantatas in lightning-like succession for the royal palace and royal theater of San Bartolomeo—and sold his soul to popularity. Thereafter followed a short tenure at Florence, where he groveled before and produced masterpieces for Ferdinand de' Medici, vacillated between Rome and Naples, and finally died at the latter place in 1725, having outlived his fame in virtual retirement, "a crabbed and eccentric harmonist."

Scarlatti's character was obviously that of an unmoral opportunist who could flourish on a sister's infamy. He could also crawl on his belly while thanking an inconstant patron for accepting his operatic gems, "—Your Royal Highness has been pleased to choose rather from mine than from those of many other composers, much better than myself, any one of whom could be a master to me"; and "I am confounded by the sense of my own unworthiness," are typical passages from letters to his clients. They do not have the convincing ring of sincerity, and, what is more unfortunate, irreparably conceal the man's true personality.

It was so with his music, too. "I have paid more attention," he wrote to Ferdinand de' Medici, "to the mixed character of the audience, than to the natural impulses of my own insipid pen . . . and perhaps the music will be able to give more pleasure to those who like to take home with them some tune that they can easily remember, and that all can sing."

This from a man who established the form of the aria as it was known until Händel's death, developed the independent overture and the ritornello (symphonic interlude), gave the strings the prominence they now hold in the orchestra, and elaborated the accompanied recitative, which served Richard Wagner so well.

II

That change in style toward the close of the Sixteenth Century, which represented a rebellion against the dull polyphony of ecclesiastical music, is generally referred to as "The Renaissance of Music." In spirit a return to nature, it looked longingly at the musical ideals of old Greece. But it did not assert itself vigorously until the powerful Monteverdi (1567-1643) devised a new system of harmony which present-day theorists are more familiar with than his operas. His pupil, Cavalli (circa 1599-1676),—who, Romain Rolland says, "dominated the whole of Italian opera writers of the Seventeenth Century (not excepting Monteverdi himself)"—scattered abroad the seed that found such fertile soil in Lully (1637-1687). And it was to Paris for study with Lully that Charles II sent Pelham Humphrey, later Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal.

This is the musical lineage of Henry Purcell, the greatest composer England has so far produced. An exact contemporary of Alessandro Scarlatti, he had more in

common with his Italian colleague than the development of music toward a goal of emotional realism.

The year and place of his birth are also unauthenticated, but tradition ascribes them to 1658, in Old Pye Street, Westminster. His whole life seems to have been bound up with Westminster. Twice he occupied the post of copyist at the Abbey, and in 1680 he was appointed its organist. Fifteen years later, at the age of thirty-seven, he was buried beneath the great instrument where he has kept watch on England's music ever since. No musician could ask for more. Not many got as much. Until 1870 Britain's claims upon musical independence lay beneath the organ of Westminster, too.

As a chorister of the Chapel Royal, Purcell came under the tutelage of Humphrey, who in his inconspicuous way strove to make listening to music a pleasure instead of a penance. At seventeen the pupil was so far advanced that his setting of "Dido and Æneas" showed "an instinct for music-drama far ahead of his time". This was mainly through the aria in which a solo voice became the central character of a dramatic situation. Purcell had ample opportunity to experiment with this novel idea in the fifty-three operas he found time to write. His most modern example of it, according to Stanford and Forsyth, is the scena in the "Indian Queen," written in collaboration with Dryden.

Purcell was marked at birth for an early grave. His father, Henry Purcell the elder—entered in Pepys' Diary as a "Master of Musique"—endowed his children with musical talent, tuberculosis, and poverty. Also the will to please. Young Henry began making himself agreeable by writing music for an "Address of the Children of the Chapel Royal" at twelve. In ten

years he was already a 33° toady with a "Welcome, Viceregent of the Mighty King" for Charles II. Perhaps there was a flash of subtle humor beneath the composer's powdered curls when he wrote this. Certainly, of the many treacherous, intriguing, profligate kings England had, Charles II was one of the most despicable—and affable. "The Merry Monarch" loved his pleasures passionately, and music was one of them. But this did not deter him from being rapacious enough to begrudge Purcell the few pence paid in admission fees by visitors to the organ gallery. However, the "Welcomes" went on just the same until the composer's last year.

Efforts at resurrecting Purcell have been many. The most notable were undertaken by the Purcell Club and the Purcell Society, in England. The most amusing was the posthumous publication of a plagiarized score, self-dedicated. It is a sheer waste of genius, with musical creativeness at its present low ebb, to ignore Purcell's excellent contributions. Especially the "Ten Sonatas of Four Parts" which are as representative of his best distilled musical thought as are Beethoven's string quartets that master's finest expression. Alas, they were permanently embalmed in a bicentenary edition by well-meaning zealots and have rarely lifted their voices since. In this country no more than a scant dozen or so have been privileged to hear them.

III

Two of Time's erstwhile darlings are the violinist-composers, Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf (b. Vienna, 1739—d. Neuhaus, Bohemia, 1799) and Ludwig Spohr (b. Brunswick, 1784—d. Cassel, 1859). Occupying dominant positions in the music of

their day—Dittersdorf was considered the German Gretry, while Spohr contented himself with being called by many the superior of Beethoven—one is today chiefly remembered for a single string quartet encore piece, the other for a few violin concertos and duets which rarely escape the privacy of the pedagogue's studio.

It is difficult to say which was the more important figure. Violin virtuosi of the first rank and prolific creators in every form, each has left the impress of his character upon music. Some may be inclined to favor Spohr, who was certainly the more individual personality. But taken from the long view, the very force of his individualism, being neither the outgrowth of logical necessity nor the springboard of a new school, mitigate his claims as a challenging composer. His real contribution to music was in an external way. He founded the modern school of conducting. This was in answer to urgent need, and that it became the springboard of a new school—for good or evil—is beyond dispute. Dittersdorf, working in conjunction with Haydn, helped the string quartet into its first pair of long trousers.

Von Dittersdorf—just Ditters before ennoblement—had a singularly charming personality, that, if not profound, at least spoke pleasantly to the heart. His violinistic descent was from Vivaldi and Tartini, as distinguished from the more sombre school of Corelli. In composition he was influenced by his great intimates, Haydn and Gluck. But he was no ordinary *musician*. Thanks to an early patron, he received training in all of the graceful accomplishments of the aristocracy. He was an admirable linguist, horseman, dancer and fencer. This versatility made him a prime favorite with nobility, and an intriguing figure to musicians and public.

Dittersdorf's life was typical of the itin-

erant virtuoso of the Eighteenth Century. A day or a week or a year or ten at this court or that; dependence upon the bounty of princes; and tremendous industry. Perhaps the part he played in the development of the string quartet form was no more significant than that of any other intelligent creative artist writing copiously in a new form. But he must have been more than ordinarily promising, for he and Joseph Haydn (who turned Beethoven down as a pupil) studied many new works together. He says in his memoirs: "Whenever we heard a new piece, we went through it carefully together, doing justice to all that was good, and criticizing all that was bad in it." Gluck, the king of "world-opera," was no less proud to be associated with him. On one occasion they traveled together to Italy on a professional tour.

IV

A man of vastly different kidney was Ludwig Spohr. Of herculean physique, and egotism and bluntness to match, he truckled to no one. His opinion of himself was always of the best, and it is written large upon every page of his disarmingly frank "Selbstbiographie." One of the most traveled musicians of his age, early successes in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, Russia and England did nothing to deflate him. Rather, when he was compared favorably with Händel and Beethoven, he was fully prepared to accept the verdict. But he was no braggart, unless austerity is an introverted form of braggadocio. The man simply had no sense of humor—and his nerves were sound.

Like any contemporary virtuoso worth his salt, Spohr composed most of the music for his own concerts. But the limitations

of his inventiveness were a stone culvert before imagination. He wrote hundreds of works in every extant form, trotting out the old Spohrian ideas and devices with deadly regularity. Even when he thought he was working out new forms—*viz.*, double quartets, symphony for two orchestras, quartet-concerto, etc.,—the well-known voice of Master Spohr was heard in every note.

Preoccupation with self was at once the Kapellmeister's besetting sin and virtue. While it prevented him from absorbing the progressive musical tendencies of his time (he was a radical in politics!), it kept him one of the most individualistic of composers—probably because he was comparatively self-taught in composition and ma-

tured early. He believed himself a disciple of Mozart, but this belief was as askew as some of his judgments of other composers. There is not even a microscopic trace in his angular music that might be termed derivative of Mozartian clarity, freshness or ingenuity.

His "Gesangscena" concerto for violin, rarely played in public now, remains his most enduring composition. But he has earned the eternal reward of all who would swing a baton. For it was Spohr who suppressed the confusing custom of dividing authority in the orchestra between the leader (*Conzertmeister*) and the conductor (at the piano), thus giving the entire spotlight to the wielder of the stick—Spohr!

CORRUPTION IN THE WORLD WAR¹

BY MARVIN ROBERT BENDINER

MUCH has been written in praise of America's business administration of the World War. The swift mobilization and transporting of our armies was from the start seized upon to weave an aura of infallibility about the business experts who sat in Washington. The war was a "gigantic industrial undertaking," and industry, in the person of a genial, well-groomed business man, was portrayed in countless posters with a comradely arm about the clean-cut, square-jawed man in overalls. It was a pretty picture of democracy triumphant. But the truth of the matter is that while America's man-power got to France quickly enough, the record of the war administration in the matter of equipping its forces is obscured in an almost impenetrable fog of waste, incompetence and graft.

It is impossible for the writer, in many instances, to offer conclusive proof of dishonesty, if by proof is meant the citing of criminal conviction in the courts. Such convictions would have had to originate in the Department of Justice, and, as Attorneys-General, Messrs. Gregory, Palmer and Daugherty proved far less than adequate. Indeed, concerning the conduct of that department under the Wilson and Harding régimes, we have the acid comment of a thoroughly responsible authority (Captain H. L. Scaife, the man who unearthed much of the aircraft scandal) that "so far as the

Department of Justice is concerned, it no longer functions except in the capacity of first aid to crooks." All that can be done in the space of this article, therefore, is to offer the reader glimpses of the picture revealed by tons of testimony taken before Congressional investigating committees and other specially created bodies.

The library of material on the business conduct of the war reveals Uncle Sam as an incredibly naïve and frequently willing dupe for anybody in the country who had something to sell. Goods were bought at fabulous prices under contracts that allowed the seller no chance to lose. Brazen alliances between private producers and men in the government service were rife. Tip-offs, unscrupulous manipulations and the most shameless favoritism in the awarding of contracts were the rule of the day. Vast overstocks were laid up in government warehouses, enough in the case of some products to supply the army if the war had lasted twenty years. In the year and a half of her participation, the United States spent in cash more than \$15,000,000,000; she set up hundreds of private concerns in business, building their factories for them and advancing their capital; and in scores of instances she received absolutely nothing in return. For the seller it was, remarked Marquis James in one of an excellent series of articles in the *American Legion Weekly*, "heads I win, tails you lose, the most perfect example of the game in all history—and for the highest stakes."

¹This is No. 4 in the series of Thieverties of the Republic.

Nowhere was the myth of Big Business efficiency more thoroughly exploded, more completely laid open to ridicule, than in America's production of aircraft during the World War. In the spring of 1917 anyone would have told you that we were going to "win the war in the air." We had the factories, we had the technicians, we had the money. Automobile manufacturers fell over each other in their haste to put their plants "at the disposal of the government," and it was confidently asserted that we could without difficulty produce 3,500 planes a month. War Department plans called for an armada of 20,000 fighting machines. The German planes were to be swamped by sheer force of numbers. The nation's money flowed into Washington, and a confident Congress lost no time in showering the War Department with fantastic sums to be spent on aircraft. The appropriation, allowing for excess deducted after the war, amounted to \$1,051,511,988, or ten dollars for every man, woman and child in the country.

America was undaunted by the fabulous appropriations. She was prepared to sink her millions into a fleet of 20,000 fighting planes. Sink her millions she did, but when the smoke had cleared it was revealed that *not one American-made fighting plane of any description ever reached the front!* On November 11, 1918, the United States could point with small pride to the following record of planes used by our aviators in France:

American-built pursuit planes or combat planes—None

American-built bombing planes—None

American-built observation planes—213

Machines bought from Allies—527

Nor was the miserable quantitative failure the only distressing aspect of the aircraft program. Of the wretched fleet of 213 observation planes sent to France, all the

machines were De Haviland 4's, known in the war days as "flaming coffins." General Pershing denounced the DH-4's in a fiery cable to the War Department in which he cited no less than fifty defects. The gas tank was so situated that it presented the greatest possible target surface for enemy fire and made death inescapable for the pilot in the event of accident. It was a slow plane, moreover, in comparison with European models, and hopelessly unadapted to warfare. A grimly conclusive demonstration of the utter inadequacy of this plane, selected by our War Department over the finest models of our Allies and stubbornly adhered to in the face of bitter condemnation, took place in October, 1919. In that month the army staged a transcontinental air race. Seventy-three airplanes participated, of which 39 were unconverted DH-4's. In this peacetime sport event ten men were killed—nine of them in the De Haviland machines. Small wonder that fatalities among our airmen were proportionally three times as great as those of the Allies.

II

The task of concealing from the public the abysmal failure of the aircraft enterprise was entrusted to the Committee of Public Information, whose contribution to the war was mildly characterized by Charles Evans Hughes as a "series of misleading public statements made with official authority." Again and again, in a report released in April, 1918, by the Aeronautical Society of America, the War Department was charged with outright and shameless deception. Glamorous announcements on the progress of the air forces were issued daily, when in truth no progress had been made at all and millions of dollars had been wantonly squandered. Pictures later

revealed to be snapshots of obsolete and discarded French models, and in some cases of penguins (short-winged training planes, incapable of rising more than ten feet into the air) were released to the press as photos of American planes on French fields and were run under such captions as "The Terror of the Air." To add insult to injury, the public was asked to buy these pictures at ten cents apiece (stereopticon slides, fifteen cents) from the Committee on Public Information. For a while the Aeronautical Society was, in its own words, "under the impression that such statements were issued for the deliberate purpose of misleading the enemy. It regrets to have to say, however, that it has become apparent since that it was to mislead the American people that these statements were issued . . ."

That is rather strong language to use in wartime, but how else could the Society view Secretary Baker's statement of February 21, 1918, that "The first American-built battle planes are today en route to the front" in view of the fact that the first observation plane did not leave the United States until late in the following month and *no battle plane ever left for the front?*

What lay behind the failure of the aircraft program? To be sure, there were lack of experience and the necessity of starting from scratch at a moment when there was scant time for leisurely experimentation. But in view of the technical experts, the wealth, and the going factories of the country, as well as the freely offered experience of our Allies, these reasons hardly seem sufficient to explain so abysmal a failure. The findings of at least six investigating bodies point in another direction.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, who had maintained an enthusiastic though amateur interest in aeronautics before the war, was among the first to sense that the drift

of the aircraft board was not in the direction of "winning the war in the air." He acquainted himself with the progress of the work, wrote a series of fiery letters to the *New York Times*, and succeeded in gaining the ear of President Wilson and the United States Senate. The lid was off. The Senate appointed a committee under the chairmanship of Senator Thomas of Colorado, and Wilson asked Charles Evans Hughes to make a thorough investigation. The reports resulting from these probes have subsequently been verified and supplemented by Captain H. L. Scaife of the Department of Justice, and, finally and most completely, by the sub-committee on aviation of the House Select Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, headed by William J. Graham of Illinois.

Persistently and ominously recurring in all the investigating reports is the name of Colonel Edward A. Deeds, who became head of the equipment service in August, 1917. Deeds had achieved some notoriety in his home State of Ohio before his country's call brought him to Washington. Only four years before his appointment to the directorship of the aircraft division he had been prosecuted for bribery and criminal methods in driving his competitors out of the cash register business, and had been convicted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. The case was later reversed on appeal and no retrial was held. The War Department apparently saw nothing in Deeds's record to make it think twice before appointing him, but subsequent findings, as we shall see, reflect scant credit on the Department's judgment.

Charles Evans Hughes succeeded in producing evidence in the form of letters and telegrams establishing Deeds's connections with several organizations that benefited hugely from government contracts. Chief among these was the United Motors Cor-

poration, which controlled the Dayton Engineering Laboratories, makers of the Delco ignition system. Deeds had been vice-president and director of United Motors until the month he took office, at which time he transferred his holdings to his wife. The specifications for the first 20,000 airplanes ordered under Deeds's administration called for the Liberty motor, which was regularly equipped with the Delco ignition system. Now, the Liberty had never been used for airplanes, nor was any technical reason advanced in its favor. On the contrary, all the committees and experts that investigated the air contracts commented unfavorably on the persistence with which the War Department committed itself to the exclusive use of the Liberty. No less than "789 changes were ordered in the construction of the Bristol, which was a reckless attempt to fit a foreign machine to the heavy Liberty motor in which all our interests were pooled," reported the Graham Committee, adding that "\$6,000,000 was wasted before the Bristol was discarded early in 1918." In all, nearly \$75,000,000 was expended in useless experimental planes, before it was admitted that the Liberty could be used for bombing or observation planes, but was unfitted for fighting planes.

Deeds's dubious interests were not confined to airplane engines. With the Wilbur Wright and McCook aviation fields, on which the War Department lavished nearly four million dollars, he maintained, according to Hughes, unofficial connection by means of questionable stock transfers. The property, it was charged, "had been transferred to intimate business associates on their unsecured notes, which are overdue and unpaid save to a small extent." Under the Colonel's direction, a subsidiary of the Dayton Metal Products Company, of which he had originally owned one-fourth

of the stock, received a government advance of \$2,500,000, which was exactly two and a half times the amount the company itself had invested in its plant. Four of Colonel Deeds's recent business associates, Hughes pointed out, were in charge of companies which "had the assurance of very large profits upon a relatively small investment of their money," and were drawing salaries, aggregating \$253,000, that were being charged to the government as part of the cost of manufacture.

By taking easy advantage of contracts drawn up by Deeds, several motor companies were enabled to realize astounding profits. One automobile company, for example, was given an order for 6,000 Liberty motors at a profit of 15% on a bogey, or arbitrarily fixed price, of \$5,000 for each motor. The contracts allowed for a bonus of 25% of the difference if the engines were produced at a lower figure. Deeds had been clearly informed by disinterested experts that the bogey was much too high, and sure enough, the motors were ultimately turned out for as little as \$3,200. The company made not only its guaranteed profit of \$750 on each engine, but a \$450 bonus as well, or a total profit of \$1,200 on each \$3,200 unit. Another automobile company succeeded in getting government advances of \$10,800,000 and a whole series of one-sided contracts that eventually yielded it a profit of \$13,987,000 for 6,500 motors. One aircraft manufacturing organization was paid \$59,000 for the same airship which another contractor had been building right along for \$18,900; while the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation was charged by Captain Scaife with having got away with a 270% profit in place of the 8% to which it was entitled. The cases cited are typical rather than exhaustive. Obviously, to many top-notch industrialists, winning the war was plainly secondary.

Charles Evans Hughes concluded his report with the recommendation that:

The evidence with respect to Colonel Deeds should be presented to the Secretary of War, to the end that Colonel Deeds may be tried by court-martial under Articles 95 and 96 of the Articles of War . . . [and that] the officers found to have had transactions on behalf of the government with corporations in the pecuniary profits of which they had an interest should be prosecuted under Section 41 of the Criminal Code.

III

It is interesting and illuminating to learn what disposition was made of the Hughes report. The lesser figures—Lieutenant-Colonel Mixter, who was found to have owned Curtiss Airplane stock while in office, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Vincent, vice-president of the Packard Motor Company—were “pardoned without trial” by President Wilson. Deeds’s case was referred to Brigadier General S. T. Ansell, Acting Judge Advocate General, and a board of review. Ansell, supported by the Attorney-General, concluded that the Hughes investigation “so clearly indicated conduct calling for his trial by general court-martial . . . that the only adequate disposition of the case of Colonel Deeds is the preferring of charges against him as above recommended.” But contrary to all precedents, Secretary Baker over-rode the recommendation and, in an action which the Graham Committee termed “at once astonishing and significant,” requested the acting judge advocate general to reexamine Deeds and to call further witnesses who might aid in the inquiry. Ansell, taking orders like a good soldier, duly reported his change of heart. Without batting an eyelash, he solemnly announced in December, 1918: “The conclusion of this office is, therefore, that Colonel Edward A. Deeds should not be

tried by court-martial on account of any of the transactions discussed in this memorandum.” A few days before the filing of the report, Deeds was tendered a banquet by his fellow-officers at which his superior, General Squier, is said to have pointed out that Deeds’s “irregular acts” were of considerable service in winning the war. To which the Colonel himself responded with a few sentiments concerning the “spiritual gains” from the great conflict.

Despite the amazing revelation of graft and incompetence in connection with the aircraft program, it must in fairness be admitted that no small measure of its failure was due to understandable ignorance in a newly-created industry. Other phases of war production, unfortunately, could offer no such special pleading, and as a consequence, the private producers fell back on their one supposedly sure-fire excuse—speed. It was speed that made bidding for contracts impossible; and speed likewise served as the defense for choosing the cost-plus contract. By this type of agreement the merchant received the entire cost of his product plus either a fixed profit or a percentage based on the cost.

Just how the cost-plus contract could have been even theoretically regarded as a time-saver is mystifying. Labor costs were included in the figure on which the profit was based, so that the longer a job took, the greater the profit to the contractor. Thus a premium was literally placed on extravagance and delay. A typical and well-rounded picture of how this system worked out in practice is afforded by the Graham Committee’s account of the erection and management of the government’s powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia.

Informal arrangements had been made in the summer of 1917 with E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Company to build a powder plant for the government and to op-

erate it as an agent. Du Pont employed a certain Daniel Cauffiel to take options on land needed for the plant at Nitro. Property in the neighborhood of the projected plant had been selling at prices ranging from \$23 to \$160 an acre. Cauffiel came on the scene and, according to the charge of the investigating committee, entered into an agreement with a local real estate firm whereby he was to give full information concerning lands desired by the government, and was to receive in return 5% of the firm's gross business for the year. In his own name, Cauffiel had already taken an option on a lot known as the Mohler tract for \$20,000, which he now sold to the realtors for \$120,000, and then, as an agent for the Du Ponts, promptly bought back for \$146,125. The government, of course, was to pay all expenditures for land and construction under the cost-plus contract.

Soon after the purchase of the land the contract with Du Pont was for no stated reason canceled, and the job of construction given to the Thomson-Starrett Company under a broad contract let by D. C. Jackling, the newly appointed director of explosives. Then the sport got under way in earnest. The report of the Graham Committee, in describing the general trend of testimony taken at the hearings, declared:

Universally, they [the witnesses] spoke of the extreme waste, of the final disposition of all who were employed there to do as little as they could and get the greatest possible compensation. . . . There was a general spirit among the men and an understanding that they were not expected to perform good service, and that if they did, they would incur the ill will of the managers of the work.

It was revealed at the investigation that the engineer who had recommended the laying of an altogether useless wooden piping system received \$100,000 for his advice. Hundreds of men were assigned to a given

section of the plant and kept there from three to five days before any work was assigned to them. Teams were requisitioned and sent to places where there was nothing whatever for them to do, at a cost to the government of \$8 a team. Trees were, for no apparent reason, shifted with elaborate devices from one section of the grounds to another. It was estimated that the cost for moving one such tree was \$3,000. Most of the trees died in the process, and would have died in any event, according to expert testimony, on account of the acid fumes from the plant. On one occasion Secretary Baker was scheduled to make a Liberty Loan address at the Nitro plant. To clear space for the erection of a platform, a large force of men was set to work hauling off immense piles of perfectly good lumber, covering an acre and a half, piled ten feet high, and they burned every bit of it. Millions of feet of lumber were involved, and the labor of moving it alone cost the government \$2,500.

All in all, the Thompson-Starrett Company charged, and received without question, a fee of \$760,000 for work done in connection with the contract, including a waterworks with a wholly uncalled-for pumping capacity capable of caring for a city of 600,000. The entire plant, built at a cost of \$60,100,000, was ultimately sold to the Charleston Industrial Corporation—with \$6,500,000 worth of stored government property thrown in for good measure—for \$8,551,000!

Just as in the field of aircraft production and in the building of powder plants, the cost-plus contract dogged the government's footsteps in the construction of its training camps. By the fall of 1917, sixteen army cantonments had been built, under the chairmanship of William A. Starrett, of the New York architects' firm of Starrett & Van Vleck, at a cost to the government of \$206,632,920. When the Graham Com-

mittee got down to the task of examining the expenditures on the camps, it requested bids from a reliable contractor, matching the War Department report item for item. Here are some of the Committee's conclusions: In the case of Camp Travis, which represented the least loss to the government, the taxpayers were robbed of \$3,346,173. From this minimum difference between "proper" and actual costs, the losses range all the way up to the \$7,243,149 waste at Camp Lee. In all, the painstaking figures of the Committee point to a total loss of \$78,531,521 on the sixteen camps. Enough money was wasted, in other words, to have built at "proper cost" the eight largest cantonments.

Page after page of the Committee's report on the camps is taken up with such testimony as the comment of W. C. Bowman, timekeeper for A. Bentley & Sons. It was the Bentley concern that built Camp Sherman for \$5,000,000 more than it had any right to cost. Said Mr. Bowman:

The story was going round that the more money that was spent in the construction, the more money the Bentley Construction Company would realize out of it. I reported one man who was always loafing on the job to J. B. Kelley, general carpenter foreman for Bentley, drawing \$15 a day, and asked him why he didn't fire him, and Kelley replied, "Oh well, now, I will tell you a secret; the more money we spend here, the more money my boss will realize." I asked one foreman how he was handling his men and he said, "I am not handling them. I am keeping them on the payroll."

"While soldiers at the front received \$30 a month," commented the Graham report, "the government was paying \$50,000 a month for mere personal supervision, which consisted in many instances of riding around a camp grounds in an automobile for perhaps 30 minutes a day."

Several years after the war, Assistant Sec-

retary of War Crowell, William A. Starrett and other members of the Emergency Construction Company were actually indicted for fraud in connection with the building of the cantonments. Demurrers filed by the defense, however, were sustained by a District of Columbia judge on the ground that the defendants had simply been carrying out Secretary Baker's orders, which the Court held were not subject to its review. The matter was summarily dropped.

IV

Contemporary historians are given to commenting on the absence during the World War of the bad-food scandals which featured the Civil and Spanish-American Wars. If contaminated foodstuffs failed in any appreciable degree to reach the men in the camps on which the government was squandering its millions, it was no fault of some of our leading food magnates. In the closing days of the war, the Federal Trade Commission made a rather cursory survey of the food situation. Its findings were hazy and inconclusive. It admitted that a mass of expert and practical testimony left in doubt the question of whether a huge quantity of army beef was fit for human consumption, and that out of 539,662 pounds of ham sold to the army, 428,878 pounds had to be rejected; but it failed to establish "the element of wilfulness on the part of the vendor."

Not even the lenient Commission, however, could doubt the "wilfulness" of the Pacific coast salmon vendors. It was established by government inspectors in the fall of 1918 that seven out of nine canneries in the State of Washington were deliberately shipping rotten fish for army consumption. Salmon, it was charged, was transported a distance of 105 miles, from the feeding grounds to the canneries, without icing,

and at least two of the companies "made no attempt to sort out decomposed fish." Inspection of the Blaine Canning Company and West Coast Canning Company revealed that "fish were caught and transported from Vancouver Island and were sometimes out of the water six or seven days before canning." The West Coast cannery was found "canning decomposed fish."

The Graham Committee, after reviewing the evidence, was prompted to declare that "the canners who packed it, knowing that it was intended to be eaten by our soldiers, should have been brought before a firing squad." Quartermaster General Rogers apparently felt less strongly on the subject. Out of 39,232,032 cans examined by government chemists, 5,013,120 were found to be rotten. Did Rogers bring immediate charges against the deliberate poisoners? Not at all. He decided, instead, to allow the canners a rebate of \$454,404 on the rejected fish to prevent their suffering "serious financial embarrassment." The remainder was to be shipped, at government expense, to consumers on orders from the canners. Freight and packing charges cost the government \$205,768.19, bringing the total rebate to \$660,172.19. The utter inability of the Department of Justice to take an effective hand in this outrage was just one more of the instances that caused Congressman Graham to conclude his report with the weary reflection: "It matters not how many criminals have been uncovered, it goes without saying that none will be prosecuted. . . . What this committee uncovers will be laughed to scorn by the War Department and the Department of Justice."

We have, so far, scanned the records in the production of aircraft, in the building of munitions plants and cantonments, and in the handling of food supplies. On all sides we have seen waste, mismanagement

and corruption. But the picture is far from complete. We have yet to see how two of the nation's brightest industrial lights, Charles M. Schwab and Edward N. Hurley, managed the building of the country's ships.

In September, 1917, a contract was drawn up between the Emergency Fleet Corporation (a government agency, wholly controlled by the United States Shipping Board) and the American International Corporation of New York. The latter, with its affiliated concerns—Stone & Webster and the New York Shipbuilding Corporation—was to purchase for a sum of \$1,706,000 a tract of 846 acres on Hog Island, in the Delaware River, near Philadelphia. There it was to erect a shipyard and proceed to the manufacture of troop and supply vessels. The contract was awarded on the basis of an estimate of \$21,000,000. All funds for the project were to be supplied by the Fleet Corporation in advance, and the agent's compensation was to be a fixed percentage of the cost of building the yard and the ships. It was understood, of course, that the estimate at the time the contract was signed was tentative. When, at the end of November, the agent put in a revised estimate of \$27,000,000, it was assumed that two months of work had offered a basis for a more accurate judgment, and it was taken for granted that the final cost would not be far from the revised figure. Concerning both the price of the land and the cost of the work there were surprises to come.

Early in 1918 reports of serious disorganization and gross negligence at the Philadelphia yards began to stream into Washington. President Wilson directed Attorney-General Gregory to investigate, but long before Gregory's report was filed, the Commerce Committee of the Senate unearthed the disconcerting evidence that the

Philadelphia capitalists who sold the Hog Island site for \$2 an acre had a few months prior to the sale been asking only \$1 an acre for the same land. Congressman Snell charged on the floor of the House that the government had originally been offered the property for \$800,000. After some dickering, he maintained, the transaction was dropped until, some three or four months later, the American International Corporation bought the property for the government at \$1,706,000.

After scrupulous investigating, Attorney-General Gregory reported a vast hodgepodge of mismanagement. "It was impossible," he complained, "to determine from the records of the company what material was received or what was done with it when received or what was on hand." Bills were prepaid but no effort was made by the contractor to be sure that the bills were followed by receipt of the material paid for. The accounting system must have been almost non-existent, to judge from the report's comment that "At no stage of the work since last December could it be determined what any unit of plant construction cost . . . The agent never attempted to supervise either its own work or the work of its subcontractors from the point of view of what the work was costing." A large number of Stone & Webster men, it was revealed, had been transferred to Hog Island jobs at almost twice their former salaries. Men getting an average annual salary of \$3,973 were now on the government payroll at an average annual salary of \$5,879.

But the crowning touch was still to come. The Hog Island project cost the United States, up to September, 1918, not the originally estimated \$21,000,000, nor yet the revised figure of \$27,000,000. Hog Island cost the country \$61,000,000! The Attorney-General remarked feebly: "A discrepancy

of this magnitude would seem to call for a clear explanation from the agent, but this has not been furnished." Twenty years after the war it still remains to be furnished.

Shipbuilding frauds were in no sense limited to the Hog Island yards, however. It has been definitely established that expenditures amounting to fully \$2,000,000,000, or half the total disbursements of the Emergency Fleet during a period of seventeen months, were unsupported by proper vouchers. Representative Snell, pressing for an investigation in 1919, read excerpts from a certified public accountant's report. One ship, the records showed, for which the Board had paid \$700,000 was on the ocean exactly four days when it had to be repaired at a cost of \$50,000. It was sold shortly thereafter for \$200,000. According to the accountant's figures, the cost of ships was extended to include such items as band concerts and glee clubs, police event tickets, expenses at the Army-Navy football game, contributions to St. John's Church, and subscriptions to an Elks' convention. On all of these "costs" a 10% profit accrued to the shipbuilder. "They not only made themselves a good fellow at the government's expense," protested Snell, "but they made a profit on it."

The inevitable Congressional investigation followed. A committee, this time under the chairmanship of Representative Walsh of Massachusetts, proceeded to record volumes of testimony showing heavy and inexcusable losses sustained by the government, and in general the same riotous waste and incompetence that had been the burden of the Graham Committee's report. Shipyards had been built so far inland that canals had to be dug in order to launch the ships. The National Shipbuilding Company of Savannah had established a yard a mile and a half from the place it had represented itself as having a going plant, and

the government was finally forced to furnish funds to dredge a marsh before operations could be started. In the end, the yard failed to complete a single ship. Another company, after six months' work on a Shipping Board contract calling for ten vessels, had completed only a tool-house. One astute contractor reaped a tidy sum by buying up life-boats from the salvage service of the Navy for \$10 apiece and selling them to the Shipping Board, manned by the Big Business minds of the nation, for \$110 each. Repairs were a source of infinite plunder. William R. Morton, a deputy chief of the Fleet Corporation, told of a Norfolk repair yard that employed a chief blacksmith, one assistant, and a chief mechanic just to put a hinge on a galley door. "The hinge cost 83 cents," said Morton, "and I think the bill was \$161."

V

With the signing of the Armistice the orgy of corruption, far from coming to an abrupt end, became even more frenzied. Only now the method of operation was reversed. The government was now the merchant, and goods that had crossed the counter at twenty times their market value made the return journey at insignificant fractions of prevailing prices. It would require an article at least as long as this one to list the gigantic frauds of the post-war days, when not even the excuse of speed or the panic of the moment could be offered in mitigation. Beef bought at 43.6 cents a pound was sold to favored bidders for 1.3 cents at the same time that government purchasers in other departments were still buying it up at the market price of 35 cents. Sugar sold

for 8.7 cents while the army purchasing department was still taking it at 15. Deals unparalleled for audacity were put through daily. Francis P. Garvan, Acting Alien Property Custodian, sold to Francis P. Garvan, president of the Chemical Foundation, more than 450,000 chemical patents seized during the war, for less than 2% of their value. Many single items in that transaction were worth far more than Mr. Garvan charged himself for the entire property. Concerns which had been making fabulous profits on the government pleaded successfully for permission to continue—"for the sake of their workers." Thus it was that fully one-fourth of the shells ordered during the war were manufactured after the Armistice.

I have tried to convey some idea of the dead certainty of graft in a war managed wholly by profit-seekers—as, at bottom, what war is not? No phase of America's wartime production was free from well-organized and systematic looting at the hands of the country's business men. From the very consistency and thoroughness with which it is practiced it must be plain that profiteering is far more than a sporadic weakness of human nature; it is part and parcel of a system. To the American Legion, which hopes naïvely to eliminate profits from the next war without altering the economic structure, we can only pass on the words of a respected citizen whose company swindled the country out of millions of dollars at Hog Island:

"You cannot keep a corporation alive on patriotism. You can keep the individual going on that basis, but you cannot keep a corporation going on it. They have got to have dividends; they are stockholders."

THE STATE OF THE UNION

A MINIMUM WAGE COMES TO NEW YORK

BY ALBERT PARRY

New York City

THE eyes of reformers in several States are now being turned toward New York and its newly-born Minimum Fair Wage Act. The reasons for this are two: New York is the greatest industrial State in the Union, and its act has more and sharper teeth than any similar measure of the earlier days. The act is less ballyhooed but surer of its grounds and aims than any N.R.A. code. The general feeling is that with the success or failure of the act in New York, the entire body of legislation of this sort will either triumphantly swim or ignominiously sink.

The agitation for a minimum wage law in New York dates back to the shock of the Triangle factory fire when, on March 25, 1911, more than 100 girl-workers perished, and frightful conditions of sweatshops were generally revealed. The State legislature then appointed the Factory Investigating Commission, with Robert F. Wagner as chairman and Alfred E. Smith as vice-chairman, and for several years they continued to submit voluminous reports and recommendations. Some of the mess in New York's industry was thenceforth mopped up by various laws and regulations, but a minimum wage law remained a pious wish. Other States, less industrial, were meanwhile adopting minimum wage laws, and at one time it looked like a virtuous stampede, but it was abruptly halted in 1923, by a court decision in the

District of Columbia. The enemies of such laws had hollered about these sinful violations of the sacred "freedom of contract;" they pointed to the Constitution, notably to the Fourteenth Amendment and its injunction that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." The District of Columbia court upheld these and other challenges. A number of States then repealed their minimum wage laws, and others, New York included, checked themselves in their reformist tendencies.

Less than ten years later came the depression. The New Deal dawned, and with it a change of sentiment. Protecting the wage-earner became the thing. If now there came a test case of the constitutionality of the minimum wage law, hardly a judge would have dared to repeat the bigotry of 1923. So the middle-class reformers, such as the well-meaning ladies of the Consumers' League, demanded and got the passage of the Wald Bill, decreeing as mandatory a minimum wage scale for women and minors in the State of New York.

The Wald Bill became a law on May 2, 1933. It vested in the Commissioner of Labor or his representative the power to investigate the wages of women and minors employed in any occupation in New York State except domestic service or farm work. A petition of fifty or more residents of the State can start the commissioner on an investigation. If his investigation proves the existence of oppressive and unreasonable wages, he calls

together a special board to set fair wages for the offending industry. Employers, employés, and the public send three representatives each to make up the board, and one of the representatives of the public sits as chairman. The board hears the evidence as presented by the commissioner, summons witnesses and payrolls, and finally sets the minimum wage scale for the industry. The commissioner approves the scale, though, before he does that, he may go through the motions of displeasure, ordering the board to reconsider and give him another scale, or even summoning a new board. Then comes the enforcement of the new and fair wages.

This starts in a mild enough manner. After the new wages are first decreed, there is the so-called directory period of nine months. It is really a period of grace. The offending industry is given a chance to set its house in order. During this period, the offenders are punished by no more than the publication of their names in the newspapers. But after the nine months comes the more lasting era of a "mandatory order" issued by the commissioner if it appears that the offending industry failed to show complete obedience. Violations of the minimum wage scale are then punished by fines and even imprisonment. The Department of Labor will collect for the worker the difference between the minimum wage and his actual weekly envelope. It looks, all in all, like a paradise for the worker. But let us see how the law functions in practice.

The only industry in the State of New York to be thus far drawn into the orbit of the Wald Act is the laundry industry. A happy selection, that, for the initial field of action. The laundry industry has long been known as infested with shoe-string, fly-by-night, sweat-shop operators. Its slaves are Negro girls, also elderly Italian and

Puerto Rican women, all of them not given to fighting for their rights. The operators, however, claim that they, too, are slaves and victims. They point to a great company for the manufacture of laundry machinery as the real villain of the piece. The machinery being complicated and expensive, the company boosts its sales by starting new laundries and giving their "owners" what appears to be generous credit. These nominal owners are in eternal debt to the company, and in certain cases the company actually takes over the defaulting laundries and runs them itself. It is a new version of the old story of breweries owning corner saloons. There are too many laundries as it is, say the operators, yet the company encourages an ever-constant crop of new ones, for the sale of the machines must go on.

Then there are the laundry-wagon drivers. The true aristocracy of the industry, they have a strong union of their own; they hold the names and addresses of the customers, and often this is their inviolate property and not the laundry-operators'. Their earnings are good and steady, at the alleged price of the slavery of the wash-and-iron women. Impartial observers have noted that the adoption of a minimum wage scale for laundry women and minors was met with displeasure by the laundry drivers. This is another and more telling illustration of the attitude of the old-line male unions toward the protection of women and minors in American industry.

It is the drivers who are often responsible for the cut-rate tactics, competing with one another as they are for the expansion or the very existence of their routes. The bosses say that they are helpless against the drivers' price-reductions to their clients. It is on record that even before Governor Lehman signed the Wald

Act, the State Department of Labor received petitions from some laundry owners to apply the new law to their industry first of all, so as to save it from the ruinous competition pushed forth by the devil-may-care laundries and their drivers. It seemed that certain unscrupulous laundries in Brooklyn became so bold and greedy as to send their trucks to Binghamton, Newburgh and other up-State towns to scoop up business, offering low rates based on the laundry-women's starvation wages.

After a few months of investigation and public hearings in New York, Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany, the newly created wage board set a scale of minimum wages for the laundry industry. Elmer F. Andrews, the Industrial Commissioner, approved the scale, and it became effective on October 2, 1933. But this great mountain of exertion produced a very small mouse of actual wages: in the New York City area the basic scale was 31 cents an hour or \$12.40 for a week of forty hours, while in the rest of the State it was 27½ cents an hour or \$11 a week. Both the middle-class humanitarians of the Consumers' League type and the State Department of Labor people sadly admitted the inadequacy of such scales, but optimistically stressed the paragraph of the Wald Act giving the commissioner the right to reconsider the scale after it had been functioning in a given industry for one year or more. Now the time specified is up, but the commissioner has not as yet availed himself of his right. The scales remain the same.

The nine months of the directory period passed, on the whole, uneventfully. The names of laundries violating the law were duly published, the consumers' organizations and women's clubs threatened to be guided in their patronage by those lists,

and some of the laundry operators professed to be scared but others were indifferent. Loopholes were burrowed here and there, some laughable, others effective. A Chinese laundry employing women reported that it had seventeen partners and only nine employés, in the hope that employés listed as partners would not have to be paid minimum wages. A more skilful method was adopted by a number of laundries which issued fake pay-envelopes to the amounts required by the regulations, but in fact paid from \$4 to \$9 for a full or more than a full week. This method was varied by the old "kick-back" feature, that is, the right amounts were paid, but the employés had to hand the difference back to the foremen or employers. The women were told by the bosses to lie to the inspectors for fear of losing their jobs, and in a multitude of cases they did lie, and still do, making the work of inspection and detection extremely difficult. It is to the credit of the State Department of Labor that it employs, as inspectors and ferreters-out of these violations, not mere clerks and political nephews but upright young men and women of college education, some of them with two degrees, all of them with dogged zeal and infinite patience and great capacity for leg-work and lie-spotting.

The grace period of nine months ending July 2, 1934, and the laundry house remaining unclean, more public hearings were held in various cities of the State, and finally the Mandatory Order was issued, affecting more than 22,000 women and minor laundry workers and 2,210 laundry owners. Now the struggle promised to be grim. Court action, fines, prison terms and the like were in store for the violators.

The zealous young men and women of the State Department of Labor and their

hard-working chiefs redoubled their efforts. What happened? True, in many cases, they have been able to collect for the workers the difference between the wages specified by the wage board and the money actually received. In addition, the violators have been fined. But the curious and significant angle of these fines is that they are imposed for the violation of an older law limiting the number of hours that a woman or a minor may work, and not for the violation of the minimum wage scales. The ugly shades of the District of Columbia decision are only too apparent. The New York State Department of Labor would welcome a test case upsetting that legal precedent, but it is proceeding cautiously. It would welcome a test case if and when it is good and ready, if and when it has a fool-proof, sure-fire case.¹ The path of reform is beset with many misgivings even in this era of the New Deal, and you can't really tell when the true bosses of the situation may not decide to bare their own teeth, model 1923.

In this mandatory period of fines and other cunning and dire punishments, the search for loopholes has grown desperate. Since the scale of fines is graduated, the offender tries to keep his sin eternally a "first offense," and thus escape with small fines and no prison terms, by changing the name of his establishment. Thus, Saratoga Laundry becomes Laratoga Laundry; Blue Eagle Laundry changes into Blue Ridge; while Rugby Laundry becomes Cornell Laundry, then Hornell, then Harnell. Another line of escape is suggested by the doings of a certain linen

¹ Such a test case, arising out of charges of violating the Minimum Fair Wage Act, has been brought up in New York City since this article was written and set. Forgery in pay-rolls to conceal violations, and the "kick-back" racket, constitute its main points. The case is now pending.

supply company in the metropolitan area which fired all its women and minors and hired men destitute enough to work for \$12 a long week. But this line is fraught with danger to the bosses, for men workers, though unprotected by minimum wage laws, will soon or late organize a union and demand higher wages. Which would mean trouble.

Summing up, it took more than a year for the Wald Act to be felt in only one industry, and then inadequately. Aside from the loopholes, there is the fundamental wrong of a minimum wage which is very minimum indeed. Eleven and twelve dollars a week is a hunger wage, especially when a whole family depends on it. It is rather a ridiculous spectacle when a pretty good State machinery is maintained and a great charge of youthful honesty and zeal is fired to ensure a worker as little in actual compensation as that.

You may say that the principle is important, the principle of the State at last getting after the exploiters. But how about getting after the big exploiters setting up the little exploiters in business? Aren't these big fellows at the root of the trouble, and shouldn't something be done about them?

The real answer to both these problems—the inadequacy of the present minimum wage, and the technological blind-alley of the big company that has to set up new laundries to keep its own business going—may well be in the State ownership of both the laundries and the laundry-machinery companies. They cannot pay their slaves truly fair wages, and they cannot refrain from opening new and unnecessary shops at every corner. Very well, then, let the government, State or Federal, take this weak industry over.

With this cudgel kept over an offending

industry, the Wald law may be more effective and fast-working than it has proved itself so far. Perhaps, this cudgel is what the reformers in other States should remember and quietly but efficiently provide for when they start emulating New York and its minimum wage law. But will they? Can they?



IGNOBLE JOURNALISM IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

BY MARGUERITE YOUNG

Washington, D. C.

THE five daily newspapers of Washington are reactionary, sycophantic, provincial and banal. Upper class culture seems to be their chief concern, yet the æsthetic effect of their contents is that of a Liggett's drugstore window on a one-cent sale day. It is a fair wager that the majority of the country's newspaper readers couldn't name one of the five, for they enjoy only piddling prestige beyond the District of Columbia. Even in Washington, the two papers which are most thoroughly read for adequate coverage of national news are the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. They have comparatively larger circulations in the capital than do Washington papers in New York. The latter are rarely quoted in the nation's press, and when they are it is upon the innocent and natural but wholly unsupported assumption that their geographical location renders them better-informed than those elsewhere. The reverse is true. This capital, alone among those of the powerful nations, is completely insulated from the vital forces of the national life.

Local staff members receive less in aver-

age earnings than the disgraceful median for the profession, \$38 dollars a week after twenty years' experience. This does not wholly explain the low level of the newspapers, however; the chief trouble is with the publishers. They address themselves to the most conservative section of the government personnel, than whom there is no more intellectually barren type, and to horsy Society.

Once upon a time the *Washington Star*, owned chiefly by Frank B. Noyes, the dean of Associated Press dodoes, had an editorial policy exhaustively described by the remark that it could always be depended upon to print annually two editorials entitled, respectively, "Swat the Fly!" and "Save the Dogwood!" Things have changed somewhat since then, but only superficially. The change began with the advent of the *Washington News*, established by Scripps-Howard to be a show-piece for the Liberal chain. This pumped pep into the field. But the *News* never came within hailing distance of its New York sister, the *World-Telegram*; and today it is an uninspired New Deal organ with some astonishing strike-breaking efforts in its record. To be sure, it made more of a mark upon the face of capital journalism than did Mrs. Eleanor Patterson's stewardship of William Randolph Hearst's *Washington Herald*. Since Mrs. Patterson ceased berating her social rival, "Princess Alice" Longworth, on page 1, her product has been hardly distinguishable from its afternoon twin, the *Washington Times*. Both are typical Hearst rags: for Americanism, sales taxes and Marion Davies; against Communism, unemployment insurance, and King George.

Banker Eugene Meyer bought the McLean family's decrepit Republican organ, the *Washington Post*, last year. He proclaimed it "independent," and hired a

troop of "star" reporters. The *Post* is really camouflaged Tory. Its editorials call for Fascist control of labor, reduction of unemployment relief, and a bigger and better C. C. C. The *Post* is a bankers' organ, making sturdy efforts to gain prestige and popularity, the better to serve Republicanism in 1936, should the bankers at that time have no need for a Fascist coalition party.

All the Washington papers are hot for culture, and they praise it daily in both prose and verse. I quote a sample from the *Star's* "Shooting Stars" column. It is typical of the gangrenous superstructure of America's doomed capitalism.

I've harkened to the echoes
Of a tumult far away,
Old memories are missing
Of a bright, earlier day.

To Hitler I might listen
With a sense of pleasure strong,
If the "fair, mysterious Lorelei"
Were the subject of his song.

I'd welcome Mussolini
If in tunefulness polite
He would pause a while to warble
Tunes like Verdi used to write.

I've seen the Russian ballet,
I would, maybe, take a chance,
On some loud applause for Stalin
If he'd only learn to dance.

As leaders over yonder
Come and go, I breathe a sigh,
Wishing they'd restore the beauties
That we loved in days gone by.

There is a story to the effect that Mrs. Eugene Meyer one day assembled the editorial writers and trained seals of her husband's *Post* and, after an apologetic prelude, suggested, "We need to do more about culture—can't we get more culture into the paper?" She is now getting it—culture bounded on one side by the criti-

cal effusions of the insufferable Dr. William Lyon Phelps, and on the other by what is considered whimsy by Reginald W. Kauffman, a former Republican party publicity hack who wrote a novel called "The House of Bondage." Professor Phelps's recent dissertations in the *Post* range from ex-cathedra dicta upon the correct spelling of *ecstasy*, *stupefy*, *tonsillitis* and *tranquillity*, to a résumé of best answers in a magazine contest to define poetry. The *Post's* whimsy man has discussed whether or not George Washington really did chop down the cherry tree, a current cruller-versus-doughnut debate, and the high significance of the apparently amazing fact that Washington audiences swallowed and digested Miss Grace Moore's operatic movie, "One Night of Love." Not content with all this page-opposite-editorial culture, the *Post* has put some into its editorial columns. Almost any day now one can find therein something typified by two recent editorials, one pondering "Does it really matter?" whether the Pocahontas legend is true, and another which began: "This is a lovely autumn we are having this fall. Or, do you prefer to say this is a lovely fall we are having this autumn? That question invariably comes up about this time of year. Its greatest merit is that it allows people who otherwise have no pretensions to scholarship to become didactic when the conversation lapses."

All the Washington papers carry an abundance of literary and theatrical criticism. To illustrate the level to which it rises, I quote excerpts from one of the *News's* estimates of a show at a burlesque house which parades the most mirthless hags on view in these parts:

One of those side-splitting shows, with gobs of lovely girls, makes the current attraction, "Hot Shots," one to be remem-

bered for chasing away the blues. It is rarely such a succession of laughs can be mustered. . . . must see them to appreciate how hard and successful they are in giving you these merry moments . . . immense . . . And, oh, boy! the girls. Good-looking and shapely . . . Evelyn Brooks . . . what a wallop she gives that "Movie Making Scene."

I think it would be difficult to find another city of the same size in which the newspapers unanimously approach the subject of home talent with such perfervid pride that they are unable to distinguish between "Home Gal" Helen Hayes and "Home Gal" Kate Smith. Or another in which the advent of a few night clubs occasions such a mass of full-page displays of advertisements side-by-side with solemn reviewing of smart party-places. The prize for classy provincialism undoubtedly goes to the *Star*. In addition to critical knick-knacks, it regularly presents, "This and That," a column devoted to such matters as why "a wood-burning fireplace is an admirable redundancy in the modern home. It has come to be a vogue and a fashion . . . One of the beauties of the fireside is just that—the side. Each side." It sends out little yellow post cards signed by the managing editor, Oliver Owen Kuhn, to call attention to—but wait, I have just received one: "Dear Reader: If you are interested in the history of your name and your family coat-of-arms, you will find them in the *Star* of —. We feel you will be interested."

In most contemporary newspapers, politico-economic reaction generally goes hand in hand with intellectual nakedness, for it is a commonplace that the truth nowadays is revolutionary. It often happens that Washington journals go one better than the average in this respect. Suppressing here, distorting there, employing misleading headlines and coloring

copy, the Washington sheets daily tell their readers in four ways that strikes are morally wrong and futile; that unemployment relief is at best a dubious indulgence; that the cast-iron bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor expresses the will of the whole of American labor; that all dictatorships except those of certain Fascist kings threaten John Everyman with extinction; and that all "radicals" are bomb-throwing aliens, inconsequential yet somehow dangerous. I mention the last because the capital press shows such initiative in laboring this point, and quite stupidly too. In the *Star*, the cartoon figure representing the Soviet Union and all Communists has two indispensable properties, a bomb and a long beard; Hearst papers employ these with a large nose added for anti-Semitic lagniappe. With the exception of the *News*, which is in a class by itself in many vicious ways, headlines nearly always herald a raid *upon* Communists as a "Communist raid." One paper headlined assertions that "Reds" fired the steamer *Morro Castle* so persistently that when the Department of Commerce report on the disaster came out, much later, it had to play up the fact that Communists *hadn't* done it.

For days after the late \$10,000,000 Tyrant Alexander of Yugoslavia was murdered, it appeared from the headlines that he was killed by the same mysterious "Red" who fired the *Morro Castle*. Only the belated official police reports brought to the headlines the fact that the assassin was connected with a group of individual Croat terrorists. Meanwhile the death of the Fascist King Alexander had been heralded with more than the customary praises of his "character." The *News* printed a realistic obituary of the butcher monarch—but only along with a tear-jerker on the White Guard colony's grief,

and well after it had bent its high-powered foreign political expert to the task of emoting over the King he once talked to.

The *Post* featured Princess Marthe Bibesco's personal memoirs of the King. "His manners had a great charm," the Princess wrote. It was "the gifts of statesmanship, wisdom, an unshakable will"—and not the cohesive power of plunder—that made Alexander "the pivot of the nation." The Princess unbosomed herself for almost three columns, including this: "Queen Marie took me for a drive . . . We came back late for lunch . . . Happily King Alexander himself had been detained by a cabinet meeting. When he entered his young wife's boudoir he gave her a charming smile and a kiss which seemed to sweep away from his face all signs of worry. After greeting me, he said whimsically, rubbing his hands with satisfaction: 'I have had my usual government crisis this morning, but it is all over now.'"

This guff must have given the *Post's* master of whimsy an idea. At any rate, Mr. Kauffman produced a two-column apostrophe to Alexander. He called him a religious man—"a family man"—who hunted, read, soldiered, liked the radio, served his guests from golden plates "because of tradition only," and—oh, yes—suspended the constitution, à la Iris March, for "unity's" sake.

Perhaps the rich émigrés in Washington throw good parties; something certainly mellows the editors toward them. The *News* marked Christmas, 1933, by printing a full page feature story describing how the poor, persecuted White Russians were going to celebrate the holiday in Czarist fashion, sort of outdoing the dinner-jacketed Englishman in the jungle.

Press association dispatches are the dominant quantity in the news columns of the Washington papers. This means

that when a Communist editor, testifying before a Congressional Committee, vehemently refutes a reactionary Congressman's accusation of anarchism, and the Associated Press nevertheless identifies the witness as "Clarence Hathaway, an acknowledged anarchist," the *Star* blithely prints the absurdity just so. And that when Universal Service describes the new head of the American Legion as a lawyer and a private soldier, subordinating the fact that he became an officer within a year after enlistment, and suppressing the most important fact that he is a banker, the *Times* not only prints it that way, but headlines the story, "Buck Private Heads Nation's Legionnaires."

Cargoes of New Deal propaganda are dumped into the oleaginous columns of the Washington papers virtually without any investigation of the sources or processes by which it is manufactured. That small amount of vital news which does seep through the publicity machines, such as monthly Labor and Commerce Department figures on employment, prices and production, is interred under columns of optimistic verbiage, if it appears at all. Foreign news is almost non-existent, not to mention realistic interpretation of American trends either foreign or domestic.

Naturally, class-angling is most marked when militant labor is involved in the news. When the 1932 Hunger March surged upon the capital, the local papers, with the exception of the unusually competent coverage in the *News*, created the impression that a horde of drunkards and maniacs were hovering on the hillside like Genghis Khan's army. And there was virtually no word about some of the most pernicious provocation ever indulged in by capital police bullies. The local papers' stories on the Leipzig and Scottsboro

trials were either ignorant or unintelligible. Among the best stories ignored regularly are those of militant labor delegations, who have made Washington a real center of trade union news, despite its lack of industries, since the effect of the New Deal has brought increasing numbers of workers to the capital to protest. Recently a delegation of Hungarian-American professional and business men and workers, led by Hugo Gellert, the internationally famous artist, appeared at the Hungarian Legation to protest against Fascist suppression in Hungary, as demonstrated by the Pecs miners' desperate underground hunger strike. Here was a "natural"—from the bourgeois viewpoint of a local "follow up" on a story that had been so dramatic as to finally make page 1 everywhere. The only reference to it, however, was a two-paragraph advance story in the *amusement* section of the *Post*. But the *News* could devote more than a column, and a double-column photograph, to the world-shaking news that the mansion of "Princess Alice" was for sale. This is the kind of news selection which fills the Washington papers day after day with personality and human-interest piffle while the world's current history is so slighted that the term newspaper has become almost a misnomer in Washington.

Finally, consider the length to which the Washington papers go in printing labor news—in vicious form—when the ferment of the class struggle becomes menacing. A classic example of this appeared in the *News* of July 16, 1934. That one issue contained a dispatch from the general strike front in San Francisco, explaining the humanitarian efforts of the police to "guard the peace," at a moment when the now notorious police-vigilante raids were beginning; a cartoon emphasizing the

empty dinner plate of the pale child of a striker just home to report that he'd told the boss where to get off; an hysterical editorial shrieking that the general strike is always "suicide for organized labor" and that it "runs counter" to the whole system of collective bargaining which is "based on the idea of contract;" and another column reiterating the editorial admonition, "General Strikes Fail," in news-comment style. But there was not one word about the fact that the great British General Strike of 1926 *succeeded* until its leaders sold it out—which is exactly what took place on the coast. Then there was a news picture of the old faithful overturned truck under the slug, "As Strike Cut Off City's Food"; and, last, a side story under the marvelously revealing streamer: "Action by President Only Hope of Breaking Strike." The total effect would have done for a Hearst paper in the San Francisco Bay area.

The *Post* took a different strike-breaking tack. It flew a crack reporter to the strike front and editorially misrepresented Frederick Engels and Lenin so as to create the false impression that they considered the general strike "the ideal agency whereby the capitalistic state can be 'withered away'"—Engels and Lenin both clearly declared that the state "withers away" only after its foundations have been broken by a specific revolutionary seizure of power establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat—and wound around to an outright Fascist suggestion. It declared that "a proper and natural function of the state is organization of the 'labor market,' which is a problem external to any particular industry and often beyond the power of any industry to solve for itself." This is what Hitler and Mussolini have done.

THE LIBRARY

Bertrand Russell

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION:
1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell. \$3.50. 6¼
x 9½; 471 pp. New York: W. W. Norton
& Company.

"The purpose of this book," says Mr. Russell, "is to trace the opposition and interaction of two main causes of change in the Nineteenth Century: the belief in *freedom* which was common to liberals and radicals, and the necessity of *organization* which arose through industrial and scientific technique." Ostensibly, the volume is a history of European and American political economy in the hundred years between 1814 and 1914, but actually it is a gallery of character studies of the most influential men in the public life of the time. The thread which holds the portraits together is more chronological than truly historical, and Mr. Russell's general conclusion about national affairs and international relations is really a bit of philosophical intuition rather than a logical result of his researches.

There are no new facts in this book, and none of the interpretations will dazzle the professional historian or even the well-read layman. The volume, however, is far better than the usual history of the period. It is extremely well organized, and the writing is clear and warm, so that the reader is bound to share the author's high enthusiasm for his subject. Mr. Russell considers nearly all the great men in Western public life in the Nineteenth Century, including Napoleon, Metternich, Talleyrand, Alexander I of Russia, Malthus, Bentham, James and John Stuart Mill, Ricardo,

Robert Owen, Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, Benjamin Disraeli, and the Prince Regent. Many of Mr. Russell's characterizations and running comments are skilfully worded, and they will for long be discussed in various circles. I quote some of them:

1. Undeniably [Talleyrand] was a scamp, but he did less harm than many men of impeccable rectitude.

2. Thinking is not one of the natural activities of man; it is a product of disease, like a high temperature in illness.

3. Politically, the Prince Regent stood for all that was most reactionary; privately, for all that was most despicable. Throughout his whole life he never succeeded in acquiring the respect of any single human being.

4. Conceit is not peculiar to any one period, but Metternich's special brand of pompous priggery belongs to the epoch between the Napoleonic wars and the Great War. If we are to believe his memoirs, he was totally devoid of ambition, and remained in public life solely from a sense of duty and the painful realization that others lacked his abilities. Metternich is indeed almost unique; since Little Jack Horner there has been no one equal to him.

5. James Mill was a good man; he worked hard and devoted himself to public objects. But he ought not have been let loose among children.

6. Marx was not a wholly pleasant character: envy and malice abound in his pages. Unfortunately, much of what was least admirable in his disposition has been copied by his followers. One cannot but feel that any war waged in such a spirit must, if successful, lead to a peace as disastrous as that of Versailles. Hatred, indulged beyond a point, becomes a habit, and must seek perpetually new victims.

7. [Jefferson] was the first President who believed in democracy and sought to establish it. . . . He was a democrat *for* the people, not *of* the people. Everything that was admirable in Eighteenth Century culture was to be found in Jefferson, without the somewhat limited and static quality that made the age unsatisfactory.

8. In friendship [Andrew Jackson] was less fortunate than in love. His character resembled King Lear's: he could not distinguish between true friends and flatterers, and fell into furious rages when he found that he had bestowed his affection upon traitors.

9. Two men have been supreme in creating the modern world: Rockefeller and Bismarck. One in economics, the other in politics, refuted the liberal dream of universal happiness through individual competition, substituting monopoly and the corporate state, or at least movements toward them. Rockefeller is important, not through his ideas, which were those of his contemporaries, but through his purely practical grasp of the type of organization that would enable him to grow rich. Technique, working through him, produced a social revolution; but it cannot be said that he intended the social consequences of his actions.

10. The Nineteenth Century failed because it created no international organization. . . . The same causes that produced war in 1914 are still operative, and, unless checked by international control of investment and of raw material, they will inevitably produce the same effect, but on a larger scale. It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organization, that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide.

These quotations give a fair idea of the contents of Mr. Russell's book, and of his intellectual range and calibre in the field of social thinking. The book has been called "the most important social volume yet to come from his astonishingly versatile pen," and it will probably have a wide public. I wish it well, for it is certainly superior to most other works in the same field, but I am afraid that it is be-

ing praised for something it is not. As a piece of historical interpretation, there is not a single idea in it that has not been in the public domain for at least twenty-five years. The remarks which I have just quoted are ably composed, but read them a second time and see if you are not arrested by their essential banality. That the Prince Regent had the mind of a rat and the morals of a patron of opera, that James Mill was an austere fool, that Jefferson tried to impose democracy upon the America of his time, that Rockefeller is important almost solely because of his technique of monopoly—all of these things have been said a thousand times before. True enough, Mr. Russell is more lucid and informal in his writings than most scholars, and there is more literary allusiveness in his historical judgments. Not many historians would dare call Talleyrand "a scamp," or bring up King Lear when dealing with Andrew Jackson. But when has lively writing become the equivalent of profound thinking?

It is the misfortune of Mr. Russell that he has won his reputation among the general public for his inferior books. He will live for his original contributions to the philosophy of mathematics, and not for his social studies. As one of the founders of symbolic logic, he has moved the flag of speculative thinking many miles nearer north, and the ultimate results of his researches in epistemology and the calculus of matter will probably be stupendous. With Boole, DeMorgan, Whitehead, and Charles S. S. Peirce he has brought about one of the greatest revolutions in human thought since Immanuel Kant. But just as the world at large had little interest in Kant, so it had little interest in Mr. Russell in the pre-war decade, when in the seclusion of his study in Cambridge University he was overturning one age-old system

of mathematics and metaphysics after another. The colossal "Principles of Mathematics" and "Principia Mathematica" came from his pen in those days, and they will remain his enduring monuments.

The World War did something to Mr. Russell. He plunged into politics, served time in prison for his pacifist ideas, and started his long series of books on social problems. He had written on such topics long before, but they were obviously of minor interest to him: his chief love was metaphysics and mathematics. Now his chief love became the communal life of man, and the result was such volumes as "Skeptical Essays," "Marriage and Morals," "Principles of Social Reconstruction," "On Education," and "The Conquest of Happiness." In the years between 1918 and 1930 they had a tremendous vogue, along with the general works of Havelock Ellis, whom I discussed in this place last month. It was a time of violent intellectual and moral change, and any one who wrote sense, however obvious it was, and could put sentences together pleasantly was taken for a profound thinker.

Mr. Russell seemed to be more profound than the rest, because he was always dragging in allusions from the abstruse natural sciences, and because of his saucy turn of mind, but at bottom he was just as hollow as Havelock Ellis. When he said that "education has become one of the chief obstacles to intelligence and freedom of thought"; that "conventional people are roused to fury by departure from convention, largely because they regard such departure as a criticism of themselves"; that "drunkenness . . . is temporary suicide"; that "men who are unhappy, like men who sleep badly, are always proud of the fact"; that "a sense of duty is useful in work, but offensive in personal relations"; and that "of all forms of caution, caution in

love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness"—when he said such things many people thought they were learning something very deep. Actually they were learning nothing that they had not known right along. They merely forgot to remember that clarity is sometimes a cloak for banality.

As for Mr. Russell's ideas on sex and marriage, which created such a stir in the twenties, what do they really amount to? First, that sex experience is "healthy and emancipating"; second, that divorce should be made easier; third, that adultery is a sign of unhappy marriage; and fourth, that extra-marital sex experience is not always evil. All of which is as ancient as St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians and the dramas of the Elizabethan writers. Mr. Russell's ideas were sensible enough, but to call them original or profound is silly.

Many people have looked upon him as "one of the wisest men in England," and the appearance of his present book has only intensified and spread that conviction. This appraisal would be accurate if his admirers referred to his mathematical and philosophical writings, which, as I have said, are dazzling in their originality and revolutionary in their ultimate implications. Unfortunately, these are not the things that most people think of when they speak of Mr. Russell as a wise man. Rather, they have in mind his books on politics, education, and marriage. These books contain much sense and are written with extraordinary simplicity, but at bottom they are no better than very intelligent sermons or newspaper editorials. As a writer on public affairs, Mr. Russell is a very good journalist. Sometimes, it is true, he can compose things of genuine poetic beauty, as his celebrated essay, "A Freeman's Worship" in the volume, "Mysticism and

Logic," but in the main he is a rewriter of other men's ideas. He rewrites excellently, but that is no reason why we should put him in the same class with Socrates, Rochefoucauld, John Locke, and Edward Gibbon, as many of his admirers have done. By his mathematical investigations Mr. Russell has earned the right to be mentioned in the same company with Isaac Newton. Surely that is glory enough for any human being. It is no disgrace to Mr. Russell that he is not also a Socrates. Newton was not a Socrates either.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Cautious Literary Causerie

THE GEORGIAN SCENE. By Frank Swinnerton. \$3.50. 6¼ x 9½; 522 pp. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.

IF AN author is to be judged in the light of his intentions, I must say at once that I don't know what Mr. Swinnerton's intentions, in writing this book, were. I can't tell whether he wanted to portray the spirit of a (very heterogeneous) literary era, or write criticism, or give the world another text-book. "The Georgian Scene" is something of all three and not enough of any one. It is certainly not successful literary history as "The Eighteen Nineties" is, or Thackeray's "English Humorists"; it is certainly not a successful attempt at pure criticism. Perhaps, with its conscientious synopses, its biographical details, and its many statements of concrete fact, it is most like a superior "Moody & Lovett," and will prove very useful to college students and their instructors; but it would be very cheap to pretend it is only a text-book and not something else besides.

I will therefore not grope after Mr. Swinnerton's intentions, which must have been vague ones, but will accept the book for the odd mixture it is. It is in many respects interesting, in a few respects

illuminating, in numerous respects irritating: a book not to be high-handedly dismissed, yet resolutely to be disinfected. Critically speaking, it isn't good enough to have any permanent value: it contains too little that is sound, too little that is new, and too little that is stimulating. This is a shame, for Mr. Swinnerton would seem to have it in him to do much better. He is experienced, well-read, and thoroughly intelligent; he has written, reviewed, and helped to publish books. He has steered clear of cliques and isms, and avoided the bog of excessive traditionalism. I have mentioned all this with the idea of saying that it qualified him to write a very good book; yet on second thought I believe it only qualifies him to write the book he did.

His intelligence, for example, is too representative: whatever Mr. Swinnerton's tastes and prejudices, they are not the radical, subtle, distinctive ones which crystallize fresh thought. Again, his reading has been too conscientious and not independent enough—another reason why "The Georgian Scene" has the air of being a text-book. Further, his publishing experience and his acquaintance with the writers of his day have proved, not a help but a hindrance, by making him too cautious and courteous and, just once in a while by way of bravado, too incautious and discourteous. This makes his occasional malice seem self-conscious, and his refraining from malice seem even more self-conscious. The way he is forever pulling his punches is infuriating: no sooner does he say something against a writer than he hastens to say something else in the man's favor. That method makes criticism worthless; it also makes it seem idiotically personal.

Thus I think the man's very gifts have conspired against him, and I must adduce

two further weaknesses which almost ruin him as a critic. He is far too much on the defensive: he keeps referring to "the modns," a group of people he appears to imagine will regard him as an old fogey. Who these "modns" are—unless they're last year's crop of Oxford graduates—I cannot conceive; and why they should worry him I cannot begin to understand. At any rate, you cannot write your best with your *bête noire* looking over your shoulder. But a much worse fault of Swinnerton's is that he frequently refuses to accept the first obligation of a critic—to evaluate. Thus, on page 96: "It is not my business to comment upon the truth or otherwise of this theory"; on page 191, "Upon the whole of [Bennett's] work, I am no person to deliver a final judgment"; on page 270, "How great [Flecker's] talent was, I am unable to judge." After all, it is an odd false modesty which permits one to have one's say, in five hundred pages, about one's whole literary generation, and then makes one balk at saying the only things that justify writing the book. No matter how much ground Swinnerton has covered, his book is still, in one sense, unwritten.

Superficially he has covered a great deal of ground, all the way from Henry James to Noel Coward. He has divided his writers into convenient groups, such as "Travellers," "Pre-war Poets," "Post-war Pessimism," "Bloomsbury." But having ticketed his people in terms of their pre-occupations or their philosophy, he has very often failed to assess the worth of their attitudes, to probe their sense of values, so that qualitatively they remain undefined. Where they are defined, as with Henry James or Galsworthy or Katherine Mansfield or Virginia Woolf, Swinnerton rises to sound criticism; but there is not enough to make a sound book.

The trouble, perhaps, is that Swinnerton himself has no strongly marked attitude toward either life or literature. He is a kind of sane middle-of-the-roader who likes the solid, the recognizable, the human, and who dislikes the mystical, the precious, the overripe, and the undernourished. Categorically this is a very good kind of mind and taste: it may lag at times, it may miss out at times, but on the whole it will want to save most of what is good and chuck out most of what is phoney. But in any one critic it is far too likely to fall in with the received taste of a literary age, to fall behind the most acute perceptions of that age, to do nothing toward readjusting the standards of that age, and in the last analysis to be so traditional as not, historically, to seem part of that age. Without being an old fogey Mr. Swinnerton seems to me, for instance, pre-War. He shows no political awareness of the world we live in, whereas he shows much political awareness of the world he grew up in (when Shaw and others excited him). He has social awareness, but mostly in a drawing-room sense: being pre-War, he is still fighting the feud between the writer who went to a public school and the writer (like himself) who comes of the school of hard knocks. A critic today cannot advance far with minor problems of such sort.

In the end, one simply reads "The Georgian Scene" as so much intelligent but discontinuous critical writing. It does not sum up an age, or look at literature in terms of a dynamic philosophy: it simply talks about a lot of writers. You therefore agree with one statement and disagree with another, find that Swinnerton says shrewd things about Lawrence and Joyce, stupidly flounders over why Barrie and Milne are so reprehensible, is evasive about E. M. Forster, inept about

T. S. Eliot, commonplace about Strachey, indulgent with Compton Mackenzie; and you consider it a typical middle-of-the-roader vice to smell out the phoney-ness of J. B. Priestley. In other words, you read the opinions of a man who speaks your language but is not, in any deeply vital sense, a critic. He has written a directory of the Georgian age in England. He has put in all the names. It remains for somebody else to throw most of them out.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Child of the Past

RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS, told to Oskar von Riesemann. \$3.50. 5¾ x 8¾; 272 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*

ALTHOUGH Rachmaninoff was only twenty-four years old when he introduced his First Symphony to the public in 1897, he had already gained distinction as a composer of great abilities whose early works had won the friendly recognition of no less a master than Tchaikowsky. Eminent musicians, including the famous Russian "Five," were on hand in St. Petersburg to welcome the new work, and the auspicious circumstances seemed to promise a future as brilliant as that of any contemporary in Europe.

The symphony was a fiasco, a failure so complete that it affected forever the career of the composer. "There are serious illnesses and deadly blows from fate," writes Rachmaninoff himself, "which entirely change a man's character . . . When the indescribable torture of this performance had at last come to an end, I was a different man."

All belief in himself destroyed, he dropped into a state of melancholy apathy which lasted for several years almost without interruption. Although he conducted

opera for a while at Marmontov's Theatre, and went to England for several appearances with the London Philharmonic Society, his mental depression and creative aridity remained unbroken until 1900, when a hypnotist named Dahl—a sort of early Dr. Coué—managed to rouse him from his despair. Creative work was resumed, but the melancholy was never driven from his soul, and the basic confidence in his powers was never fully reconstructed. He would mercilessly criticize his own works and constantly deplore their deficiencies. When the Revolution finally forced him to leave Russia, he became a concert pianist, and thereafter his composing virtually ceased.

What was wrong with Rachmaninoff that the failure of one work should have produced so permanently disastrous an effect? Brahms's first piano concerto met with a similar failure in Leipzig, but the youthful German simply redoubled his efforts and pressed on. There must have been a vital flaw in the marble of the Russian's soul for it to crack so wide open at a touch. He himself gives us a hint of explanation when he writes at the end of these memoirs:

I don't know whether I have succeeded in making clear the continuous conflict that has gone on in my mind between my musical activities and my artistic conscience—my persistent craving to be engaged on something other than the matter in hand.

I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to which was my true calling—that of a composer, pianist, or conductor. These doubts assail me to this day. . . . Today, when the greater part of my life is over, I am constantly troubled by the misgiving that, in venturing into too many fields, I may have failed to make the best use of my life.

Dr. Von Riesemann, to whom the memoirs were dictated, grows red in the face

straining to reassure us that Rachmaninoff is an "immortal" in all three departments, but it is fairly evident from a study of the Russian's compositions and performances that his own estimate is not far from the truth. Indeed, the tragedy behind Rachmaninoff's stony face is precisely this realization that he failed to negotiate the hurdles he originally set before himself. It is a significant tragedy, moreover, because he started out as a composer of genuine sincerity and talent, and his frustration was that of a whole generation of artists who found themselves in a similar position.

Rachmaninoff was simply one of that large group of men who were given a Nineteenth Century equipment with which to face a Twentieth Century world. His was the heritage which, though it had propelled a Tchaikowsky or a Brahms to greatness, was already tottering as a basis of life for society. He was hopelessly burdened, that is to say, with religious belief and emotional idealism, precisely when these elements had ceased to be tenable factors in an artist's equipment. In 1900, the very year when he reached the climax of his illness, an historical event of the first magnitude occurred with the publication of Sigmund Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams." The Viennese's work, an extension of the Darwinian attack, finally pushed the relentless advance of scientific investigation into the realm of the human mind itself; and a great part of the cultural basis on which Rachmaninoff's preceptors had founded their art was thereby destined to be renounced forever.

There is nothing in these memoirs to indicate that the Russian understood what was happening. That drastic collapse after the fiasco of the First Symphony was simply the crushing realization that the old foundations had been removed from beneath his feet. Lacking a substitute, he could

only hang on despairingly to his heritage, a mournful and bewildered child of the past no longer able to function freely and with joy. Into his music he wrote the sorrow of his personal defeat, but the spark of knowledge and growth had been extinguished.

The present volume will be useful as a reference work, since it is the only available record of his life. There are some interesting notes on the constant dissension existing between his parents, and it is more than likely that this conflict had an adverse effect upon the future emotional security of the composer, thus adding an individual handicap to the larger artistic problem he was destined to face.

Apart from this reference value, however, the book has little merit, either as a literary or critical study. The personal recollections form the smaller part of the material. The rest consists of connective narrative and analysis supplied by Dr. Von Riesenmann, a musician of the same generation, who writes conventionally and whose critical viewpoint is that of an adoring schoolgirl.

EDWARD ROBINSON

A Good Revolutionary Novel

FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone. Translated by Michael Wharf. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¾; 299 pp. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

ANYONE who owned a big word could befuddle the people of Fontamara. They were so ignorant that, until they were forbidden by the Fascist government to use it, they had never heard the word *politics*. But these ignorant people made a great intellectual discovery for themselves. As helpless before modern society as earliest man had been before the rigors of the physical world, these members of an isolated community discovered the modern equivalent

of fire and plow—the question, “What must we do?” “Fontamara” has great literary charm; it is full of shrewd, tough peasant irony and exaggeration that carry it to a middle ground between realism and legend. But it is not primarily interesting as literature, not even—though it is the story of how a village revolution almost began—as revolutionary agitational literature. It is really an anthropological document.

Fontamara—I do not know whether there is actually a town of that name or whether the author coined the name which means the Bitter Spring—is a hamlet in the Abruzzi. Readers of Hemingway will perhaps remember that, before the war, the Abruzzi was that part of Italy “where the peasants all called you ‘Don’, and when you met them, they took off their hats . . . and you never took lunch, because the peasants were always honored if you would eat with them at their houses.” But there are rich peasants and poor, and the Fontamarans had always been so miserably poor that it is questionable if either they or their guests would have had much pleasure out of the meal. Perhaps the old feudal nexus had had its relative advantages even for the Fontamarans, but its last strands had been cut by Fascism. The age of the bank had come.

Poor as they were, the Fontamarans were not so poor but that a good many people wanted things of them. The priest wanted their money for novenas; the government wanted it for taxes; the rich landowners whose fields they tilled to eke out their own poor crops, wanted it too, and the government thought the rich landowners should have it and reduced wages. The local magnate wanted the spring that they used to water their sterile fields and, with the help of the local demagogue’s chicanery, got it.

And all the time the men of Fontamara quarrelled among themselves. They had more than their share of the peasant’s fierce individualism and they would do nothing in concert—save talk. But in Italy talk is a treasonable act, and it was enough to bring down on them the full weight of Fascist repression. While the men are in the fields the blackshirted scum of the district descend on the village, fusillade it and rape the women. The returning men are lined up in the square and questioned about their politics. It is a brilliant, comic, and terrible scene. Each prisoner has his own little unavailing slogan by which he hopes to placate his tormentors. It is his secret and he cherishes it. “Who are you for?” “I’m for Queen Margharita,” says one; it is all he knows of government and the queen has been long dead. He is marked down “Constitutionalist.” “Down with thieves,” cries another: “Anarchist.” “Down with the Bank.” “Communist.” “I’m for each and all” (this one is proud of his slogan—it is so general): “Liberal.”

Eventually they begin to cohere a little and at last they think of common action. The man who was most nearly their leader had deserted them in a hopeless attempt to repair his own fortunes in Rome; he had, however, met the revolutionary movement and had become almost overnight a revolutionary, a hero and a martyr. Animated by his spirit, and helped by the political organization, the Fontamarans begin to publish an agitational paper for the district. They stand about their lithograph stone and their man who knows how to write, and we see them make their great discovery.

The first argument we had was over what name the newspaper ought to have.

The Hero of Porta Pia wanted some name like the ones they have in the city: *The Messenger*, the *Tribune*, or something

like that. But Raffaele Scarpone, who had inherited all Berardo's manner, made him keep quiet.

"We're not running any imitation newspaper. No other newspaper like this ever came out!" pronounced Scarpone.

Michele Zompa suggested a good name: the *Truth*, which seemed to mean a whole lot.

But Scarpone turned up his nose at it.

"The *Truth*?" he said. "Who knows what the truth is?"

"We may not know it, but we want to know, don't we?" said Michele.

"And when you do find it out," returned Scarpone, "what soup are you going to make for us out of it?"

That was the way he got his thinking done.

General Baldissera [the cobbler] had a good idea too: *Justice*.

"You must be crazy though," Scarpone said to him. "Isn't it always justice that has been against us?"

To understand his objection you have to understand that around our way "justice" means the Federal troopers. . . .

"But what I mean is real justice," responded the old shoemaker irritably, "Equal justice for all."

"You'll get that up in heaven," snapped Raffaele Scarpone. . . .

"What must we do?" said Scarpone.

"We must get a name for it," the Hero suggested. "You go and make a suggestion."

"I have already made my suggestion: 'What Must We Do?' . . . 'What must we do?'—that's what we have to keep repeating in every article. 'They have seized our water on us—what must we do?' Get the idea? 'Our priest has refused to bury our dead, what must we do?' 'They violate our women in the name of the law, what must we do?' 'Don Circostanza is a pimp, what must we do?'"

But it is a question that seems to have its dangers, and the Fontamarans do not ask it long before the troopers descend and decimate the village. Of the few who escape, three cross the border to Switzerland with the help of their revolutionary

allies, tell their story to the exiled author and ask the question of him and themselves—"What must we do?"

It often happens that the revolutionary novel gives greater importance to the revolutionary act than to the people who perform it. This is understandable, excusable and even, sometimes, desirable. But often enough it involves a political falsification. The masses begin to appear as idealogues; they take on the character of the revolutionary nucleus. They cease being simple people fighting for their simple existence. It is the virtue of "Fontamara" that it does not make this political falsification. It tells us the very simple and very important truth that the revolutionary party can only give the final push, that the revolutionary act grows out of the people and their suffering. It never descends to being merely "folksy," but it refuses to inflate its people beyond the limitations of their actuality. This is at once a literary and a political achievement.

LIONEL TRILLING

Exploring the Two Poles

TO THE NORTH, by Jeannette Mirsky.
\$3.75. 7 x 9¾; 385 pp. New York: *The Viking Press*.

JEANNETTE MIRSKY has done a good job in placing together some of the most thrilling experiences which Arctic explorers have undergone on fields of Polar ice. There are interesting accounts of historic facts not generally known because they have been hidden in logs and journals of truly great explorers long dead.

Conscious of the fact that in these later days the North Pole has been crossed by both airplane and dirigible, we tend to discount the dangers of the Northern ice and forget the fact that there are still thousands of square miles which have not been

viewed by man. Also the value of exploration has been obscured to a large degree by the many moving picture and other semi-scientific parties characterized by the daily press as Exploring Expeditions. On a par with the dude ranches of our Western country there have been dude exploring parties on which the novice traveler pays to go with a leader whose main objects are profit and publicity, the traveler hoping to return as a full-fledged explorer.

So it is with refreshing interest that we turn the pages of Miss Mirsky's book and, sharing her enthusiasm, go back to the days of Barentz, Sir John Franklin, Parry and other great ones of that time. And even before to "Pythias, the Greek who sailed into the North until he could go no further." He was absent from home six years, and on his return—like at least one explorer of recent date—his stories were not believed, and he was called by his countrymen "A mighty liar." It is now known that he spoke words of soberness and truth.

I am glad that Miss Mirsky has mentioned the work of McClintock among the early explorers, for McClintock was the first to realize the value of sledging and the need for real preparedness in outfitting for a Polar expedition. He devised the McClintock Arctic sledge which was designed to be the strongest sledge with the least weight. Built like a bridge truss it has remained the model for the built-up sledge, which all Arctic and Antarctic explorers have used when they had to transport weight over long distances and rough going. The sledge in use before that, the ancient solid type with narrow runners, is now used only by the natives. It is too fragile and heavy for serious Arctic work.

One of the most interesting stories of the Arctic is the 1300 mile drift of part of the crew of the ice-bound *Polaris*. During a

gale in the twilight of the early Polar night the *Polaris* was beset by crushing ice fields. The first officer, Captain Tyson, with a part of the crew and some Eskimos hurriedly placed stores and equipment on the ice alongside, for it seemed that the *Polaris* must sink. While they were engaged at this labor, the ship, without warning, was swept away. "Through the gloom those on board could just see the floe with their comrades disappear. They saw it break into smaller pieces, separating provisions, stores and men. They saw the Eskimo Hans rush to pick up a bundle—his three months old baby—they saw several men try to reach the ship, in vain! Faintly they heard those on the ice call out 'Good-bye *Polaris*!'"

On the floe with Tyson were the steward, the cook, six sailors and two Eskimo families, eighteen in all. It was October 15, 1872, and all that winter they drifted through storm, cold and darkness. If it had not been for the Eskimos, they would have perished. But the natives built snow houses for protection and in their kyaks hunted seals—the meat for food and the blubber for fuel and light—and thus kept up the health and spirits of the party. They were rescued April 30 of the following year by the whaler *Tigress*. It might be well to state here that the Scottish, English and American whalers have never had due credit for the exploring they have done in the Arctic seas.

Of all the stories of exploration in the North, Dr. Nansen's is the most dramatic. In addition to his ability as a scientist and explorer, Nansen had the soul of an artist and the spirit of a true sportsman. His was a true exploration, for he penetrated unknown seas for the joy of it and for the benefit that it might be to others. I was glad to note the space given to Dr. Nansen in Miss Mirsky's book, to the story of his

ship, the *Fram*, uniquely constructed to defy crushing-in floes, and to his journey toward the Pole with his companion Johanssen.

The writer, with E. B. Baldwin and Russell W. Porter, while a member of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition in Franz Josef Land, made a journey in the Spring of 1902 to look for the place where Nansen and Johanssen lived through the Arctic night. After many days of searching we found it on a raised beach on the south shore of Jackson Island. The great drift log, which looked as if only a pair of giants could have moved it, was the roof of their hut, and on this log the frozen hides of walrus were stretched and kept in place by thongs of rawhide attached to heavy rocks.

We entered and found the smudged record written and signed by Dr. Nansen and Johanssen after their sojourn of nine months in that cold place. All around the hut, protruding from the snow, were the ribs of numerous polar bears that these two Vikings had killed and eaten during the long, cold winter night.

Among the American expeditions mentioned, that of the Greely is probably the most interesting. In spite of the tragedy that was part of its history, few expeditions have brought back so careful a record of geographical and scientific work from the Greenland Polar Sector. Pages 208 to 216 are devoted to the tragic story of the Greely expedition, a story which should be read by every one who admires loyal and heroic devotion to duty.

Miss Mirsky has not neglected modern explorers, and the work of those who have recently charted new lands and kept scientific records within the frozen circle is described in a most interesting way. "To the North" is an admirable volume.

ANTHONY FIALA

Learning Without Direction

CONDORCET AND THE RISE OF LIBERALISM IN FRANCE, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. \$3.50. 5½ x 8½; 311 pp. New York: *Harcourt Brace & Company*.

THE HOUSE OF ADAM SMITH, by Eli Ginzberg. \$2.75. 5½ x 8½; 265 pp. New York: *The Columbia University Press*.

BOTH of these are timely books, providing much needed material for the revaluation of our political and economic ideals. Professor Schapiro has attempted an evaluation of French political and intellectual liberalism against the background of a biography of the Marquis de Condorcet, one of the most characteristic figures of the French revolutionary period. Dr. Ginzberg has attempted an analysis of Adam Smith's economic ideas in terms of the contemporary reforms he sought to accomplish, and then has contrasted this picture with the Nineteenth and Twentieth Century capitalism for which Adam Smith's doctrine has been used as an apology.

Both books arouse greater expectations than they are able to fulfill. One turns to the Condorcet biography expecting to find an answer to the problem of what is right and what is wrong with democracy as a principle of political faith under the complex conditions of modern society. Instead one finds a summary of democratic principles stated in the Eighteenth Century language of natural rights and an all too brief concluding evaluation which really does nothing except to pose the problem of adapting the Eighteenth Century principles to present conditions. There is no attempt to modernize the natural rights doctrine in terms that will carry conviction today, or to distinguish the abiding ideal of the democratic movement from its Eighteenth Century institutional expression as determined by contemporary economic and social conditions. For lack of

this distinction we are left entirely without a guide as to how to proceed today, for we do not know whether the ideal itself has been proved false or whether it merely needs a new institutional expression in line with new problems.

Professor Schapiro suggests that the whole system of democratic values came to the fore with the expanding economy of the Industrial Revolution, and that the later accelerated transformations of Nineteenth Century industrialism created new problems which the Eighteenth Century philosophers did not foresee. It is difficult to know how to take these statements. If ideals are to be regarded in their very substance as the expression of economic conditions, then the problem of their conscious reshaping is ended, and we leave everything to economic determinism. If, on the other hand, there is a universal core to be judged true or false, which transcends contemporary conditions, we need to know what it is and on what abiding principles of human nature it rests.

The weakness of Dr. Ginzberg's book also seems to spring from an undue reliance on historical relativism and a reluctance to carry out analysis on a universal plane. His book is a touching attempt to

vindicate Adam Smith against the charge of scientific naïveté. But after doing his best to defend Smith—by stressing the Eighteenth Century conditions against which his "Wealth of Nations" served as a protest, by overemphasizing Smith's interest in the farmers and laborers, and even by postponing the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution until after the famous book was published—what does he in fact accomplish?

At best he proves that the doctrines of Smith, who tried to erect a universal science of economics and to prove that the social interest is always best maintained by a system of natural economic liberty, were true only for the ten years before and ten years after he wrote. What further evidence does one need to convict Smith of scientific naïveté?

How much better would it have been to hail Smith's political and economic theory before the bar of universal truth, see what was true and what was false in his approach, and then on the basis of a completed truth formulate a program that could be applied today? Such a method may be difficult, but without it, it is useless to consult the past on our present problems.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

EUGENE ARMFIELD was born in North Carolina and for the past five years has contributed regularly to various magazines.

THOMAS C. BALLAGH was for five years Trade Commissioner of the United States Department of Commerce to South America, attached to the Embassy at Buenos Aires. He is the author of many reports in trade journals and of a technical book on the Argentine textile market.

E. BOYD BARRETT is a graduate of the Universities of London and Dublin and a Ph.D. of Louvain University. He was in the Jesuit Order for twenty years.

MARVIN R. BENDINER was assistant editor of the defunct World Tomorrow, and at present is an associate editor of the American Observer.

OLIVER CARLSON was born in Stockholm, Sweden. He did undergraduate work at the University of Michigan, and advanced study at the University of Berlin and the London School of Economics. In 1931-1933 he was Research Associate in the department of Political Science at the University of Chicago.

DANIEL DODGE is a New York newspaper man.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG was an assistant editor of the recently completed Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, and is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

ANTHONY FIALA, explorer, has been a member of many polar explorations and was the commanding officer of the Ziegler Polar Expedition, 1903-05, reaching 82° 4' north. He is the author of several works, including "Fighting the Polar Ice."

JOSEPHINE HERBST was born at Sioux City, Iowa, and educated at the State university and the University of California. She is the author of several books, her most recent being "The Executioner Waits."

SCHIMA KAUFMAN is the author of "Mendelssohn: A Second Elijah." He is a violin-

ist in the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT is a graduate of the University of Utah, studied and taught economics at the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, and is now a member of the economics staff at Dartmouth. He is a student of war, and especially the economic aspects of war.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has just left for England where he will do research for a forthcoming book on the life and manners of the Eighteenth Century.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR has done extensive newspaper work. At present she is living in Minnesota.

DONALD B. MACMILLAN, the celebrated explorer, is a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve. In 1927 he was awarded the Elisha Kane gold medal "for daring exploration and scientific research." He has been engaged in arctic work for twenty-six years. In June he is going back in command of his sixteenth expedition. He is the author of four books.

S. A. NOCK has just returned to the United States after four years in Germany.

ALBERT PARRY is the author of "Garrets and Pretenders" and of a book on tattooing.

EDWARD ROBINSON is a graduate of Columbia University where he received his M.A. in music in 1926. At present he writes music criticism for various magazines.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department at Columbia University. He is writing a book on Matthew Arnold.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is the owner and contributing editor of the Nation, and the author of several books.

MARGUERITE YOUNG is a graduate of the University of Louisiana and has worked on the New Orleans Item-Tribune, in the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press, and as a special feature writer for the New York World-Telegram.



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CONCERTO IN D-MINOR FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA.

By W. A. Mozart. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8321-8324) \$8 Camden, N. J.

8 parts; 4 12-inch records

Mozart was all of twenty-nine years old when he gave this concerto to the world on February 11, 1785, one day after he had completed it with his usual speed. It is now one of the treasures of the world of music. The deep, sad opening theme of the first movement is a bit unusual for Mozart. Whatever biographical fact, if any, was behind it, its welter of tragic power is there for us to marvel at. In the second movement, the principal subject, announced by the piano and later picked up by the orchestra, brings us back to the gay and more familiar Mozart, and such is even more the case in the rondo, one of the composer's happiest creations in that form. Edwin Fischer's playing at the piano is superb, and so is the performance by the London Philharmonic.

FRENCH SUITE NO. 5 IN G-MAJOR.

FRENCH SUITE NO. 6 IN E-MAJOR.

By Johann Sebastian Bach.

Columbia (Nos. 68234-68237-D)

\$6

8 parts; 4 12-inch records New York

The Fifth French Suite is well known to frequenters of the concert hall. The reason for its popularity is simple enough. It is a delight to play, and an almost equal delight to listen to. Sir Hubert Parry told the plain truth when he said of it, "It may be doubted if Bach ever wrote a work more completely serene, happy, and sparkling." The Sixth French Suite is not so often heard, perhaps because it is much more difficult to play, but it is full of strange and overwhelming beauty, especially in the allemande and sarabande, and even more especially in the gigue. Harry Cumpson's playing at the piano is of the highest competence.

STEAL AWAY. (Negro Spiritual)

Arranged by Hall Johnson. R.C.A.-Victor (No. 1687)

DOWN TO DE RIVAH.

By Robert MacGimsey. R.C.A.-Victor (No. 1687)

\$1.50

Camden, N. J.

2 parts; 1 10-inch record

SOLO PER TE, LUCIA (From the film, "La Canzone Dell' Amore")

By Cherubini-Bixio.

R.C.A.-Victor (No. 1686)

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By Murolo-de Curtis. R.C.A.-Victor (No. 1686)
\$1.50 Camden, N. J.

2 parts; 1 10-inch record

ROMAN CARNIVAL OVERTURE.

By Hector Berlioz. Columbia (No. 68221-D)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

All of these recordings are very good. The two Negro spirituals are expertly sung by John Charles Thomas, accompanied at the piano by Carroll Hollister. Beniamino Gigli sings the two Italian arias, and he is assisted by members of the La Scala Orchestra, conducted by Dino Olivieri. The celebrated Berlioz overture—it holds up extremely well through the years—is performed by the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty.

IONISATION.

By Edgar Varese. Columbia (No. 4905-M)
\$1 2 parts; 1 10-inch record New York

This indescribable horror is scored for thirteen percussion instruments, and the present recording is played by a percussion ensemble conducted by Nicholas Slonimsky. It is impossible to say anything about the work or about the performance, for the whole thing makes no sense. Future historians of American music will marvel that so illiterate a composition could ever have aroused any interest.

REDEMPTION—SYMPHONIC PIECE FOR ORCHESTRA.

By César Franck. Columbia (Nos. G-68226-68227-D)
\$3 New York

2 parts; 2 12-inch records

One of Franck's lesser compositions. In the opinion of the present reviewer, the composer should have used his material for a string quartet. The musical ideas in the work are too delicate and intimate to be properly handled by an orchestra. All of which is not to say that the composition is without dignity. The recording, which is good, is by the Orchestra of the Concerts Poulet, conducted by Gaston Poulet.

SONATA NO. 42 IN A-MAJOR. (K. 526)

By W. A. Mozart. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8442-8443)
\$4 Camden, N. J.

4 parts; 2 12-inch records

This familiar violin sonata opens with a joyous movement marked *allegro molto*, and is followed by an *andante* which is somewhat reminiscent of the *andante* in the G-minor symphony, and finally there is a *presto*. Concert goers do not have to be told how delightful a composition this is, and as for the present recording it should be enough to say that the players are Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin.



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*Continued from front advertising section,
page vii*

PHILOSOPHY

AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

By Morris R. Cohen & Ernest Nagel.

*Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.50 6 x 8 3/4; 467 pp. New York*

This is a first-rate text-book on its subject, and can be read with enjoyment by the serious general reader. It fills, first of all, the need for a single comprehensive volume covering traditional logic, symbolic and mathematical logic, the theory of probabilities, fallacies, and scientific method. It is written precisely and compactly, and yet as simply as the subject matter will permit. The examples and applications of logical and scientific principles are fresh, stimulating, and often witty, and relate the book constantly to real issues and living questions. The position of the authors is that logic is the objective science of valid inference and not a branch of psychology, though they have a solid respect for psychological principles in their method of presenting it. The book seems likely to become a standard volume in its field and to remain one for a good many years.

THE ESSENCE OF PLATO'S PHILOSOPHY.

By Constantin Ritter.

*The Dial Press
\$3.50 5 1/4 x 8; 413 pp. New York*

This is a translation into English of Professor Constantin Ritter's already-famous book, "Kerngedanken der platonischen Philosophie." The translation is by Professor Adam Alles of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland. The recognized importance of this contribution to the literature of Platonism makes this a valuable addition to English books on this subject. There are extensive indices.

FICTION

VAMPIRE.

By Hanns Heinz Ewers.

*The John Day Company
\$2.50 5 1/2 x 7 3/4; 363 pp. New York*

The scene of this novel is New York in the convulsive days around 1917, where Frank Braun, after escaping from a fever-ridden steamer, finds himself entangled in the German propaganda system. He is sent to Mexico where we are treated to intimate pictures of Pancho Villa whom he is commissioned to persuade in favor of the Fatherland. Frank Braun is attractive, but a horrible malady, the exact nature of which he is unaware, makes him abhorrent to the women of his choice, that is, to all but Lotte, his



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mistress, who is jealous of his need for her. Suddenly the United States declares war, and Frank Braun spends a last night with Lotte before fleeing to Mexico. That night, heavy with the horror of an impending attack, he awakens to find himself recovered, and Lotte dying. At last Braun realizes his disease—and his cure. This is not the horror that “Dracula” was, nor does it ever pretend to be. Its setting is realistic, but what it loses thereby in the Poe-like intensity of the Bram Stoker novel, it gains in plausibility. Unlike his predecessor, Hanns Ewers attempts a rather scholarly explanation of the vampire malady, finding its roots in the Astral myth—interesting stuff but hardly fitted to raise goose pimples. Then too, the atmospheric unity of the book is repeatedly destroyed by willful propaganda—against discrimination of the Jews, against Wall Street-financed revolutions in Mexico, against anti-Germanism, and the Bank of England. A pacifist plea is tacked on at the end—that war, the World War, is blood-madness, blood-thirst, the curse of the Vampire. “When will it end, when will mankind’s thirst be stilled,” and war be no more?

TENDER CHEEKS.

By Wolfe Kaufman.

Covici, Friede

\$2.50

5¼ x 7½; 262 pp.

New York

Mr. Wolfe Kaufman works for *Variety* and knows a great deal about the Broadway lingo and habits. That’s why this novel is authentic and interesting even if rather a flimsy affair. It is a picture of that small army of Broadway panhandlers, ugly and aimless, “whose whole world is bounded by the Times Square area”—and more specifically of Willard Thompson whose neurotic determination to become an actor almost succeeds in ruining his life until he is persuaded to become a teacher by his friend Ralph Wilson, a homeless bum and the author’s “I”, who finally lands a job on the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Kaufman’s attitude throughout is entirely incidental; he never permits us to take him or his novel seriously. He writes in the Hemingway manner—short brittle sentences of almost unqualified subject-predicate composition, with repetition of phrases—which, until it begins to annoy, achieves a strangely poetic effect.

JORKENS REMEMBERS AFRICA.

By Lord Dunsany. Longmans, Green & Company

\$2.50

5 x 7; 303 pp.

New York

Irvin S. Cobb in a Munchausen mood but with infinitely more finesse. Whether relating an escape from a volcanic crater by means of strings tied to an army of ducks (“The Escape from the Valley”), or his mad chase by a vengeful poplar which had been chopped down and was venting its spleen on the human race (“The Walk to Lingham”), Lord Dunsany’s Jorkens is always interesting.

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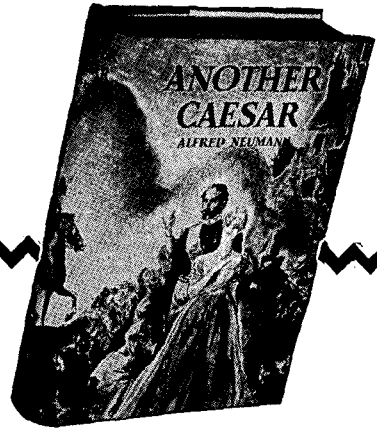
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